



HISTORY'S STRONGEST SENIOR BROTHER

BOOK 10

August Eagle

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History's Strongest Senior Brother

(史上最强师兄)

by

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Synopsis

The first time Yan Zhaoge crossed worlds, he landed in a martial warrior civilization that was at the peak of prosperity. He ended up in the book storage building of the the Divine Palace, which collected and preserved the classics of the entire world from all fields of knowledge. However, a world class calamity struck soon after and even the Divine Palace was destroyed.

Yan Zhaoge's soul once again crossed over, but this time he arrived in the same world, except countless years have passed.

With his brain full of rare books and classics from the era of peak prosperity, Yan Zhaoge's second crossing over to the present era was like a gamer who was used to playing hell mode suddenly finding himself playing the game on easy.

That was just way too awesome.

But before that, he needs to fix a certain problem.

“I’m not a main character? In fact, I’m actually the main character’s love rival and the antagonistic Mr. Perfect senior martial brother? This script is wrong!”

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HSSB 901: One halberd breaking the world

As Taiji diagrams appeared on Fu Ting's palm and forehead, space and time abruptly changed in the heavens and earth of the Minor No Hatred dao arena.

Within this world that was already gradually being devoured by a sea of flames, spacetime suddenly distorted.

The power of the two extremities being reversed suffused space with the palace beneath everyone's feet as its centre.

However, Fu Ting had only just acted when a clump of flames suddenly appeared between her palm and forehead.

These flames transformed into a sigil which instantly suppressed the Taiji diagrams on Fu Ting's palm and forehead.

The voice of that divinity of flame resounded amidst the air, "I would simply ignore you juniors, and yet you try to stir things up yourself."

"You should know that I would not mind even if I killed you."

That sigil of flame immediately began devouring the Taiji diagrams on Fu Ting.

Embers seemed about to stick on to Fu Ting's face and hand as well.

The Phoenix Woven Plume and other treasures on her showed no signs of moving in the slightest.

A silvery-white veil that flickered with the crimson light of fire suddenly arose and circulated as it kept the endless blazing fire at bay.

However, facing that sigil of flame, it instantly collapsed as well as it was hard pressed to stand against it.

Instead, radiance suddenly lit up from the central Taiji diagram on Fu Ting's forehead which had originally been suppressed.

Beneath Fu Ting's feet, radiance lit up about this palace at the centre of the Minor No Hatred dao arena.

The power of two extremities circulating in reverse surged once more, fiercer and more majestic than it had been before!

The divinity of flames in the air paused slightly, "Suppressed by my attack, you instead came to stimulate a second, hidden layer of restrictions? It is no wonder that you have surpassed Daoist Xuanzhong, outshining your ancestors."

The entire Minor No Hatred dao arena actually seemed about to collapse at this moment.

It was not because of the power of Mars Halberd. Instead, it originated from this dao arena itself.

The entire heavens and earth were collapsing inwards towards this central region!

This majestic power was currently all bolstered on Fu Ting.

As a result, Fu Ting was ultimately unharmed by that sigil of flame.

Everything just happened in this one instant.

There was only this instant that Fu Ting could make use of.

She clapped down with a palm, the palace now being reduced to glowing dust of black and white all at once.

Yin and yang circulated, forming a Taiji diagram which swept along Fu Ting, the Ingenious Flying Peak disciples, Yan Zhaoge, Yan Di and those three experts of the dragon race that were being incinerated by blazing fire.

They were all swept along towards that collapsing region in the centre, seeming about to disappear.

The power formed of the collapse of the heavens and earth of the entire Minor No Hatred dao arena caused the flames on the bodies of those three dragon experts to finally be extinguished as well.

This world was formed by the Brocade Emperor at the end of the day. As Fu Ting acted promptly and decisively, those three dragons were pulled back from the very brink of death.

Now, however, that divinity of flame amidst the air that cared not about the collapse of the heavens and earth suddenly moved.

“A very outstanding young lady, possessing your father’s flair.”

The vast, mighty roar of a dragon seemed to resound from an endless distance away.

The next moment, that massive nine-foot-long frame exploded, transforming into all-encompassing flowing fire.

A twin-pronged halberd appeared within the sea of flames, resembling the heavenly halberd of Yan Zhaoge’s memories.

It was just that this halberd was completely crimson and had dragon patterns engraved on it.

“You possess courage and abilities. I will not kill you. Still, I will have to give you some punishment.”

The crimson heavenly halberd cleaved through the air.

A fiery light flickered as the black and white Taiji diagram at the centre of the collapsing heavens and earth mightily broke apart!

Swept along by the Taiji diagram, Yan Zhaoge, Yan Di, Fu Ting and the others were already about to be transported away through the spatial passageway that had been formed with the destruction of the Minor No Hatred dao arena.

However, as the light of fire flickered, the spatial passageway instantly broke into several segments!

Everyone worked hard to stabilise their forms but were separated against their own wills and swept along in twos and threes into different spaces.

The final thing that Yan Zhaoge and the others saw was that as that crimson fiery light flashed past, those three dragon experts all

perished!

The massive dragon bodies were all cleaved apart at their midsections!

Blazing fire arose from these wounds, instantly completely incinerating and vaporising the dragon carcasses that were already broken into many segments.

They dissipated into the wind, leaving behind no indication that they had ever existed.

Amidst shattered space in the distance, the fiery light again condensed to form that divinity of flame that trod upon two dragons.

The giant of flame stood amidst the air, not pursuing or leaving as he simply stood unmoving where he was.

It was like he was specifically awaiting the Brocade Emperor's return.

Amidst the chaotic space, Yan Zhaoge gazed over in another direction as he saw his father Yan Di currently trapped in another chaotic spatial flow.

Father and son exchanged glances, not knowing whether they should be laughing or crying at this.

They had been totally drawn into an unrelated conflict here, dragged into it by Ingenious Flying Peak and the experts of the dragon race. Before having come, never would they have thought that such a thing would actually occur.

Both of them sent each other looks that said that there was no need for the other to worry. Father and son could now only stabilise their forms amidst the shattered space, going along with the flow and drifting off in different directions.

With their current cultivation bases, they were not in any peril.

The only thing was that it would require some effort for them to

return to the World beyond Worlds.

Yan Zhaoge sighed, “Plans cannot keep up with variations. I was still thinking earlier that it would be best if no strong reinforcements came as the Heaven Emperor was tied down by the Brocade Emperor. And in the end, Mars Halberd immediately came over looking for trouble.”

“Really, only the bad things always come true...”

Yan Zhaoge shook his head slightly, stabilising his form.

As he cultivated in the Immortal Trapping Sword, he possessed a deep understanding of the daos of space and time as him being trapped amidst the chaotic flows of space now was not actually serious.

It was just that coincidentally, Fu Ting just happened to be drifting in the exact same torrent of time and space as him.

With that, it was just not convenient for him to blatantly demonstrate the Immortal Trapping Sword.

Fu Ting expressed her apologies to Yan Zhaoge, “I tried to overreach my limits, wanting to make use of the restrictions that my father left behind in the dao arena to help the three dragon seniors. Still, this ultimately ended up dragging you and your father into things. I must express my apologies here, Young Master Yan.”

Yan Zhaoge smiled, “It’s okay. Miss Fu is polite.”

This Mars Halberd had his own temperament as he was no different from an Emperor-level expert.

His temperament was a tough but magnanimous one.

If Fu Ting had not tried to intervene earlier, it was likely that nothing at all would have happened to Yan Zhaoge and Yan Di.

After killing those three dragon experts, Mars Halberd would most likely have allowed Yan Zhaoge and Yan Di to leave. Fu Ting

and the rest might have been held there to draw the Brocade Emperor over, but they might also have been set free. They would have been in no danger of dying, at least.

Fu Ting's actions earlier had caused the other party to completely destroy the Minor No Hatred dao arena, leading to all of them being separated amidst the chaotic flows of space.

Still, Yan Zhaoge did not blame Fu Ting for this.

From another perspective, if it had been the Heaven Emperor who had come this time, having come specifically to find trouble with Yan Zhaoge and Yan Di, Fu Ting would most likely also have tried her best to help the two of them, because they too were guests of Ingenious Flying Peak.

Of course, that Yan Zhaoge could be so magnanimous now was also based somewhat on the fact that the current state of affairs was not that terrible. This was still at an acceptable level for him.

Instead, it was something that Mars Halberd had said earlier that Yan Zhaoge minded more, “Incidental for me, but intentional for others...huh?”

HSSB 902: Immeasurable Heavenly Lord

While he was rather concerned regarding the matter of the Exalted Solar Luminary Gao Han, since there was too little that he presently knew about him, Yan Zhaoge did not think too much on this.

What was of the foremost importance right now was how to get back to the World beyond Worlds as soon as possible.

Yan Zhaoge asked Fu Ting about this. She forced out a strained laugh.

She pointed at her forehead, “I have no good methods for the time being. We can only slowly find our way back.”

Yan Zhaoge understood what she meant. When stimulating the restrictions of the Minor No Hatred dao arena earlier, Fu Ting had already depleted some preparations of hers.

Otherwise, with the Brocade Emperor’s care towards her, he would definitely leave behind some methods on her such that she would be able to quickly return to Kunlun Mountain in the World beyond Worlds when facing a scenario of being trapped amidst chaotic flows of space.

Now, however, these methods could no longer be used.

If the spatial passageway had not been cleaved apart earlier, they could have returned to the World beyond Worlds together.

Sadly, Mars Halberd was an Immortal Artifact at the end of the day and one who could unleash his own power at that.

Thinking of Mars Halberd, Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting exchanged glances, bitter smiles appearing on their faces.

From what they had seen earlier, the other party seemed to have no intention of leaving after having destroyed the Minor No Hatred dao arena.

He actually seemed to be waiting there just for the Brocade Emperor's return.

Amidst his arrogance, his tyrannical nature could be seen.

Yan Zhaoge shook his head, identifying the space towards which they were heading, "Forget it. I'll not think about this first. Making sure of where we are right now is what's really important."

Fu Ting similarly raised her spirits and observed their surroundings.

Even though the Minor No Hatred dao arena had been sacrificed in the process, she had ultimately been unable to save those three dragon experts as she had only been able to helplessly watch them getting slain before her.

As a Heaven's favoured daughter, this was a rare setback for Fu Ting for whom everything usually went just as she wanted.

In recent years, the only thing that had left Fu Ting feeling so stifled was the vanishing of the Profound Sky Purple Gold Furnace and the disappearance of those seniors, lost to that black hole.

Fu Ting was both amused and exasperated by the fact that Yan Zhaoge had actually been involved in both these rare setbacks of hers.

Still, she possessed a firm will as she quickly adjusted her state of mind.

The two drifted for an unknown duration amidst space. The outline of a world vaguely appeared amidst space before them.

Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting exchanged glances before plunging together within, entering that world.

As soon as they entered, the boundaries of the heavens and earth distorted and shook together, vaguely seeming to want to reject them outside of it.

The two were proficient in the variations of yin and yang as the two qis circulated, merging with these heavens and earth as the power of rejection instantly lessened.

As they entered, a dense sea of trees first appeared in their field of vision.

Yan Zhaoge stabilised himself, gazing into the distance, “The spiritual qi flow here is very unusual...”

While the two were already Seeing Divinity Martial Saints, this particular world had no problem bearing them within.

It was unlike lower worlds like the Eight Extremities World, the Vast Ocean World and the Floating Gate World.

Yet, it was also not that they had returned to the World beyond Worlds.

Detecting this, Yan Zhaoge could not help but smile, “I hope that this is the Roving Jade Heavens. Otherwise...another Buddhist world?”

“Young Master Yan also knows about the existence of Buddhist worlds?” As the daughter of the Brocade Emperor, Fu Ting knew many things that others of the same cultivation level would not.

She instead felt Yan Zhaoge being aware of this to be rather unexpected, “Uncle Cao even told you about this?”

Yan Zhaoge was silent for a bit before he smiled, “It was not the Southeastern Exalt who told me. To be honest, when seeking the treasured furnace back then, entering chaotic spacetime afterwards, I and Gao Qing of the Roving Jade Heavens coincidentally landed in a world of Buddhism. It is due to this that I know some matters.”

Fu Ting nodded, sighing, “It is no wonder then.”

Looking at Yan Zhaoge, she said, “It is due to considerations of safety for the World beyond Worlds and the various lower worlds

that my father and the other Emperors have been keeping this secret.”

“Actually, there also seems to be something I am not aware of here. My father did not speak clearly on this, but it seems to be a very complex issue.”

Hearing her words, Yan Zhaoge laughed, “You can rest assured, Miss Fu. This Yan did not randomly reveal things after returning from that Buddhist world. I have always been good at keeping secrets.”

Fu Ting smiled, “I can believe that.”

The two sensed the spiritual qi network of the local heavens and earth as they sped along.

There vaguely seemed to be a human dwelling up ahead.

However, alongside that tell-tale smoke was also a mild treasured-light that shot up into the sky.

It was manifested of worship and the power of faith, condensed to a certain extent such that it had turned from illusory to real, forming a treasured light.

“So this is not the Roving Jade Heavens but a Buddhist world?” Gazing at it, Yan Zhaoge suddenly frowned, “...Wait, that’s not it!”

He was stunned, “That isn’t Buddha-light!”

Carefully examining that treasured light which rose into the sky, Fu Ting’s expression gradually changed too, “Why...why does it seem like the power of faith manifested of Daoist techniques?”

Exchanging glances, the two could both see the bemusement in the other’s eyes.

It was the case that Daoism too had the custom of worshipping.

This applied regardless of whether it was Broad Creed Mountain, Ingenious Flying Peak or any other random Daoist lineage.

Apart from their own ancestors, they would worship the founders of the Three Purities as well.

However, that was just the simplest form of worship that was used to show their respect.

It was just like the worshipping of Buddhism when the Gautama Buddha had still been of this world back then.

However, this treasured-light from the worshipping of Daoism here possessed a different significance.

It was condensed of the power of faith of the myriad lifeforms just like for those Buddhist scriptures previously.

One did not have to themselves cultivate. They just had to place their faith in a certain higher entity.

Yan Zhaoge inhaled deeply and turned to look at Fu Ting, directly asking her, “Just going by Gao Qing and her fellow disciples, the Roving Jade Heavens would surely not be involved in such a thing.”

“But perhaps that can only apply to Miss Gao’s own lineage. Do you know if others of the Roving Jade Heavens might actually be doing such a thing?”

Despite her complicated expression, Fu Ting replied truthfully, “From what I know, this is not the case.”

Yan Zhaoge gazed at that treasured light that connected to the heavens, “This is not like a land of the World beyond Worlds, also not resembling a lower world like the Eight Extremities World...”

The two pondered for a bit before continuing on their way towards the populated area up ahead.

On reaching its vicinity, they landed, switching to walking. They saw a city on that plain up ahead, surrounded by several villages.

Treasured light arose from the villages and that city, either dense or faint. The one that arose from the city was clearly denser and

more condensed.

Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting furtively entered. The common language here was different from that of the World beyond Worlds as Yan Zhaoge found it extremely hard to decipher.

Still, Yan Zhaoge gradually understood who the figure that everyone was worshipping was.

“Immeasurable Heavenly Lord?”

Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting looked at each other, feeling quizzical as they were completely bewildered.

As disciples of the Three Purities, doing rituals in official settings, they naturally knew how to often casually chant ‘Three Immeasurable’ or ‘Blessed Immeasurable Heavenly Lord, Inconceivable Merit’.

The ‘Immeasurable Heavenly Lord’ here actually referred to ‘infinitely many heavenly lords’ or ‘many heavenly lords’ as it was not referring to the title of a single existence.

The complete saying was ‘Blessed Immeasurable Heavenly Lord’, but ‘Inconceivable Merit’ should be added on behind.

However, whether it was the martial practitioners or normal mortals of this world, all of them were addressing the title of the Immeasurable Heavenly Lord like ‘Namu Amitahba’ for Buddhist disciples as they were clearly referring to a single, specific existence.

Also, it was not a condensed title.

The problem was that there had never ever been an ‘Immeasurable Heavenly Lord’ in Daoism.

Yan Zhaoge narrowed his eyes, “...What the hell?”

HSSB 903: Immortal Court of Daoism, Blessed lands of Buddhism

Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting exchanged looks as they saw that treasured light that shot into the skies.

While it was clearly full and auspicious, a supreme treasured light, this world here just seemed so unspeakably strange.

Whether it was Yan Zhaoge or Fu Ting, both could tell that this was not some mere prank done by some weak, minor entity.

The concept contained within the treasured light was lofty and refined to the extreme as it was no simple, inferior thing at all.

It had unquestionably received the true legacy of Daoism, yet having a different flag as it was like it had opened a different path outside of the dao tradition of the founders of the Three Purities.

It was just that this path seemed to walk towards the same endpoint as the essence of the scriptures of the Future Buddha and the current Buddhism.

One was Daoism and one was Buddhism, yet both were subtly similar in this respect.

Checking around, Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting indeed discovered that while the martial practitioners here cultivated in Daoist martial arts, their foundation was the feedback from the power of faith from the treasured light that was formed within their bodies.

Like Buddhist martial practitioners, the most important thing in their cultivation was not their comprehension of martial arts, not their awareness of the principles of the heavens and earth.

Instead, it was their devout hearts that were sincerely devoted to the dao!

Everything else rested atop this foundation.

If their hearts were sincerely devoted to the dao, their wills firm and their faith unshakeable, the treasured light would grow stronger and stronger, accumulating unceasingly.

This treasured light would help them in raising their cultivation bases, increasing their strength. It was really much easier for them than for Daoist disciples like Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting.

As they did not truly comprehend the principles behind what they were versed in, the average skill of the martial practitioners of this world was lower at the same cultivation level as compared to those of the World beyond Worlds and even the Eight Extremities World and Vast Ocean World.

However, the requirements were lower and results were seen more easily.

In those worlds, the vast majority of people were not talented enough and unlikely to achieve much as they cultivated in martial arts.

In this world, however, even if their talents and levels of comprehension were lower, so long as they had hearts that were devoted to the dao and worshipped the name of the ‘Immeasurable Heavenly Lord’, a considerable portion of them could even see some notable achievements as they cultivated in martial arts.

Yet, such people would be hard pressed to achieve much in martial arts at all in the World beyond Worlds and Eight Extremities World etcetera.

Yan Zhaoge did not know how many people there were in this world and how many similar worlds there were.

However, he vaguely felt that it was not few.

This was a world that was similar to the Buddhist worlds whilst different from the likes of the World beyond Worlds and the Roving Jade Heavens!

He and Fu Ting scoured the area, attempting to learn more about

this place.

“Unlike the Buddhist worlds, this place should have experienced the Great Calamity as well as there is a serious disconnect in its martial civilisation.”

After meeting, consolidating the information they had gathered, Yan Zhaoge concluded, “Besides the Immeasurable Heavenly Lord, most often mentioned here is the ‘Immortal Court’, in a way similar to the blessed lands of Buddhism.”

The founders of the Three Purities and the numerous heavenly lords of traditional Daoism had been played down with extremely few traces of them remaining as even legends and myths were few and far between.

The Immortal Court had replaced existences like the Heavenly Court’s Divine Palace and the Major Crimson Heavens of the Grand Clear lineage.

“Over with Buddhism, it was the immeasurable merit of the Future Buddha that assisted the myriad lifeforms in avoiding the great tribulation of the heavens and earth.”

“Here, such a great tribulation is not spoken of. Instead, it is that the Immeasurable Heavenly Lord purified the world, cleansing the tainted filth of the heavens and earth and forging creation anew.”

Buddhism was mentioned here as the home of the evil devils, the source of the tainted filth which could again cause the heavens and earth to change.

Those who believed in the Buddha had already had their souls polluted, while those who believed in Daoism should restrict the spread of Buddhism’s tainted filth.

Yan Zhaoge exhaled, “In other words, this place seems to often have interactions with the Buddhist worlds. It is just that they are not on good terms at all as they even seem to be frequently warring, rejecting each other as devilspawn.”

The world that the two were currently in should be close to where Daoism and Buddhism clashed, thus being antagonistic towards Buddhism.

While Yan Zhaoge had been to the Concealed Way World of Buddhism before, it might have been closer to the backlines of this conflict. Thus, there had been little news regarding the worlds of the Immortal Court there.

Yan Zhaoge muttered to himself, “Both sides occupy quite a number of worlds.”

When he had first been to the Obscured Way World, he had guessed that a ‘wall’ existed there which separated the worlds of Daoism and the worlds of Buddhism.

Back then, he had also wondered whether there were any more divisions along that ‘wall’.

He had not thought that this was really true, and there were really not just two sides.

With Yan Zhaoge’s current cultivation base, this ‘wall’ was not so easy to break through.

However, the disturbances caused by the Profound Sky Purple Gold Furnace back then as well as the forceful dissolution of the restrictions left behind by the Brocade Emperor by Mars Halberd this time had both been powerful indeed.

The resultant chaotic flows of space had let to Yan Zhaoge drifting to a domain outside of the worlds of Daoism.

Still, this world that was governed by the Immortal Court truly surpassed Yan Zhaoge’s expectations.

He had already known of the existence of Buddhism before having viewed the Obscured Way World.

Buddhism had already existed before the Great Calamity, having been a competitor of Daoism then.

Yan Zhaoge had also known that the Gautama Buddha had Transcended, the Future Buddha taking helm over the central Whirling World.

Yet, Yan Zhaoge could say with full confidence that this so-called Immeasurable Heavenly Lord and Immortal Court had definitely not existed in pre-Great Calamity times.

They had only appeared following the Great Calamity.

Frankly speaking, Yan Zhaoge was currently feeling rather puzzled as he was at a loss for once.

It would be fine if this was just some minor power, but it actually seemed like they were able to compete on level terms with Buddhism that was controlled by the Future Buddha.

Who was the Future Buddha?

He was a figure who had stood at the peak of the heavens and earth in pre-Great Calamity times, the lord of the central Whirling World, Sahā-lokadhātu, after the Gautama Buddha. He had been able to protect so many Buddhist worlds in tiding through the Great Calamity.

How would the Immortal Court that was able to contend with this be weak and inconsequential?

But herein lay the problem...

“Where exactly did they appear from?” Yan Zhaoge smacked his lips as Fu Ting was similarly unable to get her head around this.

Besides these doubts, Fu Ting felt rather worried as well as she looked at Yan Zhaoge, “Young Master Yan, do you feel any uncomfortable as you are thinking of or voicing the name of that Immeasurable Heavenly Lord?”

“No,” Yan Zhaoge frowned, “Could it be that those like you and I will also birth treasured light and worship that Immeasurable Heavenly Lord as soon as we speak of or think of him?”

Fu Ting shook his head, “No treasured light has been birthed within my body. Still, I feel that a strange connection has been made somehow, like something is different.”

Yan Zhaoge’s gaze was somewhat deep and distant, “Because we are intrinsically also of Daoism?”

Many thoughts flashed through Yan Zhaoge’s mind the next instant.

Some previous experiences came to mind.

As he pondered, the spiritual qi of the heavens and earth before them suddenly rippled intensely.

A few powerful auras were rapidly approaching in the distance.

These auras were colliding unceasingly as some people seemed to be in the midst of clashing.

Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting exchanged looks before retracting their auras and hiding themselves away.

Soon, several figures entered their eyes. A person was fleeing while being pursued by many others who were launching attacks towards him.

One of the pursuers yelled loudly, “Yang Chong, you have fallen into an external dao. Let alone not knowing repentance, you even dare to defame the Heavenly Lord, blasphemous indeed! Hurry and give yourself in, or do not blame us for not showing you any mercy as your fellow disciples!”

HSSB 904: Sincerely devoted to the *dao*, the Heavenly Lord's blessings cometh

Yan Zhaoge watched as those people clashed.

His gaze involuntarily turned more distant, “It is a martial art that already existed in pre-Great Calamity times, and preserved in relatively good condition at that. It is just that...”

It was just that although these martial practitioners similarly condensed aura-qi and true essence through cultivation and refined their qi and blood and acupoints, their foundation was the power of faith within their bodies.

This was so for the pursuers who were speeding over.

However, the treasured light of the power of faith within the fleeing person was somewhat unstable.

Regardless of their cultivation bases, the treasured light of his pursuers were all very stable and fixed at the very least.

Yet, the treasured light from the body of he who was being murderously pursued was flickering non-stop as it was bright at times whilst dim at others.

Peering carefully over, Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting saw that he was a red-clothed middle-aged man with stern, authoritative features and a firm gaze.

His cultivation base was very high. As his acupoints pulsed, it was not just that the main acupoints of his entire body had already all been refined to achieve Divinity.

Even many obscure acupoints of his were already successfully resonating with the actual stars of the external universe, having broken through space to see true Divinity.

This was precisely the characteristic of an expert of the sixth level of the Martial Saint realm, the late Seeing Divinity stage.

Martial practitioners would have arrived at the peak of the mid Seeing Divinity stage when they had refined all their main acupoints to achieve Divinity.

At this point, they would begin attempting to refine the many obscure acupoints. After successfully taking the first step, they would hence have accomplished the sixth level of the Martial Saint realm, the late Seeing Divinity stage.

The martial practitioner named Yang Chong who was currently being pursued was precisely of this cultivation level.

Yan Zhaoge recognised the martial art he cultivated in as the Chaotic Phenomena Heavenly Deficient Palm from the Chaotic Heavenly Scripture. This had actually been stored in the Marital Repository of the Heavenly Court's Divine Palace in pre-Great Calamity times.

It could be seen that even though his foundation was ultimately the treasured light of the power of faith, Yang Chong was still rather talented in martial arts as he had already acquired the essence of the Chaotic Phenomena Heavenly Deficient Palm.

Yet, at this moment, he was in dire straits as he was being pursued by a number of Martial Saints who had just entered the Seeing Divinity stage or were even merely at the Merging Avtar stage.

He was only able to flee frantically even as he battled.

Those pursuing him also cultivated in the Chaotic Heavenly Scripture as they were evidently his fellow disciples.

“Is he injured?” Yan Zhaoge pondered, “Or is it that...”

Someone now yelled from amongst the pursuers, “Senior apprentice-uncle Yang, enough with this foolishness! Return to the sect with us and repent sincerely before the Heavenly Lord’s altar. There may still be a way out of this!”

Before Yang Chong could reply, someone else shouted severely

from amongst them, “Quan Haolong, are you trying to protect this sort of blasphemer?”

The face of the person who had just spoken turned slightly pale.

Yang Chong nodded slightly towards Quan Haolong in appreciation, musing emotionally, “External daos are not daoless, and the orthodox dao may not be the only dao. I have seen more paths, and wish to choose and follow another way of living of my own volition.”

“While our current world is real, it may not be complete. The world that we can see now consists only of what the bigwig experts want us to see.”

Yang Chong’s gaze rippled somewhat, “Having seen more things, the world before our eyes would appear different...”

The expressions of most of his pursuers changed as they heard this, “Stuff and nonsense, deceit and bedevilment!”

They roared and attacked with the same Chaotic Phenomena Heavenly Deficient Palm towards him.

Where their palm force passed, the scenes between the heavens and earth continuously changed.

The flowing wind ceased, the air becoming stick and hard to navigate as it resembled a swamp.

The flowing clouds solidified, plummeting from the sky as they resembled blocks of solid lead.

The surface of the earth collapsed, the river waters surging in reverse as they shot into the skies.

Everything was different from how it usually was with chaotic phenomena abound, causing one to feel incomparably muddled and in chaos.

The myriad chaotic phenomena agglomerated, forming an immense force of distortion that seemed about to rip the very

horizon apart.

Amidst the shattered space, infinite tribulations surged as everything appeared even more shocking.

Seeing this, Yang Chong sighed, simultaneously pushing forth with his palms. He now executed the Chaotic Phenomena Heavenly Deficient Palm as well.

Chaos met chaos, righting chaos and bringing forth order. Where Yang Chong's palm force passed, the scenes between the heavens and earth instead began to regain their normalcy.

However, Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting both frowned as they watched on.

This was totally not the level of power that a late Seeing Divinity Martial Saint should be able to unleash.

Even while he was of the Immortal Court of Daoism and possessed strength inferior to the orthodox tradition of the Three Clear lineages, he was an actual sixth level Martial Saint who had refined all the main acupoints of his body to see Divinity, presently even having already begun refining the obscure ones. He should logically possess heaven-shocking, earth-shaking power.

His opponents were martial practitioners of the Immortal Court of Daoism as well, not being any noteworthy in terms of strength as they were not like Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting who were able to surpass levels in battling, suppressing all other lifeforms.

Under such circumstances, Yang Chong of the sixth level of the Martial Saint realm should logically be able to completely dominate and sweep through these pursuers who were at the fourth level of the Martial Saint realm at most.

Yet, the result was an unexpected one.

Yang Chong was actually unable to deal with these opponents.

He was even hard pressed to face their collective attacks as he

was being suppressed.

With Yan Zhaoge's and Fu Ting's current level of discernment, a single glance was sufficient for them to see through the entire battle situation.

“It is not the weakness from having sustained an injury...”

“He is not deliberately going easy on them...”

“It seems more like he has intentionally restricted his own strength or like a portion of his strength has been restricted by someone else.”

Yan Zhaoge raised his brow slightly, “It is like his cultivation base has fallen. Yet, he is not injured. This is due to that treasured light of the power of faith.”

“He previously relied on this as a foundation in refining his acupoints to achieve Divinity. This is where the basis for his acupoints resonating with the stars lies,” Fu Ting similarly realised the predicament Yang Chong was in, “The treasured light within his body is currently unstable. Consequently, those acupoints that had originally seen true Divinity seem to be slumbering as they are not moving in the least!”

Yan Zhaoge stroked his lower chin, “Is it because he is no longer devout that his cultivation base is unceasingly deteriorating as time passes?”

Yang Chong’s strength was currently not much different from his fellow disciples of the fourth level of the Martial Saint realm.

If this continued, it would not be long when he merely possessed the strength of a third level Martial Saint.

Also, his strength would continue deteriorating throughout.

It was not just in the refining of his acupoints to achieve Divinity. All of his cultivation thus far had relied on that treasured light of the power of faith.

The person leading the group that was attacking Yang Chong said coldly, “Yang Chong, in trying to bewitch us with these words of deceit, isn’t it just for throwing our minds into chaos such that we will end up in the same state as you, making it easier for you to escape?”

“Dream on! We are all sincerely devoted towards the dao as the Heavenly Lord’s blessings cometh. How would we be as sick in the head as you?”

“You are actually still stubborn and blind even now. Since that is so, prepare to die!”

As this person said this, his body suddenly flickered while Yang Chong was blocking the attacks of the others.

Another supreme martial art recorded in the Chaotic Heavenly Scripture, the Heaven Earth Reversal Chaos Finger.

Concentrating fully on defending against the other attacks, Yang Chong was not in time to block or evade this as he was instantly struck by that finger.

His face suddenly turned first completely red and then a pale shade as he abruptly spat out a mouthful of blood.

The other attackers capitalised on this chance to attack all at once, breaking through Yang Chong’s protective true essence with several Chaotic Phenomena Heavenly Deficient Palms as Yang Chong was completely beaten out of the sky with this.

Yang Chong plummeted feebly to the ground, dying and unable to move.

The others crowded over, someone now saying slowly, “End him, junior apprentice-nephew Quan.”

That person named Quan Haolong instantly stiffened up as he heard this.

HSSB 905: The orthodox way, the devilish path and the external dao

Quan Haolong looked at Yang Chong, a conflicted look appearing on his face.

Being from the same hometown, this senior apprentice-uncle of his had taken rather good care of him in the past as the two had always been on great terms.

He had gone easy on him in their battle earlier. Viewed by his companions, this instantly brought trouble for him.

Quan Haolong said softly, “Senior apprentice-uncle Peng, I...”

The person leading the pursuit gazed coldly over, “Yes?”

Quan Haolong walked towards Yang Chong with great difficulty, the latter sighing as he looked at him, “With you, Haolong, sending me along on my way, it can be considered a form of consolation.”

Seeing Quan Haolong’s conflicted expression, Yan Zhaoge stroked his lower chin, “Hmm. It is just like the legacy of the fire of civilisation and revolution.”

“Could it be that the death of this senior will plant a seed in the heart of this junior, finally sprouting one day as he will inherit the mantle of his predecessors in the future?”

“Will he perish like this senior before being able to succeed, continuing to leave behind his legacy in planting the seed and passing the torch, or will he be the one leading the change in the great tide of eras?”

“Or might he simply resist and disobey orders here, being slain alongside Yang Chong by his fellow disciples here?”

Many thoughts flashed through Yan Zhaoge’s mind in that instant.

Still, he quickly stopped those random thoughts of his, muttering, “Does the ‘external dao’ they speak of refer to martial practitioners like us?”

Fu Ting’s expression was stern, “If these worlds that are ruled by the Immortal Court share the same view on the external dao like Buddhism, that would refer to us orthodox disciples of the Three Clear lineages.”

The Immortal Court and Buddhism were used to viewing each other as those who followed the devilish path.

The devilish path and the external dao both did not have any positive connotations at all.

Fu Ting said, “We should capture them and get information out of them to better understand our situation at hand.”

Yan Zhaoge said, “One of us should act while the other remains as backup. As this place is close to the frontlines of the conflict between the Immortal Court and Buddhism, there would be a greater possibility of the Immortal Court stationing some powerful experts in the vicinity.”

Fu Ting nodded, “Leave it to me then.”

The two both showed themselves, no longer hiding their auras. Quan Haolong, Yang Chong and the rest were stunned as only now did they notice their presence.

A man and a woman had appeared before them.

The man was remarkably handsome and dressed in white clothes with a black-bordered blue robe.

The woman was conspicuously beautiful and dressed in red clothes and a white skirt along with the shawl of a silver fox.

It was just that despite the woman’s stunning looks, it still was that young man that Quan Haolong, Yang Chong and the others first noticed.

As soon as the other party appeared, it was just like he was the centre of these heavens and earth.

Yan Zhaoge smiled as he waved towards Quan Haolong and the others. Fu Ting's figure flickered as she directly charged into the fray.

In her red clothes and white skirt, Fu Ting dazzled brilliantly like flowers as all returned to primordial yin and yang beneath her palm.

Even few martial practitioners of the World beyond Worlds at the same cultivation level as Fu Ting would be able to take this palm of hers, much less these people from a world ruled by the Immortal Court whose cultivation bases were all lower than her.

Yan Zhaoge mainly observed them to see if these people from the Daoism of the Immortal Court had any special methods.

At the same time, he also kept vigilant of their surroundings lest peak experts with higher cultivation bases suddenly arrived.

Fu Ting directly captured the entire group of people in one fell swoop, Yang Chong included.

While they tried to struggle, Fu Ting flashed a massive jet-black fishing net.

She successfully trapped them all within the net as even they as Martial Saints were unable to move.

"We should not kill them first," Fu Ting said, "The treasured light within their bodies likely possesses the same effect as Buddha-light. As soon as they are killed, peak experts may quickly discover it and zero in on us, swiftly descending upon this land."

Yan Zhaoge said casually, "You can decide this yourself. I'm feeling more curious about this person."

His gaze fell on Yang Chong.

Despite having barely managed to survive, Yang Chong's gaze

that was on Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting was filled with wariness as well, “You...are both of the external dao?”

Fu Ting raised her net, speeding away alongside Yan Zhaoge as they left their original location.

As they travelled, she said mildly, “Just like how you and the Buddhists reject each other as devils, while we do not have such a strong sense of solidarity, if we really have to talk about it, we descendants of the Three Clear lineages instead see you as being of the external dao.”

Yang Chong opened his mouth, smiling bitterly after a while, “This Yang was impolite. Please excuse my manners.”

Those others who had been captured all admonished now, “Yang Chong, you are indeed in collusion with those of the external dao!”

Quan Haolong was also looking warily at Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting as he would venomous scorpions.

That senior apprentice-uncle Peng who led the group said coldly, “Those who walk the devilish path or the external dao, this Lofty Towering World is not a place that the likes of you can be arrogant in.”

Yan Zhaoge did not even have to move as that senior apprentice-uncle Peng’s lower jaw was suddenly dislocated on its own, rendering him incapable of further speech.

The meridians of his entire body distorted unceasingly, bringing him immense pain.

His body twitched intensely as he sweated profusely, yet he could not utter any sound at all.

Yan Zhaoge asked nonchalantly, “Buddhist martial practitioners can forcibly extinguish the Buddha-light in their bodies, thereby putting an end to themselves. What about you?”

Everyone had shocked, fearful looks on their faces as they looked

at Yan Zhaoge now.

Yang Chong sighed, “We also possess such means, just like the Buddhists. If you want to use torture, it would likely be useless.”

Looking over at that senior apprentice-uncle Peng, he said, “Senior apprentice-brother Peng actually speaks rightly. The Lofty Towering World that we are in now is one of the six worlds governed by the Loathing Square Immortal Realm, close to the tainted lands of Buddhism. As we are currently facing a critical moment in the great war against the Buddhist devils, there are quite a few peak experts of the Immortal Realm guarding over the area at the moment.”

“The two of you are not of our orthodox way of Daoism, also possessing unordinary strength. If you were to act and disturb the spiritual qi flow of this world, it would be very easy to arouse attention.”

Yang Chong advised them, “The two of you should set senior apprentice-brother Peng and the rest free and speedily leave this area.”

Yan Zhaoge asked rather interestedly, “What about you then?”

Yang Chong shook his head, “I am already heavily injured and close to death. This may very well be my final resting place.”

He glanced at Quan Haolong and the others, saying with a complex expression on his face, “I did not betray the dao. Still, saying this is already useless now.”

“I was born here and grew up here. I wasn’t able to leave this place in the end. All this is fate, fate as decreed by the heavens,” Yang Chong struggled to raise his head, next looking into the sky, “It is the decree of the heavens, the intention of the Immeasurable Heavenly Lord. Maybe I really was wrong and that is why I fell into such a state, this all being what I rightfully deserve.”

Yan Zhaoge laughed lightly, “You do not have to worry about the

two of us. However, I have some things I would like to ask you, actually.”

Yang Chong shook his head, “I will not betray the dao. If you want to use torture on me, although the treasured light within my body is unstable, I can still end myself here.”

Yan Zhaoge said mildly, “I don’t care whether you end yourself or not. I also have no intention of asking about this Lofty Towering World of yours, or secrets about that almighty Loathing Square Immortal Realm.”

Yang Chong was taken aback, “What do you want to ask then?”

Yan Zhaoge pointed first at him and next at Quan Haolong and the rest, “I want to know why you are different from them.”

HSSB 906: What role does the World beyond Worlds play?

Yan Zhaoge stared at Yang Chong, asking him, “From your earlier words, I do not feel that you yourself came to comprehend a major dao of the heavens and earth, hence having suspicions towards the Immortal Court.”

“Since that is so, why are you not like them?”

Yan Zhaoge pointed at Quan Haolong at the rest, “I think that there must be somebody or something from outside that touched you, made you...”

A hint of a smile appeared at the corners of his mouth, “...Made you see the light.”

Yang Chong was silent as he did not speak.

It was instead one of his pursuers who snorted coldly, “What could it have been if not that relic site.”

Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting exchanged glances, raising their brows slightly, “What relic site?”

That person did not conceal things as he said arrogantly, “Of course it is a relic site left behind from the death of you demons of the external dao!”

“In this very Loathing Square Immortal Realm, many of our peak orthodox experts once surrounded and slew numerous demons of the external dao like you, one of whom was even an Emperor!”

“While some have been cleared up over the years, there are still marks of that battle that remain in the Loathing Square Immortal Realm and the nearby regions.”

“In recent years, my Lofty Towering World inadvertently discovered one of these.”

Here, he glanced at Yang Chong, saying rather painedly, “It was in the process of handling these that he was bewitched by you people of the external dao, hence falling into such a state!”

Hearing his words, Quan Haolong sighed as he looked worriedly at Yang Chong.

He knew this senior apprentice-uncle Yang to be one of the most outstanding experts of his Chaotic Heavenly Sect.

While that senior apprentice-uncle Peng was of the same generation as Yang Chong, having entered the sect earlier than him, his cultivation base was comparatively much inferior to his.

Yang Chong was the youngest Seeing Divinity Martial Saint the Chaotic Heavenly Sect had seen in the past thousand years. He was also their youngest late Seeing Divinity stage expert.

Over the years, Yang Chong had also participated in battles against the filthy Buddhists, slaying many of those devilish experts.

It was not just the Lofty Towering World. His reputation was well known even in the Loathing Square Immortal Realm as some peak experts even thought quite highly of him.

He was a good sapling of the Immortal Court’s orthodox tradition.

Everyone had believed that he was to become the sect’s youngest Immortal Bridge Martial Saint ever since its founding, taking over the old Chief to assume the leadership of the Chaotic Heavenly Sect whereupon he would lead it to new heights, attaining high status in the entire Immortal Realm.

Yet, not long ago, something had gone wrong with him after he had led a team out to deal with that relic site.

Quan Haolong who had always been looked after by Yang Chong had only felt disbelief at first. After witnessing that weakened treasured light in Yang Chong’s body, however, only panic had

remained within his heart.

He could not imagine how this senior apprentice-uncle Yang whom he had always respected and looked up to so might have ended up like this.

After hearing the other party's words, Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting both frowned.

The same thought arose in both their minds.

Yan Zhaoge said casually, "Stop boasting. Do you know what an Emperor entails?"

The other party laughed loudly, "You have no need to deliberately antagonise me. So what if I tell you? It will just as well let you know how you evil followers of the external dao will ultimately end up!"

"That person was titled the Dim Radiant Emperor, and his name was Yin Tianxia. He led the Dim Radiant Sect, this being a dao tradition and legacy which already existed in this world before the Immeasurable Heavenly Lord cleansed the world."

"After cleansing the world, it was out of benevolence that the Immeasurable Heavenly Lord allowed you of the external dao and the Buddhist devils to continue surviving. Yet, you who still understand not the will of the heavens and instead defy it will ultimately all be punished in the end!"

This Chaotic Heavenly Sect martial practitioner roared, "Understanding not the will of the heavens, respecting not the Immeasurable Heavenly Lord, the fate that befell those Buddhist devils slain by the experts of the Immortal Court and that Yin Tianxia will be the fate that befalls you very soon!"

His appearance was severe as he said this. Still, Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting could not be bothered listening to his nonsense any longer.

Yan Zhaoge raised his head and surveyed the Lofty Towering

World before him.

He had indeed been trying to provoke the other party into speaking.

This was because he had already guessed it just now.

The Dim Radiant Emperor Yin Tianxia had not perished to the Nine Underworlds or Buddhism as he had previously guessed.

Instead, it was this world of the Immortal Court where he had fallen!

Besides Yin Tianxia himself, many other peak experts of his sect had also fallen here.

As a result, the Dim Radiant Sect which had once reigned mightily in the World beyond Worlds had ultimately declined and fallen apart.

Yet, a new doubt now arose.

Why had Yin Tianxia led an expedition to this distant land that year?

Was it because he could not tolerate the ways of the Immeasurable Heavenly Lord and the Immortal Court?

As Fu Ting had said, in the eyes of descendants of the tradition of the Three Clear lineages, the way of the Immeasurable Heavenly Lord and the Immortal Court was not the orthodox way.

However, in the Immeasurable Heavenly Lord being able to compete against the Future Buddha and the Immortal Court being able to compete with Buddhism, they were actually already mighty beyond compare.

The Dim Radiant Emperor did not seem like a reckless person. Why had he come to provoke them of his own accord?

Was it because he had not been clear regarding the level of power that the Immeasurable Heavenly Lord and the Immortal Court possessed back then or was it that he had plotted to profit as a

third party in the conflict between the blessed lands of Buddhism and the Immortal Court, having sadly failed in the end?

Yan Zhaoge instinctively glanced at Fu Ting beside him.

What role did the Brocade Emperor and the other peak experts of the World beyond Worlds play here?

Noticing Yan Zhaoge's gaze, Fu Ting immediately understood what he meant.

It was just that she was wondering the same thing herself.

Feeling greatly puzzled, Yan Zhaoge ignored that noisy Chaotic Heavenly Sect martial practitioner as he instead looked at Yang Chong, "Are things like he says?"

Yang Chong sighed, "That's right."

"The relic site that we handled earlier was not where experts of the external dao perished but where a battle once occurred in the past."

Yang Chong said slowly, "It was precisely where that Dim Radiant Emperor battled the experts of my Immortal Court."

Fu Ting asked, "If Emperor-level experts or higher were to battle in this world, it would probably be completely destroyed."

Yang Chong explained, "They just happened to pass by the Lofty Towering World for a time as they continuously battled."

Even so, however, a tribulation had still befallen the Lofty Towering World.

This was a great event in the history of the Lofty Towering World.

Yang Chong's expression was rather complex, "While it was gained from the external dao, one must admit that an Emperor is an Emperor at the end of the day. Those who can claim the title of Emperor are all mighty indeed."

“Still, as they battled, a remnant strand of will was actually condensed and left there all these years.”

He coughed, unable to project the scenes of that time due to his grave injuries.

Yan Zhaoge said mildly, “I will be offending you.”

He tapped on the other party’s forehead, wisps of black qi entering as Yang Chong’s eyes instantly turned rather dazed.

Fu Ting was slightly shocked, “...Faceless Devil Scripture?”

The expressions of Quan Haolong and the others abruptly changed as they saw a black light emitted from one of Yang Chong’s eyes.

A black scene of light condensed in mid-air, images manifesting.

Amidst the ruins of the valley, all was hazy as it was neither bright nor dark.

Amidst the haziness was depicted the scene of a great battle, resembling shooting stars streaking across the horizon as numerous wild tides surged, sweeping through the heavens and the earth.

If it had been during the great battle itself, Yang Chong would not have understood its process at all.

Yet, where only the remnant aura remained in this valley of rubble, he could instead understand it.

Yan Zhaoge and the others could clearly see it as well.

The first to enter their fields of vision was a rather familiar figure.

Black clothes and white robe, long jet-black hair flowing down his back with eyebrows that were pure white in colour.

The white and black were distinct in his eyes and pure to the extreme. The whites of his eyes seemed to emit immeasurable

radiance while his black pupils were instead like a deep abyss.

It was the Dim Radiant Emperor, Yin Tianxia.

HSSB 907: The Xue Chuqing who goes about things a different way

Within the depicted scene of light, Yin Tianxia had two opponents.

One of them radiated light as he was like the sun high in the sky, his martial concept simultaneously containing the power of the Sun Star and of the extremity of light.

One of them resembled the descent of eternal night, darkness that concealed the sky and obscured the sun. His martial concept was the pure tranquillity of darkness.

These two people were not of the same lineage as they were in possession of two different legacies.

Yan Zhaoge recognised the former as that of a major power of pre-Great Calamity times, Vast Yang Palace.

The legacy of this power had disappeared in the worlds of the orthodox Daoism of the Three Clear lineages. It was unknown whether it was to be found if any of the lower worlds.

It was worth mentioning that Yan Zhaoge knew that the bigwig who had created the Extreme Yang Scripture in pre-Great Calamity times hailed from Vast Yang Palace.

Atop the foundation of the Vast Yang Scripture had been integrated techniques acquired of his own creation, forming the Extreme Yang Scripture.

While there had not been a complete version of the Extreme Yang Scripture in the collection of the Martial Repository of the Heavenly Court's Divine Palace, there had however been a comparatively well preserved Vast Yang Scripture there.

Meanwhile, the sword art displayed by the other person contained mysteries of darkness which Yan Zhaoge found to be

rather more unfamiliar.

"It seems like the Heavenless Dark Sword," Yan Zhaoge thought.

The Heavenless Dark Sword was also a supreme martial art of pre-Great Calamity times which hailed from a major power known as the Dark Heaven Sword Sect.

Still, the Martial Repository of the Heavenly Court's Divine Palace had not possessed the Heavenless Dark Sword as there had only been some simple descriptions of the martial art there.

However, there was another power intermixed within this person's sword arts that Yan Zhaoge was extremely familiar with.

The Thunder of Eternal Night of the Nine Heavenly Immortal Thunders.

Where the thunderbolts passed, eternal night would descend upon the heavens and earth with no light visible whatsoever.

Only when the boom of thunder resounded would all be white within the world, space shattering.

Of course, be it the expert cultivating in the Vast Yang Scripture or the other who cultivated in the Heavenless Dark Sword, both their foundations were still that treasured light of the power of faith.

Also, Yan Zhaoge noted how neither the legacy of Vast Yang Palace or that of the Heavenless Dark Sword seemed to ever have produced an Emperor-level expert before.

Yet, it was not that the two had surpassed their predecessors just like the Dim Radiant Emperor had.

The concepts of their martial arts might consist of some changes, discarding the old and introducing the new as it was improved somewhat.

Intrinsically speaking, however, they did not surpass the legacies of pre-Great Calamity times.

Yan Zhaoge could not be absolutely sure for the Heavenless Dark Sword.

He was certain that the Vast Yang Scripture was not more profound than it had been under the Vast Yang Palace, though.

However, these two people had indeed already pushed open the door to Immortality, being bigwigs who had traversed the gap between the human and Immortal realms!

They were experts who could carry Emperor titles!

Even if they were experts of the Immortal Court's dao tradition, Emperors were Emperors, sufficient to destroy the heavens and extinguish the earth with the flip of a palm.

The two were currently attacking Yin Tianxia together, light and darkness intersecting as the heavens and earth were completely distorted.

Seeing this scene, Yan Zhaoge narrowed his eyes slightly, "Is it also because of that treasured light of the power of faith?"

Facing these two people, Yin Tianxia had a rather complex expression on his face.

It seemed like regret whilst also disdain whilst also fury and helpless, these all culminating in a sigh in the end.

"Although you have pushed open the door to Immortality, it was not you yourselves who did so."

"While you preside over countless others, you already know not the principles of your ancestors' legacies."

He raised a hand, pushing horizontally forward with his palm with light and darkness integrated within.

His palm seemed to be half in light and half in darkness, yet was seemingly enveloped by a glow that was neither bright nor dark.

Where his palm passed, light vanished, and darkness ceased to exist.

Everything turned blurry, resembling chaos as it was difficult to distinguish light and darkness.

Yin Tianxia said mildly, “Your Dark Heaven Sword Sect and Vast Yang Palace often competed with my Dim Radiant Sect before the Great Calamity. It was difficult to determine a victor amongst us then.”

“Today, however, victory and defeat is evident with a single glance.”

Yin Tianxia resembled a descended divinity that made his two opponents seem completely dim and lustreless, “We are all cultivators. Slay the dao, see one’s true self.”

Beneath his palm, his two opponents fell into defeat!

The light projection ended at this point.

Looking at the disappearing image, Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting both frowned and pondered.

Meanwhile, those of the Chaotic Heavenly Sect all broke out into curses.

Yang Chong had a complicated expression on his face as he shook his head and sighed.

Yan Zhaoge recovered and looked at Fu Ting who said, “They were indeed only passing by, leaving behind just simple traces.”

“Have those ruins where you discovered that remnant aura already been destroyed?” Yan Zhaoge asked Yang Chong.

Yang Chong smiled bitterly, “I would think so.”

Quan Haolong said softly, “With what happened to you, senior apprentice-uncle Yang, after the other seniors of the sect arrived afterwards, they eradicated that relic site completely.”

Yan Zhaoge looked up and pondered for a moment before suddenly asking, “Are you aware of any other cases similar to his that have occurred, and where that was?”

Whether it was Yang Chong or Quan Haolong and the others, everyone was taken aback by this.

Those Chaotic Heavenly Sect martial practitioners said angrily, “Traitors to the dao who were bewitched by you of an external dao-just a single such case happening is already ludicrous!”

Yan Zhaoge was not concerned as he nodded slightly, “So it’s simply him in this Lofty Towering World?”

Looking at Yan Zhaoge, Fu Ting sent via sound transmission, “You seem to be implying something?”

Surveying the surroundings, Yan Zhaoge replied, “The Dim Radiant Emperor fought one against two, domineeringly defeating two Emperors of the Immortal Court’s Daoism and displaying the might of we of the orthodox Three Clear lineages.”

“Seeing this scene for the first time, martial practitioners of the dao tradition of the Immortal Court should indeed be impacted somewhat.”

Yan Zhaoge’s gaze was distant, “Still, it was not just Yang Chong who saw this scene. There were others of the Chaotic Heavenly Sect present at the time as well. Why is it that only the treasured light in Yang Chong’s body is unstable, his faith in the Immeasurable Heavenly Lord having been completely shaken?”

“Because his cultivation base is highest and his knowledge base the widest, he is more predisposed to accepting a change from his conventional viewpoint? Because he is innately very perceptive?”

“Though his talent and powers of comprehension are indeed very high as he would still be able to achieve quite a bit without relying on the treasured light of the power of faith like us normal martial practitioners, I still believe that this is not the actual reason,” Yan Zhaoge said.

Fu Ting said slowly, “You suspect that someone set up a mechanism at the relic site, and Yang Chong was the one who set it

off, this thus having happened to him?"

Yan Zhaoge nodded, "It does not seem like the Buddhists who would do this, but more like orthodox descendants of the Three Clear lineages like us."

Fu Ting pondered, "That is possible. Sadly, the place is already no more, and we cannot verify this."

Yan Zhaoge did not continue speaking, actually having left something unsaid earlier.

Relating this to the situation with his mother, Xue Chuqing, and the relationship of that lineage of hers with the Dim Radiant Sect of back then, Yan Zhaoge vaguely had a feeling that this was rather like his mother's handiwork.

With his current cultivation base, his intuition was not baseless as it was instead mysterious beyond compare, stemming from his perception of the principles of the heavens and earth and fate itself.

It could not be fully believed. Yet, it could also not be easily dismissed.

Perhaps the reason his mother was being pursued was related to the death of the Dim Radiant Emperor and the Immortal Court?

After barely missing her back where the eastern Vast Heaven Territory and the northeastern Sky Heaven Territory intersected in the past, Yan Zhaoge had not heard any news about Xue Chuqing.

Could it be that his mother had gone about things in a different way and chosen the most dangerous place as the safest place, having left the worlds of Daoism's Three Clear lineages and come to hide in the territory of the Immortal Court?

HSSB 908: Based on mood

Was it possible for Xue Chuqing to have snuck over to the Immortal Court's territory?

In theory, no.

For one to break free of the worlds of Daoism's Three Clear lineages which were centred around the World beyond Worlds, breaking through the 'wall' and coming to the Immortal Court's side, was no easy thing.

Yan Zhaoge had previously inadvertently ended up in a Buddhist world due to the disturbance caused by the Profound Sky Purple Gold Furnace.

In having inadvertently ended up in the Lofty Towering World that was governed by the Immortal Court's Loathing Square Immortal Realm this time, it had been because of the collision between the Immortal Artifact, Mars Halberd, and the restrictions left behind by the Brocade Emperor.

While Yan Zhaoge was unclear on his mother's current cultivation base, from what he had heard, he knew that she might not even have attained the Immortal Bridge stage yet.

Logically speaking, without the aid of any external forces, it should be impossible for Xue Chuqing to come here.

Still, firstly, it might be that some peak expert had helped to 'smuggle' Xue Chuqing over.

Secondly, Xue Chuqing's actions often exceeded one's expectations. Might she possess some unique methods?

Yan Zhaoge pondered, "If it really is mother, she would definitely hide and keep a low profile here rather than take the initiative to provoke those of the Immortal Court."

"Looking at it this way, setting up a trap at the relic site and

making the Chaotic Heavenly Sect unnecessarily suffer a loss isn't something she would do."

"Unless..." The corners of Yan Zhaoge's mouth twitched, "She detected that her whereabouts were about to be found out again and thus fled once more, digging a pit before she left as an 'I was here' for her opponent."

While thinking this, Yan Zhaoge said to Fu Ting, "I'm thinking of investigating this Lofty Towering World again, and the other worlds of this Loathing Square Immortal Realm as well."

Fu Ting immediately understood, "You want to investigate if there are other disciples of the Three Clear lineages like us?"

Yan Zhaoge answered surreptitiously, "Precisely so. If there really are, we could join forces."

"The other party should be more familiar with this place than we are. If we are able to contact them, it would be beneficial to us leaving the territory under the jurisdiction of the Immortal Court, making our way back to the World beyond Worlds."

"Still, there may be a few peak experts of the Immortal Court guarding over this area, making it very dangerous. I could go alone to investigate and come back to look for you."

Yan Zhaoge said, "I have no intention of slighting you. If we move separately, we could avoid getting captured in one fell swoop."

Fu Ting pondered for a moment before shaking her head, "We are unfamiliar with this place and the people here, also being vastly dissimilar to martial practitioners of the Immortal Court. There is also the matter of the language barrier. It would be better if we move together, hence being able to look out for each other."

Yan Zhaoge nodded, "Let us move out then."

As he said so, a black light appeared on his palm that was boundless in its transformations and hard to discern, being

formless and faceless.

He directly struck out with a palm, several martial practitioners of the Chaotic Heavenly Sect hence perishing instantly.

While Yang Chong and the others were greatly shocked, Fu Ting's expression was as per usual, "It really is the supreme martial art recorded in the Faceless Devil Scripture. I did not think that you, Young Master Yan, would actually be proficient in this devilish art which has been lost for a long time."

She appraised Yan Zhaoge, "Your Broad Creed Mountain's lineage seems like a branch lineage of my Grand Clear lineage, whilst seemingly also possessing the orthodox tradition of the Jade Clear direct lineage. Yet, looking at you now, you actually even know a peak devilish martial art like the Faceless Devil Scripture. Your origins really cannot be discerned at all."

Yan Zhaoge appeared nonchalant as he instead asked, "It is merely by coincidence that I obtained it thanks to a fortuitous encounter outside. It is nothing much. Instead, I would not have thought that you, Miss Fu, might recognise this Faceless Devil Scripture. From what I know, this martial art had long since been lost in the World beyond Worlds before this."

Fu Ting said, "Because of my father, I do know some secrets, such as the existence of Buddhism."

"Buddhist light is a very tricky thing. When Buddhist martial practitioners are slain, their seniors come to learn of it within an extremely short period of time and could even directly descend."

"There are a limited number of martial arts that can restrict this. One of them is precisely the Faceless Devil Scripture. I have naturally never laid eyes on it before. Still, my father once described to me the scenes displayed when those who cultivate in this martial art are executing it."

"The treasured light of this Immortal Court's lineage looks

similar to the Buddhist light of Buddhism.”

Fu Ting glanced at Yan Zhaoge, “Still, pardon my bluntness, Young Master Yan, but this martial art...”

Yan Zhaoge smiled, “Will bewitch the mind, even causing one to fall to the dark side, sinking into the Nine Underworlds.”

“I am aware of that. Therefore, despite having obtained it previously, I never cultivated in it. It is just that after inadvertently entering that Buddhist world back then, discovering how tricky this Buddhist light was, I cultivated in it in order to protect myself. Still, it is merely a means for restricting Buddha light. I will not let it shake my foundation.”

The two conversed in a natural, easy manner. Of the Chaotic Heavenly Sect martial practitioners, only Yang Chong and Quan Haolong remained now.

After his initial shock, Yang Chong instead calmed, sighing as he shook his head, “If you want to silence us, why have you spared me and junior apprentice-nephew Quan?”

Yan Zhaoge answered noncommittally, “Based on mood.”

Yang Chong instantly smiled bitterly.

Quan Haolong composed himself and said hatefully, “While I am pained at how senior apprentice-uncle Yang was bewitched by the likes of you, this does not mean that I will bow my head towards you!”

Yan Zhaoge said casually, “So what? If I let you go, with your fellow disciples all having been slain by me and only you remaining, what will everyone else think about you?”

Quan Haolong was stunned.

Yan Zhaoge smiled, “Is it easy to understand? That the treasured light in your body is still stable shows that you are still devout towards the Immeasurable Heavenly Lord.”

“Aside from that, however, you lot are no different from us, possessing emotions and moods like everyone else.”

“With something like this having happened, if those in your sect who do not like you do not make use of this chance to kick you down, that really would be a very strange thing.”

“The evil devils and those of the external dao must be exterminated. Still, all those lofty principles aside, infighting amongst people is very fun indeed, no?”

Quan Haolong opened his mouth, unable to utter a sound in the end as he could only smile bitterly.

How could he not understand this?

He exchanged glances with Yang Chong, both of them sighing.

Quan Haolong shook his head, “Anyway, I will not join your external dao.”

After saying so, he closed his eyes and ceased to speak.

Yang Chong looked first at Quan Haolong and then at Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting, falling silent too in the end.

Yan Zhaoge cared not about this. He had indeed simply spared Yang Chong and Quan Haolong based on mood.

Already knowing the location of that relic site from before, he immediately rushed off with Fu Ting.

The place itself had already been destroyed. Yan Zhaoge did not intend to waste any time there.

He chose a location close to it where ordinary folk lived.

While his mother’s cultivation base was not weak, her body lacked the treasured light of the power of faith. It would be easy indeed for descendants of the Immortal Court to discover her if she acted overtly and conspicuously.

After concealing her cultivation base, she would have had two

choices.

She could have stayed in the distant mountains and the ancient forests far from human inhabitants, not interacting with anyone at all.

She could also have mixed in with the ordinary folk. While those people had treasured light within their bodies as well, it was far weaker than that of martial practitioners as mortals were unable to see the treasured light within one another's bodies too.

As long as she avoided contact with martial practitioners of the Immortal Court, disguising herself a little in her usual actions, she would still be able to conceal her identity.

Of course, a precondition was that there were no large-scale checks, no powerful experts who came specifically looking after learning about her.

Under such circumstances, Xue Chuqing would still not leave any clues behind.

Still, Yan Zhaoge was vaguely aware of things.

With his current cultivation base as well as discernment and sensory abilities, looking at the ordinary folk, they appeared virtually transparent to him.

The scanning was carried out swiftly and efficiently.

After searching around a dozen counties, Yan Zhaoge's eyes suddenly lit up.

HSSB 909: My mother, you really know how to run

Passing through a county, Yan Zhaoge suddenly spied a rope which hung within a family home.

That rope was intricate, not possessing any special uses at all as it was a mere accessory.

Woven with red rope, it looked somewhat like a ‘喜’ or ‘happiness’ character.

Yan Zhaoge’s gaze lingered on it for an instant before shifting away.

He had such a rope too.

His mother, Xue Chuqing, had also woven it for fun back in the Eight Extremities World.

It was just that the weaving method was rather strange and unique. Yan Zhaoge had only ever seen his mother employing it.

Perhaps it was not just something that she alone could do.

It would also not be difficult for others who wanted to do so to analyse and recreate this method.

Still, suddenly seeing this rope when he was looking for his mother, Yan Zhaoge could be certain about things now.

With Fu Ting beside him, Yan Zhaoge showed no abnormalities on the outside. Still, his gaze scanning about, he found no traces of martial practitioners of Daoism’s Three Clear lineages.

Yan Zhaoge could not help but smile wryly to himself, “My mother, you really know how to run.”

While he felt rather helpless, having seen this rope, Yan Zhaoge’s earlier guess was thus verified.

It should have been his mother’s handiwork at that relic site.

From the looks of it, she had likely set up such a mechanism before leaving this world.

Shaking his head, Yan Zhaoge was silent, saying to Fu Ting after failing to find any other clues in the vicinity, “Let’s leave this Lofty Towering World and look elsewhere in the Loathing Square Immortal Realm.”

Fu Ting said, “Without any clues, it is no different from searching for a needle in a haystack.”

Yan Zhaoge knew full well that his mother had probably left after detecting some dangers.

Since the domain under the rule of the Immortal Court had already discovered that she had snuck in, the advantage of secrecy had been lost as it had instead become extremely dangerous, intense with every step as enemies could be lurking around any corner.

Under such circumstances, if Xue Chuqing had the ability to return to the worlds under the orthodox tradition of Daoism’s Three Clear lineages, she would definitely do so as soon as possible.

Yan Zhaoge intended to go to the other worlds of the Loathing Square Immortal Realm to assist Xue Chuqing in case she was still stuck here at the moment.

Otherwise, it would be considerably dangerous for her now.

Although Yan Zhaoge thought that with his mother’s fleeing abilities, she would surely have left an escape route for herself in having dared to sneak over, he still decided to look for her just in case.

His understanding of the Immortal Court’s situation was limited as the heavens knew what unique methods they might possess.

Moreover, he and Fu Ting now needed to look for a path back to the World beyond Worlds as well.

Having failed to make any discoveries in the Lofty Towering World, they could only look elsewhere.

“Speaking of this, why did mother not go to hide in the Roving Jade Heavens? This presently seems like the best hiding place for her.”

As he walked, Yan Zhaoge pondered, “Were there conflicts between them before?”

Not just Quan Haolong but even Yang Chong did not wish to cooperate with Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting.

Still, perhaps wanting to get rid of them as soon as possible, Yang Chong still guided the two to some place within the Lofty Towering World.

There was a dimensional passageway there which led to another world.

Gazing at the mountain peak in the distance, Yan Zhaoge saw that the thick clouds had formed a strange vortex there.

The depths of that vortex at its centre was where the dimensional passageway was located. It led to another world under the jurisdiction of the Loathing Square Immortal Realm, the Dragon Kite World.

It was just that there were already people guarding the area.

Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting did not find this very unexpected. With the people here having detected their presence, they would likely conduct a search whilst guarding the dimensional passageways which led to a different world, thus being able to keep up an encirclement as they trapped them.

The two did not make any rash moves as they intended to first get a feel of the situation at hand.

Who knew that at this time, the entrance to that dimensional passageway would actually become unstable.

The heavy clouds in the sky quickly dispersed.

Streaks of golden light surged out from within.

Seeing that golden light, Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting were both shocked, "...Buddha-light?"

A martial practitioner of Immortal Court's Daoism flew into the Lofty Towering World from within that dimensional passageway, roaring, "The Buddhist devils have invaded, the Dragon Kite World virtually fallen completely to the flames of war. Various sects of the Lofty Towering World, join forces and adopt defensive positions! Do not allow these bald scum to gain any more ground!"

"Loathing Square Immortal Realm, we of the Immortal's orthodox way hold the advantage. These bald scum have come to reinforce the enemies who were trapped earlier. Guard against this wave, and we will be able to utterly decimate them!"

Radiance suddenly arose about the mountain peak beneath the entrance of the dimensional passageway, collectively forming countless profound spirit patterns that enveloped the world.

The grand formation circulated, bright white light rising as it obstructed the golden Buddha light that shot out from the entrance of the dimensional passageway.

The next moment, Buddhist experts indeed descended from the dimensional passageway's entrance as they came to invade this land.

On seeing this, Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting were instead no longer in any rush as they silently retreated.

They did not intend to assist either side.

To the Immortal Court of Daoism and the blessed lands of Buddhism, they disciples of the orthodox tradition of the Three Clear lineages were all anomalies.

They simply had to observe the situation in silence and wait for a

chance.

Still, that Immortal Court martial practitioner who had transmitted the news earlier had clearly been overly optimistic.

The offensive by these Buddhist experts was exceptionally fierce and intense.

Peak experts of Buddhism comparable to the Human Exalts of Daoism had descended upon the land!

The defensive lines formed by the Immortal Court martial practitioners guarding the entrance of the dimensional passageway quickly fell apart.

A great many martial practitioners of the Immortal Court's Daoism were vanquished by the experts of Buddhism with their tough, unrelenting methods.

A detail that was noticed by Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting caused their expressions to turn more solemn.

The deafening chanting of Buddhist scriptures reverberated beneath all the heavens as the Buddha light of peak Buddhist experts surged, illuminating the entire Lofty Towering World as it was like the magnificent sun, leaving no corner dark and untouched.

As the Immortal Court martial practitioners with weaker cultivation bases were enveloped by that Buddha light, the treasured light within their bodies rapidly dwindled.

As their treasured light fluctuated intensely, the bodies of these Immortal Court martial practitioners suddenly broke gradually apart before they transformed into streaks of rainbow-light alongside their treasured light.

Their lives ended just like that.

"This is the rainbowification of the Immortal Court's Daoism," Yan Zhaoge narrowed his eyes, "It is indeed like the Buddhists and

how they extinguish their Buddha light.”

Still, he was more surprised by the fact that those martial practitioners had rainbowified to resist that Buddha light.

The ordinary folk who had never cultivated in martial arts before mostly had blank looks on their faces as the treasured light of Daoism within their bodies quickly vanished.

Yan Zhaoge muttered aloud, “They’re fighting over it?”

He and Fu Ting remained hidden as they observed the great battle that had erupted between the two sides.

The Buddhist experts possessed a domineering momentum as although there were experts of the Immortal Court protecting the Lofty Towering World as well, they were hard pressed to hold on as they were faced with this sudden assault.

As it seemed like the Lofty Towering World was about to be occupied by Daoism like the Dragon Kite World, all of the heavens and earth suddenly shook intensely.

“Immeasurable Heavenly Lord.”

The sonorous voice of the dao resounded as they vast, boundless chanting of Buddhism scriptures instantly became less substantial.

Detecting the fierce offensive launched into this world, peak experts of the Immortal Court had come to reinforce them.

The clash between experts at the level of Human Exalts instantly ripped the sky of the Lofty Towering World.

HSSB 910: What do I know? I know that your death draws near

People often said that there could not be two suns in the sky.

At this moment, however, two suns hung high in the sky, illuminating the Lofty Towering World.

This world was even already unable to bear the infinite radiance of these two suns.

The sky had been ripped apart completely as sunlight shot into the distance, illuminating even the darkness of illusory space.

There was a great crimson sun in the middle of which could vaguely be seen a Buddha, his hair in a bun and light clothes around his body as he was seated cross-legged with his hands forming a seal.

His chanting of Buddhist scriptures reverberated throughout all the heavens, completeness in his various avatars as Buddha light illuminated the entire surrounding area.

The other was a golden sun which seemed like the actual sun in the overhead sky that illuminated the heavens and earth.

Endless radiance extended in all directions from that great golden sun, illuminating the entire Lofty Towering World with the light of day.

While from it did not emanate the pure and complete true-intent of Buddhism as was the case with that crimson sun, the golden sunlight it emitted was brighter and more blazing hot and purer as well.

Still, there were similarly streaks of treasured light within the golden sun that continually illuminated the area.

Seeing this scene, Fu Ting raised her brows slightly, “Buddhism’s Tathagata Sun lineage, Embryonic Concealed World Tathagata

Seal.”

She then looked at that great golden sun, “This feels a little like...”

Yan Zhaoge nodded, “Yes, the Vast Yang Scripture of Vast Yang Palace from pre-Great Calamity times.”

“Earlier, we saw someone of the Immortal Court who cultivated in this supreme martial art once having battled with the Dim Radiant Emperor.”

One red and one golden, the two suns fought for supremacy in the sky as the heavens and earth of the entire Lofty Towering World shook as a result.

It was not just the sky that had been torn. The mountains and rivers of the great earth beneath their feet were all breaking apart simultaneously as well.

The sturdiness and stability of the heavens and earth of the Lofty Towering World surpassed that of the likes of the Eight Extremities World, Vast Ocean World and Flame Devil World, yet could still not compare to the likes of the World beyond Worlds.

One of Daoism, one of Buddhism, as the two Human Exalts clashed, it was instantly virtually like the end of the world had come.

Fortunately, the two combatants still possessed the clarity of mind to break through space, quickly switching the location of the battlefield to extradimensional space.

Whether it was the Immortal Court of Daoism or the blessed lands of Buddhism, the ordinary folk living in this world were an important source of the power of faith, being something that they had been contesting over in the first place.

Perhaps it was to maintain the heavenly balance, or perhaps it was for their own purposes.

Whatever the case, the two Human Exalts broke through space and left.

While the heavens and earth were already shaken, the Lofty Towering World was hence spared from the fate of destruction.

Meanwhile, these peak experts aside, the remaining martial practitioners of the Immortal Court and Buddhism were clashing unforgivingly as well.

Those with higher cultivation bases directly followed after the two Human Exalts in breaking through space while those with lower cultivation bases clashed in the Lofty Towering World.

Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting now exchanged glances, simultaneously taking to the air.

Making use of the current chaotic state of affairs, the two immediately covertly departed the Lofty Towering World through the crevices of shattered space.

Much like when the two had come to the Immortal Court's side due to Mars Halberd's blow back then, space itself was currently already all messed up.

Spacetime had become chaotic beyond compare as there were powerful aura fluctuations all over the place, the flames of war seemingly having arisen and spread everywhere.

"With how things are now, even if my mother is in one of the other worlds, she should still be unable to stay there in peace as she too would have to think of a way to flee far away," Yan Zhaoge thought.

For him, Fu Ting and Xue Chuqing who were of the orthodox tradition of the Three Clear lineages, this sort of battlefield between experts of the Immortal Court and Daoism was the least ideal for concealing oneself.

If they restricted their cultivation bases, they would easily be affected by the aftershocks of the battle as they might die without

even knowing what hit them.

If they did not restrict their cultivation bases, they would be conspicuous indeed as they possessed neither Buddha light nor the treasured light of Daoism, their identities therefore being self-evident.

Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting met with such a problem as they attempted to flee now.

Although the two Human Exalts were currently clashing as they ignored things over there, there were still other opponents who now discovered the abnormalities with Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting.

A powerful wave of qi swept through the world, surging towards the two of them.

The newcomer's aura was powerful indeed as it resembled dark clouds hanging overhead.

Radiance vaguely flickered amongst the clouds as ten rings of light were visible within, resembling the descent of ten divinities.

Yan Zhaoge blurted out, "Heavenly Stem Cloud Overturning Qi?"

"The trademark martial art of the Ephemeral Cloud Star Sect of pre-Great Calamity times, Heavenly Stem Cloud Overturning Qi?" Fu Ting quickly realised, "Yet another long lost supreme martial art."

Still, whether or not this was really the Heavenly Stem Cloud Overturning Qi, bright treasured light was emitted from amongst that clump of clouds.

As these clouds advanced, they domineeringly defeated all the Buddhist martial practitioners that they encountered, sweeping through all who stood in their path.

Seeing this, Yang Chong and Quan Haolong were both shocked, "Chief Shang is here!"

Yan Zhaoge laughed, asking, "Chief Shang?"

Yang Chong forced a smile, “The number one expert of my Lofty Towering World, the Chief of the Ephemeral Cloud Star Sect ‘Overturning Winds Toppling Rain Hand’ Shang Jin!”

The Ephemeral Cloud Star Sect was the greatest sect of the Lofty Towering World, possessing strength which surpassed that of the Chaotic Heavenly Sect.

Their Chief Shang Jun was the famed hegemon of a region even in the entire Loathing Square Immortal Realm.

“Hah, even the name of the sect is the same,” Yan Zhaoge smiled as he veered off to the side.

Fu Ting understood his intentions as she flew away alongside him, gradually gaining distance from the Lofty Towering World as they fled into the depths of space.

That clump of clouds changed direction as well, accelerating as it still looked set on intercepting Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting.

Yan Zhaoge controlled his speed and was gradually intercepted along with Fu Ting after some time.

Amidst the clump of clouds appeared a man of around thirty who was dressed in brocade clothes.

Ten rings of light wreathed his body as he was like a divinity who had descended upon this earth.

The man gazed down upon Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting, saying coldly, “Disciples of the external dao, what happened with the Chaotic Heavenly Sect within the Lofty Towering World was your doing?”

Looking at Shang Jun before him, Yan Zhaoge smiled, “You have no basis for saying so at all.”

Shang Jun said, “It is meaningless if you try to deny it.”

Yan Zhaoge spread his palms apart, “What do you intend to do then?”

Shang Jun laughed coldly, “What do I intend to do? First things first, capture you.”

Yan Zhaoge pointed at the ongoing battles in the distance, “Yet, are you not battling the Buddhists? Why are you paying attention to us unrelated people?”

Shang Jun chortled, “While the Buddhist devils are major enemies we are facing, capturing you will really be simplicity itself.”

“The Buddhist devils will not be able to stay arrogant for long. Evil devils and those of the external dao all have to be exterminated. I might as well simply capture these big and small fish together in one fell swoop, casually taking down all the small fry as well while I am at it.”

Even as he spoke, he raised his palm, “Looking from your cultivation bases and ages, the two of you are truly extraordinary as you should be peak geniuses of the external dao.”

“It is truly regrettable that you have fallen into the external dao. Still, it is not too late for me to initiate you into the orthodox way.”

Fu Ting said, “Who are of the orthodox tradition of Daoism and who are of external daos is not something that you can say for sure.”

Shang Jun laughed, “What do you two juniors know?”

With that, he struck down with a palm!

Seeing this, Yan Zhaoge too chuckled, “I know that your death draws near.”

HSSB 911: Is this guy even human?!

As Shang Jun's palm descended, the ten rings of light surrounding his body resonated.

It was like ten divinities had simultaneously emitted furious roars, presiding over the nine heavens.

The force of his palm rotated and changed, seemingly containing infinite profundities.

At that moment, it seemed to contain twelve different variations.

Of the two top-class martial arts of the Ephemeral Cloud Star Sect, one was a qi refining technique, Heavenly Stem Cloud Overturning Qi.

Meanwhile, the other was a supreme martial art acclaimed alongside the Heavenly Stem Cloud Overturning Qi that was known as the Earthly Branches Rain Toppling Hand.

As the two arts combined, they were infinitely subtle as they manifested the variations of the heavens and the earth.

As Shang Jun's palm descended, the space before Yan Zhaoge's and Fu Ting's eyes seemed to circulate in reverse.

Yet, Yan Zhaoge was utterly unconcerned about this as his body flickered and he transformed into a streak of light, directly flying out of the area enveloped by Shang Jun's palm.

He looked rather interestedly at Shang Jun, "Heavenly Stem Cloud Overturning Qi, Earthly Branches Toppling Rain Hand. It is only when one is able to achieve the sixty stem-branch variations that one can truly be said to have comprehended the essential principles within."

"Not only could you avoid my palm, you actually even know of the sixty stem-branch variations?" Shang Jun appraised Yan Zhaoge all over, "Already rather knowledgeable at such a young

age.”

He shook his head, “I know that having entered the wrong path out of a moment’s greed, you disciples of the external dao may indeed be somewhat more powerful than we descendants of orthodox Daoism at the same cultivation level.”

“Still, that is merely a short-term measure. Very soon, you will discover your path getting narrower and narrower, harder and harder.”

Shang Jun declared, “At the time, looking back at yesterday, you will know that everything of today was merely as ephemeral as the passing clouds.”

“Moreover, you are merely of the Seeing Divinity stage. Whatever methods you possess, you will still be unable to escape the palm of my hand today!”

Now, Shang Jun’s palm technique changed again.

He struck out simultaneously with both hands as it was as though the heavens and earth were being subverted with the clouds and winds reversed.

Yan Zhaoge laughed, “What a delusional fool.”

He did not even look at Shang Jun’s palm as he simply raised a hand of his own.

As his hand was raised, the scenes amidst space instantly changed.

Shang Jun could only feel as if in the darkness of illusory space where it should be impossible to distinguish up from down and left from right, directions and contours had suddenly reappeared.

He who had originally been hovering amidst endless space seemed to have returned to a world with heavens and the earth.

The heavens and earth were formless. Yet, in Shang Jun’s perception, he was now again beneath the sky with the earth

beneath his feet.

However, as Yan Zhaoge's upraised palm descended, the sky above his head now mightily collapsed!

The sky plummeted towards his head as the heavens and earth that he was in abruptly circulated in reverse!

Shang Jun's palm arts too reversed the winds and clouds of the heavens and the earth.

At this moment, however, these winds and rains seemed to have been enveloped by the heavens and earth up ahead which too were reversed at this moment!

"Martial practitioners of the Immortal Court's dao tradition like you-I really suspect that you have not achieved the sixty stem-branch variations."

Yan Zhaoge's left hand was behind his back as he raised his right hand, mightily unleashing a Cyclic Heavenly Seal.

As Shang Jun raised a hand to parry this palm, the expression of this Chief of the Ephemeral Cloud Star Sect instantly changed.

Yan Zhaoge laughed coldly, "This Yan dares even fight mid Immortal Bridge Martial Saints of the orthodox tradition of Daoism, moreover deficient products like you?"

Shang Jun's eyes appeared on the brink of imploding as he roared loudly!

The ten rings of light surrounding his body suddenly turned clear all at once.

The radiance dissipated as only ten runes remained.

Yet, each of them seemed to contain the immense, majestic power of the variations of the heavens and earth.

The ten runes congregated at Shang Jun's palm.

The essence of twelve paths of the Earthly Branches Toppling

Rain Hand were manifested as they combined with the ten runes formed from cultivating in the Heavenly Stem Cloud Overturning Qi, simultaneously attacking towards Yan Zhaoge.

As the runes and the palm arts combined, a whole thirty-six variations were rapidly born.

All these variations merged into a single streak of radiance.

Where the radiance passed, the clouds and winds dispersed, the heavens and earth changing colour.

Shang Jun brought down both his palms diagonally, as if he was clutching a massive axe as he sought to chop apart the heavenly stems, those pillars that supported the heavens.

On seeing this strike, Fu Ting's expression turned solemn.

She possessed outstanding strength that few of the same cultivation level could ever compare to.

As a fifth level Martial Saint of the mid Seeing Divinity stage, she already dared to fight head-on against early Immortal Bridge experts of the lineage of the Immortal Court.

However, faced with the full-powered blow of Shang Jun who was in the eighth level of the Martial Saint realm, Fu Ting felt that with her cultivation base, she did not possess full confidence against it.

Although he was inferior to those of orthodox Daoism, that was an actual eighth level Martial Saint!

Seeing this, however, Yan Zhaoge did not even blink.

"So, you have not achieved the sixty stem-branch variations, really only being versed in thirty-six?"

Yan Zhaoge did not retreat, instead striding forth and forcibly meeting this blow of Shang Jun's!

A Cyclic Heavenly Seal descended, causing Shang Jun's palms to quiver.

He flipped his palm. Shang Jun's palms were hindered from their descent.

Then, with his other palm, he then directly struck towards Shang Jun's face!

Unusual phenomena again appeared amidst the heavens and earth before Shang Jun's eyes, the sky below him as the great earth was up above.

The heavens and earth circulated in reverse, seemingly having combined to form a fissure before a palm forcibly squeezed out from within the cracked line, arriving before him!

The clouds and winds had already long since shattered. At this moment, the sun and moon were lustreless as the end seemed to have come for even the heavens and earth!

There was only the cause of all this, that palm which extinguished the heavens and earth as it was overturned, which completely filled his field of vision!

Shang Jun looked rather disbelievingly at Yan Zhaoge.

Was this power that a mid Seeing Divinity Martial Saint could possess?

As a lofty Immortal Bridge Martial Saint, he had originally not intended to utilise a Sacred Artifact.

His opponents were merely two juniors of the fifth level of the Martial Saint realm. He could not afford to lose this face.

Shang Jun had been already been prepared earlier to utilise some methods to capture Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting along with any major treasures they possessed.

Yet, Yan Zhaoge was really too ferocious.

Shang Jun could no longer care about face now.

A streak of radiance suddenly lit up as an actual huge axe of white jade flew out from his possession.

That jade axe expanded as it flew, instantly going from the size of a needle to tens of feet in length.

The axe now directly extinguished space itself as it viciously chopped down towards Yan Zhaoge.

It was shockingly a high-grade Sacred Artifact!

Yet, despite the fierceness of this high-grade Sacred Artifact, Yan Zhaoge was even more ferocious!

He did not evade or change his stance as this mighty axe descended, still striking out with a palm.

The Five Elements Deific Immortal Body bolstered his fleshly body while he secretly circulated the Taiji Yin Yang Palm beneath the Cyclic Heavenly Seal.

The profundities of the various martial arts were gradually merged, combined as one.

Yan Zhaoge's palm struck down on the side of the huge axe, directly causing it to spin away to the side.

Shang Jun's hairs all stood on end as Yan Zhaoge now unleashed yet another palm.

As the huge axe of white jade spun back after being struck by Yan Zhaoge, it chopped back towards Shang Jun instead!

Greatly shocked, Shang Jun was finally forced to retract his blow and retract.

He retracted his palms before simultaneously extending them to stop his own weapon.

Yet, Yan Zhaoge continued striding forth as he unleashed both his palms, executing two Cyclic Heavenly Seals.

The violent force jolted the huge axe of white jade that Shang Jun was holding till it very nearly flew out of his grasp!

He toppled backwards in retreat, nearly spitting out a mouthful

of blood.

Shang Jun's face was already full of shock as he looked again at Yan Zhaoge now.

He had originally intended to make use of a powerful blow of his high-grade Sacred Artifact to force Yan Zhaoge to stop attacking and evade after which he would intercept where Yan Zhaoge dodged, making use of this chance to reverse the battle situation and gain the upper hand. He would have given Yan Zhaoge no chance to react as he slew him with swift, thunderbolt-like methods.

Yet, never would he have thought that Yan Zhaoge was actually fearsome to this extent!

Shang Jun had previously heard that martial practitioners of the external dao gained more powerful martial prowess at the same cultivation level in exchange for their cultivation becoming increasingly difficult in the future...

Yet, wasn't this young man here a little too strong?

While it was utterly ludicrous, a thought still involuntarily flashed through Shang Jun's mind now.

Is this guy even human?!

HSSB 912: A figure rarely seen in ten thousand years

A five-coloured light flickered about Yan Zhaoge's torso, originating from the five main internal organs of his body as they transformed into five divinities.

As the five elements circulated, the creation of life was infinite and endless with vitality flowing never-endingly.

As a result, the defensive power and recuperative abilities of his fleshly body were both greatly boosted as it was like he had transformed into a human Cyclic Heavenly Seal, mightily slamming down towards Shang Jun's face.

The Heaven Earth Reversing Axe, that high-grade Sacred Artifact that Shang Jun wielded, was actually a mighty weapon. However, it was forced into only being able to passively defend now.

As he fought, Yan Zhaoge muttered to himself, "This high-grade Sacred Artifact that was forged seems to be rather good in quality."

His palm nearly jolted the huge axe of white jade out of Shang Jun's hands.

"Still, you possessing limited strength aside, your utilisation of high-grade Sacred Artifacts too has not attained perfection, right?"

"Although you have demonstrated the might of the Sacred Artifact itself, you are unable to achieve the relationship of bolstering each other's prowess as a veil seems to be separating the two of you."

Yan Zhaoge laughed, "It is treasured light that makes you, but also treasured light that breaks you."

Another object appeared in his hand which was long and like a sword, yet did not carry a sharp tip.

The top was level as if it had been snapped off. Yet, there were

marks inscribed on the level surface.

It was none other than the Light Yin Sword Seal.

Yang Zhaoge clapped out with a palm, suppressing Shang Jun even as he tapped on the Heaven Earth Reversing Axe with the Light Yin Sword Seal.

Imprinted on by the seal, the radiance of the Heaven Earth Reversing Axe instantly dimmed greatly.

The axe that looked like white jade seemed to be covered in a layer of dust, having lost its lustre.

Shang Jun was unable to block the next palm as his defences were broken through and the huge axe of white jade was jolted out of his hands, flying to the side.

Looking at Shang Jun, Yan Zhaoge shook his head slightly, “When I saw Yang Chong, I was still finding it hard to believe how being at the sixth level of the Martial Saint realm and having cultivated in the martial dao for so many years, could he really never have thought about how serious the problem with your sort of cultivation is?”

“Having seen you who possess a higher cultivation base, I seem able to understand it better now.”

“The treasured light of the power of faith within your bodies does not simply affect your cultivation. At the same time, it also subtly affects your thoughts and perception.”

“All this is gradually imprinted on the depths of your very souls, becoming your common knowledge that you will unquestionably believe to be true, never thinking of doubting or rejecting it.”

Yan Zhaoge smacked his lips, “Still, the closer one is to the grand dao, the more real it is. One should, logically speaking, still detect it after having attained a certain cultivation level? It is just that you still seem unable to feel it now at yours now.”

"Then, what sort of cultivation base will you have to attain before you can consciously detect it?"

Yan Zhaoge appraised Shang Jun, whose expression was livid, "Evil devils and those of the external dao, even if you can be arrogant for a time, let us see how you can be hundreds, thousands of years later."

He executed some footwork, consecutively taking twelve steps as ripples blossomed amidst space, resembling walking on floating clouds as he sped backwards in retreat.

The Earthly Branches Toppling Rain Hand was named as 'hand', yet really possessed both palm arts and movement techniques.

Their Twelve Consecutive Steps virtually possessed the ability to shift space.

Shang Jun dared not battle Yan Zhaoge anymore as he sought to flee.

Up in the distance was a Human Exalt of his Immortal Court.

So long as he could flee over there, he would immediately be safe.

Yet, how would Yan Zhaoge allow him to escape?

He formed a seal with his left hand, holding the Light Yin Sword Seal with his right.

Yan Zhaoge merged entirely with his sword-light as he seemed to have transformed into a long river of time, rapidly speeding off in pursuit of Shang Jun.

Time flowed on rampantly as space and time seemed to suddenly accelerate about Yan Zhaoge's body.

His speed seemed to have abruptly shot to a whole new level as well as he was able to close the distance that Shang Jun could traverse in a few breaths of time in simply a single breath of time.

Shang Jun felt desperate as he turned and chopped towards Yan Zhaoge with a palm.

Yan Zhaoge dispersed his sword-light, dodging Shang Jun's palm.

He punched outwards, light and darkness intersecting as chaos could indistinctly be seen.

The next moment, chaos was retracted with light and darkness unceasingly born.

The boundless darkness faded, transforming into immeasurable radiance.

Amidst the radiance, twelve heavenly wheels rotated amidst space, resembling twelve divinities of light which illuminated endless space.

Then, the light was shattered, the two extremities no longer existing as the heavens and earth were extinguished!

The Great Shattering Brightness Palm in which was secretly integrated profundities of the Peerless Heavenly Scripture ferociously struck the middle of Shang Jun's chest!

The ten flickering runes circulated simultaneously around Shang Jun, all his true essence being used to protect his body.

A muffled boom resounded as the ten runes were all shattered and blood violently spurted out of Shang Jun's mouth.

Yan Zhaoge did not cease in his movements as his fist remained before Shang Jun's chest, exerting force once more!

The next moment, Shang Jun's chest was completely pierced through by Yan Zhaoge's fist!

Shang Jun stared wide-eyed at Yan Zhaoge, dying with unresolved grievances.

At this moment, Shang Jun who was usually filled with confidence and a sense of superiority with regard to his dao tradition felt some doubts for the first time.

As an Immortal Bridge Martial Saint, he had actually died at the

hands of a single Seeing Divinity Martial Saint?

Watching on by the side, Fu Ting suddenly said softly, “You should not feel so unresigned. Of we descendants of the orthodox Three Clear lineages, figures like him are probably hard to come by even in a thousand, ten thousand years.”

She had originally intended to join forces with Yan Zhaoge.

Having clashed once with Yan Zhaoge before, having a general understanding of his abilities, Fu Ting had not been worried that Yan Zhaoge might be unable to defeat Shang Jun.

Still, obtaining victory against an enemy and slaying an enemy had two completely different levels of difficulty altogether.

Even if he was of the Immortal Court’s lineage, if an eighth level Martial Saint did not wish to partake in a battle of life and death and fully concentrated on fleeing, she would not be confident of blocking their escape at the very least.

Yet, watching the entire battle play out, Fu Ting had fallen silent.

She had always been a Heaven’s favoured daughter. Having grown up in the World beyond Worlds, ever since she had started cultivating, she had never been defeated by those of the same cultivation level, those of a similar age.

The Phoenix Prince Zhuang Chaohui was a genius amongst geniuses who was currently at the sixth level of the Martial Saint realm. However, Fu Ting who was at the fifth level of the Martial Saint realm did not fear even him.

Even Fu Ting’s own father, the Brocade Emperor, might not have been able to defeat her at the same cultivation level, with his martial prowess from back when he had still been a Martial Saint.

Having grown up in an environment like this, Fu Ting had indeed suffered quite a blow today.

She was not an arrogant, self-deluded person. There were people

who could stand shoulder to shoulder with her.

Gao Qing of the Roving Jade Heavens was similarly talented and skilled in martial arts.

However, a person who was a whole level above her having suddenly appeared before her just like that, she still felt extremely unsettled by it.

This being something that she had never experienced before, Fu Ting felt it a strange sensation as she felt somewhat at a loss as well.

Still, her will was extremely firm as she quickly calmed her restless mood.

Looking at the unresigned Shang Jun, Fu Ting shook her head slightly, unable to stop herself from saying that line.

This was actually the prevalent thought on her mind now.

Hearing her words, the corners of Shang Jun's mouth twitched slightly as he seemed to want to laugh yet was unable to do so.

He wanted to speak, yet his last breath dissipated, and he died there and then.

Yan Zhaoge was nonchalant as he smiled, "Miss Fu overpraises me. Many geniuses have appeared over the grand course of history. This Yan is but one of the innumerable lifeforms seeking his way forward in the dao."

Fu Ting cast Yan Zhaoge a sidelong glance.

For some reason, while the contents of Yan Zhaoge's words were clearly very humble, she just felt them to be somewhat strange as they were said by him.

With that, her complex emotions from earlier gradually faded.

"You did not utilise a martial art of the Faceless Devil Scripture just now, killing him directly just like that?" Fu Ting switched to asking.

Yan Zhaoge shrugged, “I did. Still, it was mixed with several other martial arts. I have not cultivated seriously in the Faceless Devil Scripture in the first place. It is only for its effects that I do so.”

Fu Ting glanced to the side, “Perhaps there is no difference whether or not you use it.”

Yan Zhaoge gazed over in the same direction as her.

There, amongst the powerful auras, there was clearly a Human Exalt of the Immortal Court who had arrived in the vicinity!

HSSB 913: Cohabiting with the heavens

Yan Zhaoge discovered the same problem as Fu Ting had.

A powerful aura was descending amidst space close to the Lofty Towering World which was not any inferior to those two suns at all.

It was clearly another peak Human Exalt expert who had arrived.

From that brilliant treasured light, it was evident that this was not some Buddhist bigwig, instead being a Daoist expert of the Immortal Court's lineage.

"Immeasurable Heavenly Lord."

As the sonorous voice reverberated amidst the surrounding space of the universe, that powerful aura joined the battlefield with Buddha light instantly dimming.

Besides this peak expert of the tenth level of the Martial Saint realm, other martial practitioners of the Immortal Court had arrived as well.

Now, the counterattack began as the Buddhist martial practitioners began falling back in retreat.

The Loathing Square Immortal Realm and the Lofty Towering World were the Immortal Court's territory at the end of the day. Communication and the arrival of reinforcements would be much more convenient for them than for Buddhism.

Still, this was not good news at all for Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting.

Indeed, after the Buddhists began their retreat in the distant battlefield, the Immortal Court experts headed off in pursuit of them.

Yet, that great golden sun instead swiftly streaked through the pitch darkness of space, attacking in their direction!

Shang Jun, an expert of the mid Immortal Bridge stage, had been

the number one expert of the Lofty Towering World.

He was not someone without any fame or status in the Loathing Square Immortal Realm.

The death of such a person would naturally quickly be noticed by the experts of the Immortal Court here.

While Yan Zhaoge had tried to widen the distance between them whilst also secretly obstructing the treasured light with the profundities of the Peerless Heavenly Scripture, this had still been too close for a Human Exalt as it had not been much different from killing someone right before his very eyes.

Battling with a Buddhist bigwig of the same level earlier, he had been unable to divide his attention.

Now that he was freed of that, he immediately discovered what had happened.

Yan Zhaoge sped off in retreat alongside Fu Ting. This time, it was not at that same controlled pace as he was no longer ‘fishing’ like earlier, instead simply trying to get away from the Lofty Towering World as quickly as possible.

That Human Exalt of the Vast Yang Palace had originally thought that he would be able to catch up with Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting very quickly. In the end, however, he discovered that they were much faster than he had thought.

With that, he got slightly more serious.

He had originally thought that it was only because the two bore precious treasures that they had been able to slay Shang Jun of the eighth level of the Martial Saint realm.

Now, however, this actually did not seem to be the case.

The two of them were extremely powerful.

That great golden sun left behind a bright golden trail as it streaked through the darkness of space. The trail did not dissipate

even after a long time as it resembled a golden heavenly river.

Its speed was far superior to that of Shang Jun of the eighth level of the Martial Saint realm. While Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting were fast indeed, the great golden sun still gradually managed to catch up with them.

Feeling the blazing heat and piercing light emanating from it which resembled the actual sun in the sky, Yan Zhaoge narrowed his eyes slightly.

It seemed as though there was a palace within the great golden sun which was like the residence of a divine sun king.

Golden flames continually gushed out from within that formless palace.

A voice resounded from within, “Heh, two juniors of the mid Seeing Divinity stage were actually able to kill Shang Jun of the mid Immortal Bridge stage?”

The other party seemed not to be underestimating the two of them or looking down on the defeated Shang Jun who had died in an inconceivable manner though it was really like there was no logical explanation for it to have happened at all.

As the sunlight descended, a gaze which seemed able to penetrate and see through Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting appraised them all over.

“Oh? There is a traitor too.”

That person said, “He is someone of the Lofty Towering World’s Chaotic Heavenly Sect. I remember his name to be Yang Chong. What a pity that he has fallen to the external dao.”

Yan Zhaoge raised his brows slightly, flicking the sleeve of his robe and causing winds and clouds to stir as his aura dispersed, Yang Chong and Quan Haolong being revealed.

Looking at that golden sun, Yang Chong had a complex expression on his face, “Vast Yang Exalt...”

The Vast Yang Palace was precisely the greatest power of the Loathing Square Immortal Realm. It had been at its thriving peak when that Vast Yang Emperor had been alive that year.

After the Vast Yang Emperor had died to the palm of the World beyond World's Dim Radiant Emperor Yin Tianxia, the Vast Yang Palace had yet to produce another true immortal all these years.

Still, this Palace Lord of Vast Yang Palace here, the Vast Yang Exalt Pei Hua, had risen to prominence afterwards as the fame of Vast Yang Palace was maintained in the Loathing Square Immortal Realm.

Within the great golden sun, the image of a palace vaguely disappeared as the figure of an old man instead appeared.

The old man had faint golden hair and was dressed in a white robe as it was like his entire body was radiating light.

It was none other than Pei Hua, the Palace Lord of the newly reassembled Vast Yang Palace beneath the Immortal Court's reign in post-Great Calamity times.

Pei Hua glanced indifferently at Yang Chong, asking mildly, "Do you know the consequence of banding together with evil devils and those of the external dao, going in contradiction to the heavenly dao against the natural order of things, Yang Chong?"

Yang Chong stammered, "This disciple...this disciple..."

Yan Zhaoge spread his arms apart, "Yet, it was precisely because he saw that Emperor of your sect who attacked an Emperor of my orthodox Daoism two against one yet was not a match for him in the end that he awakened to his problem."

While this Vast Yang Exalt's gaze that swept across Yan Zhaoge and Yang Chong was clearly fiery hot, it caused a chill to arise within their hearts.

Yang Chong clenched his teeth, saying resolutely, "This disciple has no wish to betray the dao! I just wish to be able to choose

another path and try walking on it!”

“I wish to try cultivation techniques of the external dao, but my heart is still towards the heavenly dao, and I still often recite the name of the Immeasurable Heavenly Lord!”

Pei Hua looked at him, “This was why you were unwilling to be baptised again after your treasured light became unstable, rather escaping than doing so?”

Yang Chong grit his teeth, “Please let me go, Vast Yang Exalt...”

Yet, before he could finish speaking, Pei Hua had already waved a hand, “Since you have already fallen so deeply into the external dao, there is really no further point for me to hold you here.”

A look of joy had only just appeared on Yang Chong’s face when terrifying sunlight transformed into all-encompassing golden rain, descending towards him!

Let alone when he had become weak now, even at his peak, just a single drop of that golden rain of light would have been sufficient to claim his life.

Seeing this, Yan Zhaoge inhaled deeply.

The Extreme Yang Seal slowly arose, blocking that golden rain of light.

Pei Hua was far more powerful than Shang Jun, their levels of strength virtually being worlds apart.

The rain only halted slightly before it continued descending.

Still, making use of that one instant, Yan Zhaoge had already pulled Yang Chong away whilst swiftly retreating.

“This Sacred Artifact...” Pei Hua’s eyes lit up, “Interesting, interesting!”

Looking at Yan Zhaoge, he laughed coldly, “You think you can protect him?”

Yan Zhaoge similarly laughed, “Maybe even I myself am in a precarious position. Still, you definitely won’t be letting me leave easily anyway. Since that is so, I might as well try.”

Pei Hua’s smile was rather strange, “Talent and strength are good, and your mentality too. A pity...”

Before his words had landed, the treasured light within his body suddenly turned more dazzling.

At the same time, the already deteriorated treasured light in Yang Chong’s body turned extremely dazzling as well!

Yang Chong was wide-eyed and tongue-tied as his body actually began gradually turning transparent before it shattered, finally turning into a long rainbow alongside that treasured light!

Without even attacking, Pei Hua had already ended Yang Chong’s life!

Seeing this, Yan Zhaoge was not troubled as he instead stared thoughtfully at Pei Hua, “Well, so this treasured light of the power of faith is not just supplied to the Immeasurable Heavenly Lord alone.”

“Important figures of the Immortal Court with higher cultivation bases who are experts of a region can benefit alongside the Immeasurable Heavenly Lord too.”

“Oh, it should not be as widespread as for the Immeasurable Heavenly Lord, instead being restricted to a region. For example, you can only benefit off those martial practitioners of the Immortal Court’s lineage within the Loathing Square Immortal Realm.”

“When they are worshipping the Immeasurable Heavenly Lord, you can benefit off this a little too.”

Hearing Yan Zhaoge’s words, Pei Hua’s gaze turned more solemn as he halted, appraising him once more.

Yan Zhaoge similarly appraised Pei Hua all over, “Of course, you yourself still need to worship the Immeasurable Heavenly Lord. Also, you yourself are one of the greatest sources of the power of faith and worship within the Loathing Square Immortal Realm.”

“Atop this foundation, however, you can be really considered as benefiting a little alongside the Immeasurable Heavenly Lord. Am I right?”

Pei Hua’s tone was indifferent whilst also ephemeral, “In being devoted to the dao, we can cohabit with the heavens.”

HSSB 914: Vicious

“Cohabiting with the heavens?”

Repeating those four words, Yan Zhaoge could not help but laugh, “From the looks of it then, it should be the same for the Emperors of the Immortal Court’s lineage as well, and they should be entitled to a greater share of the power of faith from worship than you.”

“A Human Exalt like you-this should be the lowest benchmark for this honour of cohabiting with the heavens?”

The expression of the Vast Yang Exalt, Pei Hua, had already regained its calmness now.

Illuminated by golden sunlight, it was like his face was covered by a light veil.

Pei Hua asked slowly, “All of this was only just deduced by you?”

Yan Zhaoge spread his hands apart, “I only learnt about the existence of your Immortal Court a couple of days ago. While I also saw the Buddhists before this, my understanding is still limited.”

“Speaking of this, I would really like to know as well-are things the same over with Buddhism too?”

While the Buddhists had already existed in pre-Great Calamity times, Yan Zhaoge already knew what the scriptures of the Future Buddha entailed. Still, he possessed limited knowledge of the specifics.

Pei Hua did not deny it or otherwise as he looked calmly at Yan Zhaoge, “You already know a lot.”

Yan Zhaoge curled his lips, “The way I see it, you know a lot too.”

He gazed at where Yang Chong had vanished and towards where he had slain Shang Jun earlier, “Far, far more than Shang Jun of the eighth level of the Martial Saint realm.”

“You, and them, are completely different.”

Yan Zhaoge appraised Pei Hua with a strange gaze, “You should truly understand the difference between your Immortal Court’s tradition and the orthodox tradition of the Three Clear lineages.”

“Is it because of the accumulation of your sect, with that Emperor having left behind news that year, that you already knew about it from the start?”

“Or was it that when you Immortal Court martial practitioners step into the tenth level of the Martial Saint realm, the Human Exalt stage...right, when you obtained the qualifications to ‘cohabit with the heavens’, you began to have a chance to see the truth then?”

Yan Zhaoge looked rather curiously at Pei Hua.

Pei Hua’s expression was mild, “If you want to see results, you have to pay a price. Isn’t it the same for you disciples of the external dao? It is only that the price we have to pay is different.”

“As compared to you lot who might not see any returns even if you pay a price, so long as we are devoted to the dao, the heavens will take care of us.”

“Our rules are far fairer than yours.”

Pei Hua’s gaze swept past Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting, “As I see it, this is the orthodox way.”

Yan Zhaoge said, “For you lot and the principles of the Future Buddha’s scriptures, the results your martial practitioners are able to attain are similarly affected by their innate talents.”

“While most important for you is still your devout heart, with your powers of comprehension and talent being less important than this, it is undeniable that when everyone similarly possesses the power of faith, it is still the case that the more talented and adept at comprehension one is, the easier it is for one to reach higher peaks.”

Yan Zhaoge gazed at Pei Hua, “Like you. Your talent and abilities are superior to that of Shang Jun and Yang Chong.”

Pei Hua said calmly, “So what?”

He looked first at Yan Zhaoge and then at Fu Ting, “I can tell that the two of you are both shockingly talented, unparalleled geniuses amongst geniuses who overwhelm the universe.”

“Two martial practitioners of the mid Seeing Divinity stage were able to kill Shang Jun of the mid Immortal Bridge stage. If it were me back at the fifth level of the Martial Saint realm, I definitely would not be able to achieve this.”

“You martial practitioners of the external dao are indeed generally stronger than we of the Immortal Court’s orthodox dao at the same cultivation level. The two of you also far surpass those of the same generation amongst those of the external dao.”

“However...” Pei Hua slowly raised a palm.

“At this moment, in front of me, however outstanding the two of you are is totally inconsequential.”

Bright golden sunlight agglomerated on Pei Hua’s palm which was dazzling beyond compare, “Since my cultivation base is so much superior to yours.”

“I admit that I would likely not be a match for Human Exalts of your external dao. Still, my orthodox dao has Emperors, true Immortals to subdue them.”

Pei Hua’s expression suddenly turned a bit complicated, “As for the Emperors of your external dao, they too will also be dealt with by the Sovereigns of my orthodox dao.”

While saying so, Pei Hua slowly pushed out with a palm.

The blazing, tough power of the sun enveloped the heavens, causing Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting to feel as if their internal organs were being incinerated all at once.

Yan Zhaoge inhaled deeply, the five main internal organs of his body radiating light as it was like five divinities stood there.

Beneath the power of the manifested Five Elements whose strength flowed in an endless stream, a five-coloured treasured light enveloped his entire body.

Meanwhile, a plain-coloured cloud qi similarly shrouded Fu Ting's entire body. She had executed the Grand Plainness Immeasurable Body of the Grand Cosmos Five Manifestations.

The plain-coloured cloud qi dwindled unceasingly beneath the golden sunlight. Yet, it would then be replenished immediately, its amount neither increasing nor decreasing as it seemed immeasurable.

However, this palm of Pei Hua's was even more powerful than it had been earlier.

Where the golden sunlight shone, Yan Zhaoge's Five Elements Deific Immortal Body and Fu Ting's Grand Plainness Immeasurable Body showed signs of instability.

The gap between their cultivation bases was very large at the end of the day.

Quan Haolong who was beside Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting had been involuntarily dazed when Yang Chong had died.

Now, enveloped by the light of the great golden sun as well, he involuntarily trembled as he looked disbelievingly at Pei Hua, the former hegemon of the Loathing Square Immortal Realm in his heart.

Although he was a martial practitioner of the Immortal Court, having been able to cultivate to the third level of the Martial Saint realm, how could he be a stupid person?

Because he had worshipped them ever since young, he had never suspected the Immeasurable Heavenly Lord and the Immortal Court.

If Pei Hua had slain Yang Chong with a single palm, Quan Haolong would have felt sad at most, feeling regretful on Yang Chong's behalf.

Earlier, however, none of Pei Hua's power had truly descended onto Yang Chong's body at all.

It had actually been the treasured light within Yang Chong's body that had fallen under Pei Hua's control all of a sudden.

As such, Yang Chong had been forcibly rainbowfied against his own will!

As this was seen by him, Quan Haolong was left dumbfounded as a chill ran though his entire body.

Whatever method Pei Hua had used to kill Yang Chong, even if he had poisoned him or launched a sneak attack, none of them would have caused Quan Haolong to feel as panicked as he was now.

Having witnessed Yang Chong's death, however stupid Quan Haolong was, he would still have related this to himself.

He looked panicked and shocked whilst also at a loss as his mind had fallen utterly into chaos.

The originally pure and bright treasured light within his body became unstable for the first time in his life as it flickered unceasingly.

As the treasured light lost its equilibrium, Quan Haolong's true essence immediately turned dim and weak as Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting who were beside him were clearly able to sense this.

Pei Hua glanced indifferently at him, "There seems to be no further use in keeping you too."

While the power of his palm had also enveloped Quan Haolong, right after the treasured light in Quan Haolong's body lost its equilibrium, he immediately rainbowfied as well.

Before dying to Pei Hua's palm, Quan Haolong had already followed in Yang Chong's footsteps!

Yan Zhaoge raised his brows slightly, "Such methods can only be used on Immortal Court martial practitioners who have already betrayed their dao, with them instead unable to take effect if the other party still remains devout with their treasured light stable?"

While Pei Hua's palm force was exerting great pressure on him, Yan Zhaoge maintained his normal expression as he even had the leisure to say, "You said just now that you could baptise Yang Chong, illuminating him again. You should have been able to do so for this Quan Haolong too, right?"

Pei Hua gazed at Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting, "As compared to him, I am more willing to illuminate the two of you."

"If supreme geniuses like you can forsake the depraved and embrace that which is righteous, with your hearts devoted to the heavenly dao, it will be a great deed of merit for me."

HSSB 915: Little Sword God

Yan Zhaoge wielded the Extreme Yang Seal, blocking Pei Hua's palm force.

He laughed, "Isn't it that you rather desire this treasure of mine as well?"

Looking at the Extreme Yang Seal, Pei Hua said slowly, "Just glancing at it earlier, I still could not be certain of it. Still, I can tell now. This is the Extreme Yang Seal?"

"It once belonged to an expert of your external dao known as the Exalted Solar Luminary."

Yan Zhaoge blinked, "You even know of the Exalted Solar Luminary?"

Pei Hua said mildly, "I have heard of him before. Apparently, his lineage had some ties with my Vast Yang Palace initially."

"I can tell that the concept contained within this Extreme Yang Seal is also indeed somewhat similar to that of the Vast Yang Scripture."

"Since that is so, with this Sacred Artifact seemingly truly connected with my Vast Yang Palace by fate, I will have no qualms taking it."

Hearing this, Yan Zhaoge chuckled, "So you have it all planned out, huh? Still, have you asked the current owner, me?"

Pei Hua similarly laughed, "You are going to return beneath the heavenly dao and enter my Vast Yang Palace to study martial arts anyway."

Amidst his laughter, he abruptly clenched the unfurled fingers of his hand into a fist.

That martial concept was similar to the Extreme Yang Scripture, also possessing some similarities to the lineage of the Radiant Light

Sect which had been descended from the Dim Radiant Sect.

His fist glowed brightly with golden light as it was like the great sun had descended, all things falling to ruination where the radiance passed!

Faced with this Vast Sun Divine Fist of Pei Hua's, Yan Zhaoge had a heavy expression on his face as he swiftly reaffirmed the plan of action he had decided upon, preparing to face his enemy.

Now, however, space suddenly shook over in the distance.

The darkness of space was split apart as a long river could now be seen, instantly traversing through space and arriving before them.

Seeing this, Pei Hua could not help but frown, "Why have you come to the Loathing Square Immortal Realm?"

The newcomer was shockingly another Human Exalt of the Immortal Court.

That mighty aura was not as tough and blazing as Pei Hua's, yet was more abundant and expansive.

The long river that was formed of his true essence flowed on in an endless stream throughout the universe as it was like a heavenly river.

"Heavenly River Scripture?" While Yan Zhaoge did not recognise the person, he quickly recognised the martial art he was executing to be one that was not any inferior to the Vast Yang Scripture at all.

There had been a famed sect known as the Heavenly River Sect in pre-Great Calamity times whose disciples had been renowned for the abundance and heaviness of their true essence.

Atop the heavenly river stood a green-robed man who hurriedly said as he saw Pei Hua, "It is good that you are here. Hurry, come over and help..."

Before his words had fallen, a figure suddenly appeared in the

direction of the distant heavenly river.

“So what if there are two of you?”

An indifferent voice resounded as a streak of white sword-qi smoothly appeared behind the green-robed man.

The green-robed man was greatly startled as he swept along boundless river water to counter that white sword-qi.

There was only a wisp of that white-sword qi which resembled smoke as it was so minuscule it was virtually undetectable.

Yet, like a sharp pair of scissors ripping through cloth, as the white sword-qi sliced lightly, that vast heavenly river was immediately cut apart right at the middle!

It was as if the long river that ran across space had been directly split apart by a mere wisp of white sword-qi!

Pei Hua, Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting simultaneously blurted out, “... Immortal Ending Sword!”

Where the sword passed, no spiritual light or dao patterns could be seen.

There was only destruction, extermination, slaughter and the eternal end.

Let alone that green-robed man, even Yan Zhaoge and the others who were a great distance away had illusory phenomena abound before their eyes as they saw that streak of mild white sword-qi.

Between the heavens and the earth, all things of creation, whether formless or tangible, seemed to fall into extermination beneath this sword, drawing to their final end.

Yan Zhaoge himself cultivated in the Immortal Ending Sword. Seeing this sword now, he was able to be certain at first glance that this was the most orthodox Immortal Ending Sword of the Prime Clear lineage’s Immortal Exterminating Four Swords!

At the source of the distant heavenly river, despite seemingly not

having moved at all, that figure had already arrived in the vicinity.

He just stood quietly there, just mere steps away from that green-robed man.

It was as if he had been standing there all along, never having moved at all.

Looking over, Yan Zhaoge, Fu Ting and Pei Hua saw that this was a youth.

His clothes were white as snow as a crown rested upon his head. Besides a sword of steel, he had nothing else with him.

This youth looked no more than fifteen or sixteen on the outside, though his actual age was hard to discern.

Yan Zhaoge discovered that it was very difficult for him to clearly view the other party's appearance.

As he gazed at that youth, his mind would waver slightly, his body seemingly about to lose its feeling.

It felt...just like he was dead, his soul not residing in his body.

Still, Yan Zhaoge could be certain that this was not actually a bewildering effect of the other party's martial arts.

Instead, it was due to his extremely sharp, domineering sword-intent!

It was sharp and domineering to the point that one would be injured just focusing their gaze on him.

Not even knowing what hit them, they would already have died to his sword!

In comparison to this, it seemed like Lin Hanhua's sword was really much milder.

At the very least, Lin Hanhua's sharp, domineering sword was still visible to others.

As for this youth, just having thought about looking at him and

acted upon it, most people would already have been wounded by this!

Despite his young appearance, this was clearly a famed, peerless cultivator of the sword.

A peak expert of the tenth level of the Martial Saint realm, the Human Exalt stage.

A Human Exalt of the orthodox tradition of Daoism's Three Clear lineages.

Compared to the Southeastern Exalt Cao Jie who was also a sword cultivator, not speaking of whether this Exalt in the form of a white-clothed youth was stronger or weaker than him, he definitely was sharper and more domineering in nature with even more overt aggressiveness.

Pei Hua actually recognised that white-clothed youth, “Long Xueji?!”

At the same time, Fu Ting said another name, “Are you the... former ‘Little Sword God’, Qian Xueji?”

Yan Zhaoge turned, asking her, “You know him?”

Fu Ting muttered, “I don't know how he looks like, but this sharp, domineering sword-intent and his white clothes and jade crown—it very much seems like a senior of the past. That senior mysteriously vanished, but who would have thought that...he is actually a martial practitioner of the Prime Clear lineage.”

That white-clothed youth ignored Pei Hua, also not responding to Fu Ting's words.

His gaze was bone-piercingly cold as it swept the area, finally coming to rest on Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting, “What are the two of you doing here?”

Yan Zhaoge's eyes narrowed slightly, “He knows Fu Ting, and knows me too...”

“He is actually surnamed...Long?”

Even as he talked to Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting, that white-clothed youth did not cease in his actions.

After splitting the heavenly river with a single sword, he chopped out with another sword towards the green-robed man.

The green-robed man stimulated his high-grade Sacred Artifact to parry it.

Then, a truly shocking scene transpired.

The white-clothed youth’s sword directly cleaved apart his opponent’s high-grade Sacred Artifact!

Yan Zhaoge saw it clearly.

The sword held by this major sword cultivator of the Prime Clear lineage was not a Sacred Artifact or even a spiritual artifact or normal artifact. Instead, it was just an ordinary steel sword which could be seen in human smithies all over the place.

It was completely because of his cultivation base that he had been able to cleave apart that Sacred Artifact.

More terrifying was the fact that the momentum of his sword did not stop with this as it continued descending towards that green-robed man.

“Opponents like you—what does it matter how many there are?” The white-clothed youth said in an indifferent tone, “You really bring much disgrace to the name of Exalts.”

The green-robed man’s gaze looked on the brink of imploding as he tried to struggle.

Yet, struck by that sword, his body was directly cleaved apart into two!

HSSB 916: Slaying an Exalt

An Exalt was slain on the spot!

Such a scene was inevitably shocking beyond compare, the very heavens and earth being shaken.

Even more shocking was that the person who had slain the Exalt was not some expert of a higher cultivation level, instead being an Exalt just like him.

However, this had been totally casual for that white-clothed youth.

The Vast Yang Exalt, Pei Hua, did not move forward to help that green-robed youth.

On the contrary, after recognising that white-clothed youth, he had immediately turned and fled!

He ignored even Yan Zhaoge, Fu Ting and the Extreme Yang Seal.

It was just that despite Pei Hua immediately fleeing, that white-clothed youth did not leave him go, distantly hacking out with his sword as white-sword qi next instantly arrived in pursuit of Pei Hua.

Pei Hua cried hatefully, “Long Xueji, if you dare to come here, my Immortal Court’s Emperor experts will definitely slay you!”

Garbed in white and adorned with crown, the youth-like Long Xueji said nonchalantly, “Emperors of an external dao will not be able to slay me.”

As his sword descended, the great golden sun instantly dimmed, the sun setting to the west.

Long Xueji strode forward, striking out with another sword.

The sunlight was completely extinguished with space again totally pitch-black.

Pei Hua emitted a tragic groan as one of his arms was hacked off.

White sword-qi wreathed the stump of his wound as the injury ran amok, even continuing to extend further throughout his body.

The white sword-qi travelled up from his wound as more flesh and blood from Pei Hua's broken arm was shattered and extinguished, further threatening the rest of his body.

Long Xueji raised the sword in his hand for the third time.

As Pei Hua seemed doomed to perish, numerous golden flowers suddenly appeared amidst space, a sea of flowers hence forming.

The golden flowers blocked the white sword-qi. Seeing this, Long Xueji knit his brows slightly.

Pei Hua, meanwhile, was wildly overjoyed.

Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting were both shocked as an extremely powerful will descended.

It was more powerful than Pei Hua.

This aura could only belong to an expert who had already pushed open the door to Immortality!

Traversing the boundary between human and Immortal and becoming a true Immortal, yet having returned to the human realm, descending upon mortal soil.

“You came quite quickly,” Seeing this, despite feeling surprised, Long Xueji was not panicked at all.

He glanced at Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting through the corner of his eyes before shaking his head slightly, red light suddenly flickering on his body as he had already vanished amidst space, as if he had never appeared.

As Long Xueji vanished, those golden flowers vanished as well.

“The person chasing after the Long Xueji guy is gone?” Yan Zhaoge pondered.

He felt that Long Xueji's final glance at him and Fu Ting before he had left had vaguely contained some feelings of regret.

Relating this to how Long Xueji had recognised him and Fu Ting, Yan Zhaoge felt that if not for that Emperor of the Immortal Court having appeared, Long Xueji might have had some words for him.

Despite his overwhelming power, he did not appear to have malicious intentions towards him.

It was not because he was afraid of that Emperor of the Immortal Court that Long Xueji had left. It was because he wanted to change the location of their battle to protect Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting.

Even as he pondered, Yan Zhaoge did not linger as he called Fu Ting along, leaving together.

However, golden sunlight now lit up before their eyes once more.

Pei Hua had a hostile look on his face as he gazed coldly at the two of them, "Do you really think that you can leave just like that?"

Yan Zhaoge looked rather amusedly at the stump of Pei Hua's broken arm, "Wounds inflicted by the Immortal Ending Sword are not easy to recover from at all. If no one helps you, you will be crippled for the rest of your life."

"Instead of looking for a place to treat your injuries now, you still want to battle with us?"

Pei Hua said coldly, "Capturing and illuminating the two of you may indeed be difficult. Still, killing you would pose no difficulty whatsoever."

Looking at his wound, there was not too much fury and hatred in his gaze as he instead looked somewhat thoughtful, "Even amongst you martial practitioners of the external dao, Long Xueji should also be considered one of the top experts amongst Exalt-level Martial Saints, am I right?"

“While I am not his opponent, others can take care of him.”

Pei Hua turned to look at Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting, “Exactly like how though Shang Jun and Yang Chong were no match for you, I can still capture or kill you as I would like.”

With that, Pei Hua clenched his single fist, directly punching out towards Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting!

As soon as he attacked, white sword-qi instantly surged from the wound on his severed arm once more!

The wound had already virtually spread to his shoulder.

Despite his face being paler, Pei Hua’s expression was cold as he remained unmoved, “It is useless even if you have the Extreme Yang Seal. However inhumanly talented you are, not having ascended to the Immortal Bridge stage, the Extreme Yang Seal’s full might cannot be drawn out as it would not be utilised at its fullest potential.”

His Vast Sun Divine Fist was ferocious beyond compare, seemingly able to destroy the heavens and extinguish the earth as it instantly arrived above Yan Zhaoge’s head.

Yan Zhaoge laughed loudly, “No rush, no rush.”

“It would have been fine if it were Exalts of other lineages. Yet, it just had to be you who cultivate in the Vast Yang Scripture.”

Yan Zhaoge’s smile turned icy cold, “Since that is so, do not just stare at my Extreme Yang Seal. This Yan has better treasures waiting for you.”

Along with the roar of dragons, a palace suddenly appeared.

The door of the palace opened. Amidst the dim space within the palace, blurry radiance which was neither bright nor dark surged, being hard to elucidate in words.

Amidst the radiance was a massive metal wheel.

There were twelve slots on the wheel that slowly rotated

alongside it.

While this object simply existed there, quietly rotating at its own pace with utter disregard for all else in the surroundings and not affecting anything as well, after coming into contact with the fist-intent of the Vast Yang Exalt Pei Hua, it suddenly shook!

Pei Hu was taken aback at first. Still, after sensing the concept contained within the metal wheel, his expression instantly changed dramatically!

He roared in rage, “Dim Radiant Emperor, Yin Tianxia!”

The one and only person to have ever pushed open the door to Immortality in the entire history of the Vast Yang Palace, the Vast Yang Emperor who had died to none other than Yin Tianxia that year.

The Vast Yang Emperor had been one of Yin Tianxia’s numerous opponents in that final battle of his life when he had come to the lands of the Immortal Court that year.

His distinctive martial concept and that unique, abundant treasured light of the power of faith were both stimulating the Dim Radiant Wheel now.

One of the main materials for the Dim Radiant Wheel had been Yin Tianxia’s very corpse.

To a certain extent, his final will had been preserved within.

The Dim Radiant Wheel that Yan Zhaoge was usually unable to make use of suddenly moved as it was stimulated by Pei Hua’s fist-intent now.

Amidst endless darkness, radiance arose which forcibly obstructed Pei Hua’s Vast Sun Divine Fist.

A powerful force rebounded on Pei Hua’s body which shook as the wound erupted further on his other shoulder!

Pei Hua stared at Yan Zhaoge, “So you are Yin Tianxia’s

descendant!"

Yan Zhaoge chuckled coldly, "If that person had not appeared earlier, inflicting a grave injury on you, what I was originally considering was how to retreat fully intact. Now, however..."

He brought a hand down, the upraised Extreme Yang Seal smashing straight towards Pei Hua's head!

"Now, what I am considering is-slaying an Exalt!

Pei Hua roared, "What qualifications have you?!"

He sought to retract his palm.

Yet, the Dim Radiant Wheel rotated at this moment.

The radiance scattered, boundless darkness sweeping over.

Pei Hua was actually unable to retract his blow as his fist was forcibly sucked in place by the power of the Dim Radiant Wheel!

The Dim Radiant Wheel had not achieved completion as its power was still far from the level of an Immortal Artifact.

However, the heavily injured Pei Hua was actually unable to quickly extricate himself from its hold.

As the Extreme Yang Seal smashed down towards him, Pei Hua roared loudly, infinite radiance emitted which rapidly formed a golden palace around his entire body.

Protected by the palace, he was temporarily safe from the might of the Extreme Yang Seal.

Both sides descended into a stalemate.

Yet, Pei Hua emitted a muffled groan!

The white sword-qi from his wound was extending rapidly as the flesh and blood of his entire shoulder had already fallen apart, the area of his wound expanding non-stop!

HSSB 917: The end of the line for the Vast Yang Exalt

The wound inflicted by Long Xueji's Immortal Ending Sword was hard to suppress as it unceasingly caused Pei Hua's life force, essence and qi to deteriorate.

Not only had Pei Hua been gravely wounded in their earlier battle, he had lost many accompanying treasures of his as well.

In order to resist Long Xueji's sword, many treasures of Pei Hua had already been destroyed by the Immortal Ending Sword.

Pei Hua had originally thought that even heavily injured, he should be able to deal with Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting very quickly even if Yan Zhaoge possessed a treasure like the Extreme Yang Seal.

He had not thought that Yan Zhaoge would actually possess the Dim Radiant Wheel.

Despite having yet to become an Immortal Artifact, the Dim Radiant Wheel was still extraordinary.

It was just that Yan Zhaoge still lacked the ability to stimulate and activate it.

While he was not able to, his opponent possessed the ability to do so.

At this moment, the Dim Radiant Wheel seemed to possess a will and mood of its own as it rotated on its own accord to battle this descendant of the former Vast Yang Emperor, the current Vast Yang Exalt Pei Hua.

At the same time, Yan Zhaoge attacked with the Extreme Yang Seal.

Pei Hua who was hard pressed to extricate himself was forced to circulate the true essence of his entire body, externalising it to

resist Yan Zhaoge and the Extreme Yang Seal.

If it was usually, Pei Hua was confident that never in a million years would Yan Zhaoge be able to break through his defences.

An Exalt of the Immortal Court was still an Exalt who presided loftily over the human realm. How would any of them be inferior beings?

Yet, the current Pei Hua was gravely wounded.

He had still been able to barely hold on earlier. Now, however, with all his efforts being used to deal with Yan Zhaoge, the Extreme Yang Seal and the Dim Radiant Wheel, his injuries instantly worsened yet further!

His other injuries aside, that wound inflicted by the Immortal Ending Sword of the eternal end would already be fatal if he let his guard down even in the slightest!

That being the case, with Pei Hua having to work on resisting Yan Zhaoge's attacks even with this, his injuries which had already been grave originally deteriorated even further.

The white sword-qi sliced through his body, forming several terrifying, intimidating-looking sword scars!

Heavily injured, he was no longer able to sustain himself as the golden palace formed of his protective true essence finally collapsed.

As Pei Hua howled in rage and despair, Yan Zhaoge totally ignored it as he landed a Cyclic Heavenly Seal on the Extreme Yang Seal before the great golden seal smashed downwards.

Thereafter, there were no two suns in the sky.

The great sun hung high. The vast sun had set.

This Exalt of the Immortal Court's lineage had his head smashed right in by the Extreme Yang Seal!

As Pei Hua died, his injuries ran completely amok as the

terrifying white sword-qi spread, ripping his body apart as he died without an intact corpse.

Watching this, Yan Zhaoge shook his head slightly, “I don’t know if I should say that I am lucky or you were unlucky.”

The surrounding space was changing unceasingly as it appeared chaotic and disordered.

Yan Zhaoge did not have time to think too much on his victory as he hurriedly fled alongside Fu Ting.

The disturbance from killing Pei Hua was much more than that from killing Shang Jun.

Moreover, Long Xueji had also slain another Exalt of the Immortal Court here earlier.

As the Buddhists and the Immortal Court battled here in the Loathing Square Heavenly Realm, many top experts were gathered here as someone else from the Immortal Court could arrive at any time.

As they fled, Yan Zhaoge finally had the time to ask Fu Ting, “Who exactly was that expert of the Prime Clear lineage from earlier?”

Fu Ting said with a rather complex expression on her face, “Two hundred years ago, there was a supremely talented youngster who rose to prominence in the World beyond Worlds, his origins a mystery. His sword shook the world.”

“His name was Qian Xueji, and he travelled solitarily with his sword about the entire World beyond Worlds, being invincible amongst those of the same cultivation level. He was acclaimed as the ‘Little Sword God’. Some even nicknamed him ‘Three Swords Qian’ after how no martial practitioner at the same cultivation level as him could receive his three swords.”

Yan Zhaoge was interested by that, “Oh? For real?”

Fu Ting nodded, “In my knowledge, there was only one exception.”

“The Northern Exalt then restricted his cultivation base to the same cultivation level as Qian Xueji. The ensuing battle between the two exceeded three exchanges.”

Fu Ting said admiringly, “Yet, it is said that that battle ended with the Northern Exalt nearly dying beneath Qian Xueji’s sword. It was only by releasing the restrictions on his cultivation base at the crucial moment of life and death that he managed to avert that crisis.”

Yan Zhaoge stroked his lower chin, “What level was Qian Xueji’s cultivation base at then?”

Fu Ting said, “Fourth level of the Martial Saint realm, early Seeing Divinity stage.”

Yan Zhaoge looked thoughtful, “That’s indeed very remarkable then.”

With the huge disparity between their cultivation bases, even if the Northern Exalt had restricted his own cultivation base, his knowledge, experience and techniques would be sufficient for him to crush most Seeing Divinity Martial Saints.

Even so, however, the victor had been that young swordsman.

Fu Ting sighed, “Still, no one saw him again following that battle with the Northern Exalt. This genius who reigned over a generation was rather like a shooting star as he suddenly appeared in the World beyond Worlds out of nowhere before then suddenly vanishing again.”

Back then, everyone had thought that this person had died young, having felt this to be a great pity.

Yet, it was evident now that he was really of the Prime Clear lineage.

Yan Zhaoge said, “It is probably that he had to go all out in that battle against the Northern Exalt, his background as a descendant of the Prime Clear lineage hence being revealed. Afterwards, he had no choice but to leave the World beyond Worlds and return to the Roving Jade Heavens.”

Fu Ting pondered, “From the looks of it now, Qian Xueji should be an alias. Maybe his real name is Long Xueji? If he is surnamed Long...”

Yan Zhaoge smiled, “I hear that the Dragon Spring Emperor is surnamed Long?”

Fu Ting said slowly, “Maybe, he and Senior Brother Lin...”

Yan Zhaoge said, “From the past battle achievements of this Senior Long and the strength that he displayed earlier, an Emperor of the external dao should really not be able to kill him. There is no need for us to feel worried for him.”

Fu Ting sighed, “Although he is a martial practitioner of the Roving Jade Heavens, we are all of the orthodox tradition of the Three Clear lineages at the end of the day. I hope he manages to escape without major incident. His opponent is an actual True Immortal, after all.”

The distance between humans and Immortals was as great as that between the heavens and earth.

Powerful Martial Scholars might be able to kill Martial Grandmasters.

Powerful Martial Grandmasters might be able to kill Martial Saints.

Even though such cases were rare indeed, it was not impossible.

Yet, ever since ancient times, there had never been a Martial Saint who had been able to slay a true Immortal alone one versus one without relying on any external aid at all!

In order to attain Immortality, one had to first surpass the Immortal Mortal Tribulation.

If one surpassed it, they would have attained Immortality. If they failed, they would perish, their dao hence dissipating.

After surpassing this tribulation and entering the realm of Immortals, no longer would one be mortal as all tribulations within the mortal world would no longer be able to easily harm them.

In other words, however powerful mortals were, just based on their strength alone, they would still be hard pressed to slay True Immortals.

All their attacking methods would be ineffective on True Immortals.

This was a true heavenly gulf that one could only gaze at the sky and sigh at. There had been never been an exception to this.

“It is fine,” Yan Zhaoge said, “While the methods of Martial Saints are ineffective against Emperors, this does not entail that the methods of these True Immortals cannot be withstood by anyone. With those methods of that Senior Long, Emperors of the Immortal Court should be helpless against him.”

Even though True Immortals would not be defeated, this did not entail that victory was set in stone for them.

Of course, this actually entailed absolute victory most of the time.

There were just a mere few exceptions.

Still, the Long Xueji they had met that day was clearly a Human Exalt who could be this exceptional.

Fu Ting nodded silently, “Perhaps...”

.....

The Roving Jade Heavens, a world which was just as vast and

endless as the World beyond Worlds.

The spiritual qi here was abundant as boundless phenomena could be seen all around.

Green Duckweed Mountain, named after the sword of the founder of the Prime Clear lineage, the Lord of Numinous Treasure, was precisely the location which housed the orthodox tradition of the Prime Clear direct lineage in the Roving Jade Heavens following the Great Calamity.

In front of a cavern on the mountain currently stood a youth who was sharp and domineering as a sword. This was none other than the Shadow Mountain Sword King Lin Hanhua who had previously left the World beyond Worlds' Golden Court Mountain.

Now, the figure of a youth wearing white clothes and a jade crown appeared before him without any prior indication whatsoever.

Little Sword God, Long Xueji.

Seeing him, Lin Hanhua bowed respectfully.

“Father.”

HSSB 918: The most powerful family

Lin Hanhua was actually an alias just like Qian Xueji.

The actual name of this sword cultivator of the Prime Clear direct lineage and former head disciple of the World beyond Worlds' southeastern Yang Heaven Territory should actually be Long Hanhua.

His father Long Xueji was a descendant of the Dragon Spring Emperor.

Long Xueji had returned to the World beyond Worlds and resided there in the past. After his identity had been exposed, he had returned to the Roving Jade Heavens.

When his son, Long Hanhua, had come of age, he had replaced Long Xueji and headed to the World beyond Worlds.

Sadly, however, he had met with the same fate as his father in the end as he had been forced to leave the World beyond Worlds, returning to the Roving Jade Heavens.

After arriving before Long Hanhua, the white-clothed Long Xueji retracted his sharpness as his features could now be viewed straight on.

Even though they were father and son, his features did not resemble Long Hanhua's greatly.

Those who were in the dark regarding this would not easily come to relate the two of them.

With Long Xueji possessing the appearance of a youth, Long Hanhua instead looked older than his father.

Long Hanhua said, "Father, Eldest Uncle requests that you head directly to Scenery Peak upon your return to the Mountain."

"Scenery Peak?" Long Xueji gazed towards the distant mountain peak, "Your grandfather has already left seclusion?"

Long Hanhua replied, “He should be very soon. Eldest Uncle is there awaiting him and has asked that you come over as well upon your return.”

Long Xueji nodded, “I see. Accompany me there, Hanhua.”

Neither of them flew in the bounds of Green Duckweed Mountain as they simply walked, heading to another mountain peak.

That place was Scenery Peak where Flowing Heaven Horizon, the cave manor of Long Xueji’s father, the Dragon Spring Emperor, was located.

After Long Xueji had achieved his fame, he had left Scenery Peak’s Flowing Heaven Horizon and opened a dao arena of his own at Green Duckweed Mountain, no longer staying with his parents.

Upon arriving at Scenery Peak’s Flowing Heaven Horizon, the father and son were notified by the guard attendant at the door that the Dragon Spring Emperor had already emerged from seclusion.

Long Xueji and Long Hanhua entered the cave manor. There were already three people inside.

A man who looked around thirty was currently leaning back against a couch with his eyes closed, as if he was snoozing.

A young girl was seated next to him, lightly pounding on his legs. It was none other than Gao Qing.

Seeing Long Xueji and Long Hanhua enter, Gao Qing instantly smiled, “Little Granduncle, Little Uncle, you’re here!”

Long Xueji’s gaze turned softer, “Qing’er.”

Gao Qing raised a finger and placed it before her lips, whispering, “Great Grandfather’s napping right now.”

There was an old man seated cross-legged off to the side.

Seeing Long Xueji and Long Hanhua enter, the old man nodded, “Did your trip this time go smoothly, Third Brother?”

Long Xueji cupped his hands in greeting, “Eldest Brother.”

A youth addressing a white-haired old man as eldest brother seemed a little strange. Still, Gao Qing and Long Hanhua were used to it.

This white-haired old man was actually Long Xueji’s eldest brother, the eldest son of the Roving Jade Heavens’ Profound Sovereign and the Dragon Spring Emperor. He was the Lord of Green Duckweed Mountain’s Minor White Peak, Gao Xuebo.

He was also Gao Qing’s grandfather.

Their lineage was surnamed Gao after the Profound Sovereign, inheriting the Gao Family’s mantle.

Like Long Xueji, Gao Xuebo was of the tenth level of the Martial Saint realm, the Human Exalt stage.

Their lineage had produced one Sovereign, one Emperor and two Human Exalts.

Their fourth generation descendant, Gao Qing, was also already a Martial Saint.

In terms of bloodline, the Dragon Spring Emperor’s family could be called the most powerful family in all of Daoism at the present moment.

Long Hanhua bowed to that old man as well, “Eldest Uncle.”

Gao Xuebo nodded to Long Hanhua before looking at Long Xueji.

Long Xueji sent via sound transmission, “The battle between the Buddhists and those of the external dao has already fully started. Also, the flames of war are growing increasingly intense as they should soon be reaching a peak.”

“This is good indeed. Some of our plans can be brought forward,” Gao Xuebo nodded, “Father has already emerged from seclusion. As for mother, she should also be emerging very soon.”

Long Xueji was silent for a time before he continued, “This time,

I saw that Yan Zhaoge in the territory of the external dao.”

Gao Xuebo frowned slightly, “He was actually there? What happened in the end?”

Long Xueji shook his head, “There was an Exalt of the external dao making things difficult for him. I inflicted grave injuries on that Exalt, so he should have been able to escape. It was a pity that some Emperor of the external dao happened to descend then. I could only lure the Emperor away and was unable to bring him back to the Roving Jade Heavens.”

Gao Xuebo pondered, “Then, he should already be aware of the name of the ‘Immeasurable Heavenly Lord’?”

Long Xueji answered, “Yes, he should.”

One old, one young in their outer appearances, the two brothers were silent for a long time.

“He should still just be at the Seeing Divinity stage now?” Gao Xuebo’s expression turned cold and severe, “Was he sent there due to someone else’s schemes and machinations? This is breaking his forward path!”

Long Xueji said, “Together with him was also the World beyond Worlds’ Fu Ting, daughter of the Brocade Emperor.”

Gao Xuebo shook his head, “While she is of the World beyond Worlds, this is also another good seedling of our Daoism’s direct lineage that is actually ruined.”

“No need to be overly pessimistic,” A voice now resounded by the ears of Long Xueji and Gao Xuebo.

That napping youth stretched lazily, leisurely awakening.

“We still cannot say for sure now.”

Long Xueji and Gao Xuebo chimed in unison, “Father.”

That man who looked no more than thirty and had just been snoozing leisurely against the couch was shockingly none other

than the Dragon Spring Emperor!

He was an Emperor of the orthodox tradition of the Three Clear lineages who had achieved his fame some thousands of years ago, having long since pushed open the door to Immortality and ascended into the Immortal realm!

This person was remarkably handsome with features that vaguely resembled Long Xueji's and Gao Xuebo's somewhat.

It was just that he was unlike the sharp, domineering Long Xueji and the solemn, proper Gao Xuebo.

This exalted Emperor was laid-back, lazy and carefree.

He said lazily, “Speaking of this, we really have to thank Yin Tianxia. If not for him, even we would probably be unable to be sitting here casually discussing the matter of the external dao right now.”

“Yes,” Long Xueji and Gao Xuebo appeared thoughtful.

Their conversation was conducted via sound transmission as only the three of them were able to hear it. Gao Qing and Long Hanhua were only able to see the Dragon Spring Emperor awakening from his slumber.

Gao Qing instantly smiled happily, “Great Grandfather, you can’t fall asleep halfway through your story!”

The Dragon Spring Emperor chuckled, “What, I only asked you to do a little work, pounding my leg for these old bones, and you still want a reward? Have I doted on you for nothing, you little girl?”

Gao Qing blinked, saying in a pitiful manner, “Even if there isn’t a reward, there shouldn’t be a punishment, right? You only told your story halfway, hooking me but not finishing it. That’s bad.”

The Dragon Spring Emperor could not help but smile, “I wonder who taught you to be so glib?”

He shook his head, “Hah, where was I at just now?”

Gao Qing hurriedly reminded him, “When you were rampaging throughout the world with your eldest apprentice-brother.”

The Dragon Spring Emperor said, “Right, yes. I was young and arrogant then. Afterwards, as I got older, even though I wasn’t so frivolous anymore, I was still full of myself. Otherwise, I would not have even come here in the first place.”

Gao Qing laughed, “If you didn’t come, there wouldn’t be me, and there wouldn’t be Grandfather, Little Granduncle and Little Uncle too.”

Gao Xuebo shook his head while Long Xueji and Long Hanhua were amused, both laughing as well.

After the laughter had subsided, Gao Qing asked curiously, “Then, didn’t that eldest apprentice-brother of yours come here looking for you?”

The Dragon Spring Emperor replied, “He came.”

Gao Qing nodded with certainty, “Then, he definitely wasn’t a match for Great Grandmother too. Otherwise, you would have had to go back with him.”

A reminiscing look appeared on the Dragon Spring Emperor’s face, “No, eldest apprentice-brother won.”

HSSB 919: Number one figure in the dao of the sword in post-Great Calamity times

Hearing the Dragon Spring Emperor's reply, Gao Qing was instantly dazed, "How could that be?"

"Great Grand Master said that Great Grandmother had already surpassed her in the dao of the sword back then."

The Dragon Spring Emperor smiled as he said nothing.

Gao Xuebo said slowly, "Your Granduncle was hailed as the 'Little Sword God' as he walked the lands of the World beyond Worlds that year. You are aware of that?"

Gao Qing nodded, "Yes, Granddaughter knows."

Gao Qingbo said, "Since there was a 'Little Sword God', there would naturally have been a Sword God too."

"This..." Gao Qing gradually came to understand things as she asked, "Grandfather, you mean..."

Gao Qingbo said, "You also know that the World beyond Worlds' Kunlun Mountain was acclaimed for its Nine Luminaries that year. One of them was acclaimed as the number one figure in the dao of the sword for Daoism in post-Great Calamity times."

Gao Qing was wide-eyed as she stared at him.

Beside them, Long Xueji said calmly, "The Exalted Gold Luminary also had another title, Sword God."

He looked wistful, "Sadly, I was unable to personally witness his flair, experiencing his sword arts in person."

The Dragon Spring Emperor smiled, "I can transmit all eldest apprentice-brother's sword arts to you, but there really is no way of letting you juniors experience his former flair."

Hearing his words, Long Xueji smiled.

Gao Qing looked curious, “Although I knew that you were born in the World beyond Worlds, Great Grandfather, I never knew that the Exalted Gold Luminary was your senior apprentice-brother.”

The Dragon Spring Emperor smiled mildly, “Few in the World beyond Worlds still know of this too.”

Gao Qing nodded, quickly refocusing on the topic, “Great Grandfather, did Great Grandmother really lose to the Exalted Gold Luminary that year? And, the saying of the number one person in the dao of the sword for Daoism in post-Great Calamity times...”

Her little face appeared slightly conflicted.

The Prime Clear direct lineage did not merely consist of the Immortal Exterminating Four Swords.

However, the descendants of the Prime Clear lineage had always prided themselves over the Immortal Exterminating Four Swords, the highest accomplishment in Daoism’s sword dao.

Ever since ancient times, the Prime Clear lineage had produced countless peak experts of the sword.

After the Great Calamity, generation upon generation of descendants of the Prime Clear lineage had been famed for their sword dao as they traversed the world.

In Gao Qing’s heart, her Great Grandmother, the Profound Sovereign, was the number one figure in the dao of the sword.

This was even despite the existence of a Sovereign of the World beyond Worlds known as the Sword Sovereign.

How her Little Granduncle, Long Xueji, had once traversed the World beyond Worlds with his solitary sword, having been invincible at the same cultivation level, seemed to prove this point as well.

Gao Xuebo now said, “The Exalted Gold Luminary ended up

coming to search for father in the Roving Jade Heavens that year. He and mother clashed with their swords. In the end, it was indeed mother who lost.”

His expression was rather complex as well, “This was personally said by mother that year. While mother has never admitted inferiority in her sword arts, she was indeed defeated one versus one facing the sword of the Exalted Gold Luminary that year.”

“Still, there was only ever that one battle between them. Having progressed further in the sword dao all these years, mother has always felt regretful that she cannot clash with this person again.”

Gao Qing pursed her lips, looking unhappy.

Looking at his granddaughter, Gao Xuebo slowly said, “With even mother having been defeated, our Prime Clear lineage was naturally left without face.”

“Fortunately, there was still one person in the Roving Jade Heavens then...”

Gao Qing’s spirits rose as she asked curiously, “Wasn’t Great Grand Master injured that year and still in secluded cultivation? And...oops...”

Speaking of sword arts, the Profound Sovereign had actually already surpassed her master that year. Yet, she had still been defeated by the Exalted Gold Luminary.

“The person eldest brother speaks of is someone else,” Long Xuebo now said, “And that is our little apprentice-aunt, your Great Grandmother’s little apprentice-sister.”

Gao Qing blinked, coming to a sudden realisation as she clapped, “Little Granduncle, might you be speaking of the legendary Zizhi Emperor, my senior apprentice-great gradaunt, Sword Emperor?”

Zizhi Precipice’s Roving Jade Palace.

It had been the dao arena of the founder of the Prime Clear lineage, the Lord of Numinous Treasure, in the past.

With Zizhi as her Emperor title, also being known as the Sword Emperor, this person's prowess in the dao of the sword could only be imagined.

It was just that few people knew of this title in the current World beyond Worlds. It was also simply a legend in the Roving Jade Heavens, documented only in records as people would seldom recall it.

Gao Xuebo said, “Back then, little apprentice-aunt just happened to be in secluded cultivation. Fortunately, it was not death cultivation. With the Exalted Gold Luminary suppressing the Roving Jade Heavens with his sword, the elder generation were helpless as they could only invite her out of seclusion.”

Gao Qing asked excitedly, “Senior apprentice-great grandaunt definitely defeated the Exalted Gold Luminary, right?”

Gao Xuebo stroked his white beard, laughing bitterly, “That battle eventually ended in a draw, but...”

“In the end, little apprentice-aunt admitted that she had lost by a half-move,” Long Xueji continued for him, “Mother and the other seniors all tacitly admitted this result.”

Gao Qing cried unhappily, “But why?”

Gao Xuebo sighed, “Because my Prime Clear lineage has the Immortal Exterminating Four Swords of the Lord of Numinous Treasure that have been tempered over countless ages by peak experts in the dao of the sword.”

“As for the Exalted Gold Luminary, it was with his own intelligence, perseverance and abilities that he transformed the supreme martial arts of the Jade Clear lineage, self-creating an Illusory Jade Heaven Opening Sword with an ultimate sword art finally appearing this world which can be acclaimed alongside the

Immortal Exterminating Four Swords.”

Even while during the era of the Investiture of the Gods, in those times of legend, the Immortal Exterminating Four Swords had once fallen into the hands of the Jade Clear lineage, even though many major sword cultivators had also been produced by the Grand Clear and Jade Clear lineages over the course of history, in terms of accomplishments in the sword dao, the Prime Clear lineage had always been the most powerful in Daoism.

As for the Immortal Exterminating Four Swords, they had always been the most powerful Daoist sword arts throughout all of history.

Till the appearance of one person and another sword art.

The Exalted Gold Luminous and his Illusory Jade Heaven Opening Sword!

The Dragon Spring Emperor had said nothing throughout as he seemed to have drifted off slightly.

His memories had already returned to several thousands of years ago.

That proud figure's proud laughter, “Xingquan, come, come! I'm going to show you something good today. My self-created sword arts!”

The most powerful figures of the later generations in the dao of the sword for Daoism had expanded in a decisive battle amidst the endless space outside the Roving Jade Heavens.

The purple-clothed youth cleaved out with a sword, opening the heavens and the earth.

The white-clothed girl struck out with a sword, exterminating the heavens and extinguishing the dao.

This peak battle had manifested the greatest brilliance involving a contest of the sword in post-Great Calamity times.

This was the most magnificent sword duel that the Dragon Spring Emperor had ever witnessed in his life. Even thinking about it now, it still brought back endless nostalgia that he could only savour.

That had been the first time, and also the last time.

In the millennia that had passed thereafter, it had never happened again.

He regained his wits, smiling as he looked at the shocked Gao Qing, “It is precisely because of this that the little apprentice-sister of your Great Grandmother admitted to having lost by a half-move, the Sword Emperor losing to the Sword God.”

“It was also precisely this battle that decided the number one figure in Daoism’s dao of the sword in post-Great Calamity times.”

Gao Qing’s mind drifted off at that scene which surpassed even her imagination.

It was a long while later that she looked at her Great Grandfather in a pitiful manner, “Great Grandfather, the Exalted Gold Luminary defeated Great Grandmother and senior apprentice-great grandaunt too. Then, you...”

The Dragon Spring Emperor replied smilingly, “I still stayed behind! Otherwise, how would I have married your Great Grandmother? If I had really left, wouldn’t that mean that there wouldn’t be you, Qing’er, wouldn’t be your Grandfather, wouldn’t be your Little Granduncle and wouldn’t be your Little Uncle?”

HSSB 920: Senior Brother married Junior Sister, Junior Brother married Senior Sister

Having been teased by her elder who had imitated her earlier manner, Gao Qing chuckled foolishly.

Beside them, Gao Qingbo had a helpless, exasperated expression on his face.

He had a proper, stern personality.

With his cultivation base, it would not be difficult for him to look young again. Still, he felt that being a grandfather already, he had to maintain the proper decorum of one with his external appearance.

Sadly, besides maintaining the appearance of a youth, his father, the Dragon Spring Emperor, was also utterly unrepentant in joking around with his granddaughter.

“At that time, the relationship between the World beyond Worlds and our Roving Jade Heavens was still not as tense as it is now,” Gao Xuebo could only explain to his granddaughter, “Moving about and communication with the other side occurred more frequently. So long as both sides were willing, marriage was not forbidden too.”

While Gao Qing was rather more ignorant regarding this, she was not completely clueless.

As her grandfather reminded her of this, she gradually understood how things stood.

Back in those times, the marriage between her great grandparents had more or less represented a sort of union between the World beyond Worlds and Roving Jade Heavens.

It was just that the relationship between the Dragon Spring Emperor and the Profound Sovereign was great. After marriage,

the former had remained in the Roving Jade Heavens even when the relationship between they and the World beyond Worlds had already turned extremely tense.

The Dragon Spring Emperor smiled, “I am rather more incompetent. Wanting to marry your Great Grandmother, I could only stay behind and continue slowly harassing her.”

“Unlike eldest apprentice-brother, who married your Great Grandmother’s little apprentice-sister directly away from the Roving Jade Heavens.”

Gao Qing’s big eyes stared wide, “Senior apprentice-great grandaunt married the Exalted Gold Luminary?!”

The Dragon Spring Emperor nodded smilingly with a triumphant look overtaking his face.

Gao Qing turned to look at her grandfather, Gao Xuebo, who said calmly, “That’s right.”

Long Hanhua turned to look at Long Xueji as well and saw the latter similarly nodding.

Gao Qing was rather in a daze as she thought about how the Exalted Gold Luminary had come from beyond the heavens with his sword that year, bowing the entire Roving Jade Heavens into submission as he had even married away their most outstanding descendant.

“Heehee, Senior Brother married Junior Sister...” Gao Qing suddenly laughed, looking at the Dragon Spring Emperor, “Junior Brother married Senior Sister?”

The Dragon Spring Emperor chuckled, “It is precisely so.”

Gao Qing began a whole round of applause, “Now that’s really something you don’t hear every day.”

Seeing his granddaughter’s unruly behaviour, Gao Xuebo stared at her. Still, seeing the Dragon Spring Emperor who was similarly

smiling so much his eyebrows could not be seen, Gao Xuebo simply sighed helplessly, not knowing whether he should laugh or cry.

Long Xueji and Long Hanhua could not help but smile at this.

“Right, Great Grandfather, where are your eldest apprentice-brother and senior apprentice-great grandaunt now?”

Gao Qing suddenly seemed to remember something as she asked curiously, “There are only some legends regarding senior apprentice-great grandaunt here in the Roving Jade Heavens. There are also no news of them over at the World beyond Worlds. Where have they gone now?”

The room instantly fell silent.

The smile vanished from the face of the Dragon Spring Emperor as his gaze turned deep and distant. He raised his head and stared quietly at the ceiling, closing his eyes after a moment.

Seeing this, Gao Qing was taken aback.

Beside her, her grandfather, Gao Qingbo, said softly, “The two seniors are already no longer of this world.”

Gao Qing’s heart quivered as she gazed at the Dragon Spring Emperor.

The Dragon Spring Emperor opened his eyes, smiling as the atmosphere in the room turned relaxed once more, “They already passed away more than two thousand years ago.”

“Daoism deteriorated greatly with the Great Calamity. There would surely be many difficulties facing its resurgence, many sacrifices that would have to be made.”

“Sorry, Great Grandfather...” Gao Qing said softly.

The Dragon Spring Emperor smiled, shaking his head, “No matter.”

“It is a great pity for the Exalted Gold Luminary and little apprentice-aunt. With the cultivation bases and ages of they

husband and wife, they can be said to have died young,” Gao Xuebo shook his head, sighing, “Otherwise, their future accomplishments would probably have been comparable to that of the Lord of Numinous Treasure, Cultivated Deity Jade Cauldron and the Purple Tenuity Emperor, bringing glory to the sword dao once more.”

Gao Qing and Long Hanhua both felt an inexplicable sense of loss as they heard this.

Long Xueji said calmly, “Trees are planted by predecessors, their fires ever burning. There will surely be new descendants to take their place.”

The Dragon Spring Emperor smiled as he looked at his son, “That’s right.”

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“From this point on, we should have hope of returning to the other side of the ‘wall’, returning to the domain governed by the World beyond Worlds.”

Yan Zhaoge smiled as he distinguished the chaotic spatial flows before him.

Fu Ting nodded, “That’s right. There is at least an eighty percent chance.”

The two had fled off into distant space after taking care of the Vast Yang Exalt Pei Hua.

It could be felt that there were other powerful auras descending in the Loathing Square Immortal Realm in the vicinity of the Lofty Towering World.

With Shang Jun of the mid Immortal Bridge stage having been slain, a commotion would definitely already have arisen, much less Pei Hua who was a Human Exalt.

Moreover, Long Xueji had even slain another Exalt of the Immortal Court in the vicinity just earlier.

With two Exalts having consecutively died in the same area within a short period of time, it would really have been impossible not to notice this.

Still, with two Exalts having simultaneously perished in the Loathing Square Immortal Realm, there would be a deficiency in peak experts in the vicinity sent there by the Immortal Court.

An Emperor-level expert had been drawn away by Long Xueji and the Immortal Court still needed to clash with the Buddhists. It would not be easy for them to dispatch more experts over within a short period of time.

Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting made use of this chance to flee far away.

As he bore the Peerless Heavenly Scripture, Yan Zhaoge would not leave behind any clues as he slew someone of the Immortal Court, whose peak experts would also be unable to instantly descend and take revenge.

If he was not captured on the spot and there were no eyewitnesses, the other side would have no clues to follow up on.

Yan Zhaoge raised a hand and drew several runes in mid-air which congregated unceasingly, glowing brightly as they resembled an ocean of light.

Beside him, Fu Ting glanced at the ocean of light formed of those runes for a moment before also extending her hand and drawing runes of her own amidst space which fell into that ocean of light, aiding Yan Zhaoge in his efforts.

Yan Zhaoge watched on rather interestedly as he could not help but nod in admiration, “Miss Fu is a rare genius indeed.”

Having been able to understand his actions and even assist him in his efforts, this was not something that could be achieved just with her vast knowledge from her background alone.

People were indeed right in saying that Fu Ting was an all-rounded genius.

The so-called all-rounded genius that most people spoke of was actually boasting, being no different from being equally versed in yet also incompetent at everything.

Fu Ting was an actual all-rounded genius who was proficient in everything.

She said, “Young Master Yan overpraises me. It is you who caused Fu Ting to feel shocked. You could actually really open a passageway connecting the Immortal Court of the external dao and the worlds of our orthodox tradition of Daoism’s Three Clear lineages.”

As the Brocade Emperor’s daughter, she had already long since known of the existence of Buddhism.

She recognised that passing through this ‘wall’ was something that only those who had stepped into the Immortal realm could do.

There were just a few rare exceptions such as in the case of the Western Exalt who cultivated in the Spatial Heavenly Scripture. However, even these were experts of the tenth level of the Martial Saint realm, the Human Exalt stage.

It was truly unheard of, let alone rare to see someone like Yan Zhaoge achieving such a feat with his current cultivation base as he had not used any external treasures to help him as well.

“It is really nothing as compared to the Brocade Emperor and the rest,” Yan Zhaoge smiled, “Your father and them can open a door in the ‘wall’ and pass through at once, travelling between two worlds. As for me, it is a spatial passageway and some days will still be needed to traverse it.”

“The difference in efficiency is worlds apart. Moreover, I have to spend a lot of time opening up the spatial passageway. How can it be as easy and casual as for your father and the rest?”

Fu Ting shook her head, “Still, even that itself is already extremely hard to come by.”

As the two spoke, a massive vortex appeared at the centre of the ocean of light before them.

At the bottom of the vortex, space itself was distorted, emitting unspeakably bright radiance which was even more dazzling than the ocean of light surrounding it.

HSSB 921: Sixth level of the Martial Saint realm, late Seeing Divinity stage

Exchanging glances, Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting both nodded, entering that vortex.

Radiance circulated around them as various chaotic phenomena could unceasingly be seen.

When the radiance finally faded, what appeared before the two of them was yet again the space of endless darkness.

Still, feeling the spiritual qi flow there and observing the circulating of the stars of the universe, Yan Zhaoge knew that they had already successfully returned to the worlds governed by the Three Clear lineages of orthodox Daoism.

While space was chaotic before them with multiple creases and wrinkles, making it difficult for them to move, it was simply a matter of time before they managed to return to the World beyond Worlds.

For Yan Zhaoge with his previous experience of returning from a Buddhist world, it was considerably easier to move about than the last time.

Previously, he had still been a Merging Avatar Martial Saint. Now, he was already a Seeing Divinity Martial Saint and had cultivated in the Immortal Trapping Sword as well, making it much easier for him to traverse the chaotic space of the universe.

“Although not much time passed, having returned from a trip to the lands of the Immortal Court, it feels like a whole lifetime has passed,” Yan Zhaoge smiled.

Fu Ting nodded slightly, “If not for the appearance of the Roving Jade Heavens’ Long Xueji and that remnant treasure of the Dim Radiant Emperor’s that you possess, it would likely have been rather calamitous for us.”

Yan Zhaoge said, “It should be said that it was fortunate for the Exalt of the external dao to have been of Vast Yang Palace’s lineage, his ancestor having been in a conflict with the Dim Radiant Emperor before.”

Fu Ting had a dark expression on her face, “My father once said that the Immortal Artifact left behind by the Dim Radiant Emperor is inauspicious.”

“Still, he was unwilling to reveal the reason for this, just saying that he would only tell me after I had attained the peak of the Martial Saint realm.”

“From the looks of it now, it might be related to the Immortal Court’s external dao.”

Fu Ting turned and looked at Yan Zhaoge, “Just earlier, after leaving the lands of the Immortal Court and returning to our side, I tried thinking of the name of the Immeasurable Heavenly Lord again.”

The smile on Yan Zhaoge’s face vanished as he asked solemnly, “What was the end result?”

Fu Ting exhaled slowly, “That strange, abnormal feeling is still there.”

Yan Zhaoge had a pondering look on his face.

It was certainly impossible that Fu Ting might worship and chant the name of the Immeasurable Heavenly Lord.

The problem was that just thinking about that name, the thought arising in her mind, there already seemed to be something abnormal.

It could also be said that having learnt of the other party’s existence, a formless seed had seemingly been planted within her heart.

Still, this seed had not sprouted.

As for whether or not it would sprout in the future, that was very hard to say.

Relating this to what the Brocade Emperor, the Northeastern Exalt Liu Zhenggu and the Southeastern Exalt Cao Jie had said previously, Yan Zhaoge could not help but wonder if the inauspicious, taboo matter they would not speak of was the existence of the Immortal Court and the Immeasurable Heavenly Lord.

If that was really the case, it was no wonder that they were so cautious regarding this matter.

How was Fu Ting's talent and strength like?

In both the World beyond Worlds and the Roving Jade Heavens, there were only two people Yan Zhaoge had personally seen who would be able to stably defeat her at the same cultivation level.

The Little Sword God, Long Xueji.

His father, Yan Di.

Besides that, amongst the people Yan Zhaoge had interacted with, there was no one else who would be able to easily defeat Fu Ting at the same cultivation level, considering only their cultivation bases.

Fu Ting's strength did not just lie in her talents and powers of comprehension as well as the martial arts that she cultivated in.

Her mentality, will, combat experience, intelligence, powers of observation and adaptability were all very outstanding too.

However, even such a peerless talent had still not been immune to the taboo of the Immortal Court and the Immeasurable Heavenly Lord.

"Young Master Yan, are there any abnormalities when you think about or mention the Immeasurable Heavenly Lord?" Fu Ting frowned, asking.

Yan Zhaoge's heart jolted slightly.

There had really not been anything of the kind for him.

As for the reason, it was probably that he cultivated in the Peerless Heavenly Scripture.

Even though the Faceless Devil Scripture could disrupt Buddha light and treasured light, it still might not be sufficient for a problem like this.

Fu Ting had a vast amount of knowledge. Even if she herself was unclear on it, if she went back and told her father, the Brocade Emperor about it, he too would definitely come to suspect something.

Yan Zhaoge had actually always had some unresolved doubts regarding an unparalleled, ultimate martial art like the Peerless Heavenly Scripture.

Therefore, he had always been hiding the fact that he possessed it.

Hearing Fu Ting's question now, Yan Zhaoge answered, "There is nothing out of the ordinary for me. Perhaps it is related to me cultivating in the Dim Radiant Twelve Arts."

"The Dim Radiant Emperor's Dim Radiant Twelve Arts vaguely contain the phenomenon of the peerless infinity of chaos. I suspect that it is related to this."

"Still..." Yan Zhaoge frowned, "It is also precisely because of this that there may be something hidden within the dim, radiant chaos which is instead difficult for me to detect."

"After all, it is not the Dim Radiant Twelve Arts that I primarily cultivate in."

Hearing his words, Fu Ting nodded lightly, "That does sound possible."

Hearing her answer, Yan Zhaoge was able to grasp some other

meaning from it.

From the looks of it, the Brocade Emperor's lineage of Kunlun Mountain's Ingenious Flying Peak did not possess the Taiyi Fist, that which manifested the phenomenon of Grand Simplicity from the Grand Cosmos Five Manifestations.

Still, thinking of the special characteristics of the Immortal Court and the Immeasurable Heavenly Lord, Yan Zhaoge was rather unable to get his head around this, "Is it because the Immeasurable Heavenly Lord is also of Daoism that there is no similar problem with the Future Buddha and the Buddhists?"

Fu Ting inhaled deeply, saying as she looked at Yan Zhaoge, "Young Master Yan, the matter of the external dao of the Immortal Court is not to be spread lightly. Although you and your sect possess the Dim Radiant Twelve Arts, it is still best not to take any risks."

Yan Zhaoge nodded, "This is only natural."

It was just a pity that it could not be used to set people up. Otherwise, it would really get them good.

Still, from the looks of it, this information would not cause bad luck to immediately befall.

If the other party knew of it, they too would be able to spread the news. It would be very difficult for even those of Broad Creed Mountain themselves to avoid it then.

Under such circumstances, it would still be best for everyone to keep their mouths shut.

Still, it might also be in order to prevent news of the Immortal Court from spreading that the World beyond Worlds had kept even news of Buddhism under wraps.

"If only I could know about this in greater detail," Yan Zhaoge narrowed his eyes slightly.

The lineage of his mother, Xue Chuqing, as well as the destruction of the Dim Radiant Sect seemed definitely related to the Immortal Court.

Yan Zhaoge had some vague ideas about this which still needed to be verified.

As he pondered, his eyes suddenly lit up as he could not help but smile.

Fu Ting looked curiously at him, “What is it, Young Master Yan?”

Yan Zhaoge smiled, “Fortune is shining on me today. Miss Fu, please allow this Yan to go on ahead.”

He did not continue forward as he instead stopped, entering the meditative position.

Seeing the way he was, Fu Ting’s heart jolted abruptly as she seemed to have guessed something, a shocked look appearing in her eyes.

As Yan Zhaoge sat in the meditative position, light radiated from his entire body as his various major acupoints all pulsed simultaneously, resonating with the numerous stars of the actual universe.

Fu Ting now saw a tiny speck of light suddenly appearing on Yan Zhaoge’s neck, illuminated by the starlight that surrounded him.

That speck of light seemed dim as compared to the other acupoints which also resembled stars.

Yet, as soon as this speck of light appeared, the aura of Yan Zhaoge’s entire body surged, rising rapidly as it grew exceptionally powerful!

While Fu Ting herself had yet to reach this stage, how could she not recognise Yan Zhaoge’s current condition?

This was clearly the look of one of his obscure acupoints having

been refined to see Divinity as he successfully ascended to the sixth level of the Martial Saint realm, the late Seeing Divinity stage!

HSSB 922: The upcoming battle between Emperors

Just a moment ago, Yan Zhaoge's Northern Ocean Clone who had been in seclusion at Broad Creed Mountain in the World beyond Worlds had successfully broken through the bottleneck which had been hindering him.

After all his main acupoints resonated with the stars of the actual universe, having seen true Divinity, the Northern Ocean Clone had successfully refined one of his obscure acupoints to see Divinity too.

With this, Yan Zhaoge's Northern Ocean Clone had successfully stepped into the sixth level of the Martial Saint realm, the late Seeing Divinity stage.

Hence stepping into a whole new level.

Even though the connection between Yan Zhaoge and the Northern Ocean Clone in the World beyond Worlds had been weakened greatly as they were separated by countless layers of space, such an advancement in cultivation base was still sensed by Yan Zhaoge himself from this location.

More importantly, at that instant at which the Northern Ocean Clone had advanced, refining that obscure acupoint, Yan Zhaoge had had some comprehensions which aided him greatly in his own cultivation.

Ever since ancient times, although experts refining clones was rather rare, it was still not all that uncommon a thing.

Still, refining a clone with a cultivation base that was even higher than that of one's real body was extremely rare indeed, as rare as the horns of Qilin and the feathers of phoenixes.

Yan Zhaoge was one of those rare cases.

Different people who cultivated in different martial arts would surely have some differences in the paths that they walked. The same applied as well for martial practitioners and their clones.

The experiences of either side would be of worth to the other as they would be able to refer to this. Still, this might instead cause some barriers in knowledge, instead leading to a new obstacle arising.

Still, the accumulation of Yan Zhaoge's real body had just been too abundant.

Yan Zhaoge had not slowed his pace after lighting up starlight and stepping into the fifth level of the Martial Saint realm, the mid Seeing Divinity stage.

He had not allowed himself to grow slack even after that great war in the Royal Reed Sea had ended.

As one of the Earlier Heaven Three Scriptures of the Primordial Heavenly Scriptures, the Cyclic Heavenly Scripture possessed miraculous uses.

Even if one did not consciously circulate their profound arts, strength would still secretly be accumulated amidst their breathing, hence enhancing their cultivation bases all the time.

It would be like one was cultivating at every second, every moment, every instant.

Therefore, as Yan Zhaoge cultivated normally, his accrued accumulation was actually greater than for others.

While he had not seen the Brocade Emperor in the Minor No Hatred dao arena back then, Yan Zhaoge and his father had both not been in a rush at all as they had quietened down to cultivate.

Prior to this, Yan Zhaoge had already refined all his major acupoints to see Divinity, standing at the peak of the fifth level of the Martial Saint realm as he had just been a paper-thin distance away from the sixth level of the Martial Saint realm.

Now, inspired by the Northern Ocean Clone's opening of an obscure acupoint, Yan Zhaoge had then instantly smashed through that final obstacle that stood before him.

Even as the Northern Ocean Clone had advanced into the sixth level of the Martial Saint realm, Yan Zhaoge himself had similarly attained the late Seeing Divinity stage.

Yan Zhaoge had completed his breakthrough in front of Fu Ting without anyone else to guard him.

Fu Ting did not do anything to harm him as she simply stood quietly by the side, helping him to keep vigilant watch over their surroundings.

When Yan Zhaoge ceased in his cultivation, he saw Fu Ting looking over with a look of admiration on her face, "Young Master Yan is a peerless genius. Fu Ting is in admiration."

"It was just a stroke of fortune. Miss Fu overpraises me. I must still thank Miss Fu for helping me to stand watch during my breakthrough," Yan Zhaoge looked at Fu Ting, "If I do not see wrongly, Miss Fu's main acupoints have nearly all been refined to see Divinity as well."

Fu Ting said, "It always gets harder the higher one goes. The closer one is to success, the higher the difficulty instead is."

Yan Zhaoge nodded.

If one divided martial cultivation into different stages, it was generally the starting and ending of each stage that were the most difficult.

With a good start, having gotten on the right track, things would be relatively easier in the middle. Even if time was depleted, it would still mostly be on necessary accumulation which could not be avoided anyway.

With Yan Zhaoge having successfully attained the sixth level of the Martial Saint realm, the late Seeing Divinity stage, the two set

off once more.

With his cultivation base having improved, Yan Zhaoge was even more at ease amidst chaotic spacetime as the road back to the World beyond Worlds was naturally smoother for them.

A number of days passed. Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting both sensed that they were finally gradually nearing the World beyond Worlds.

One fine day, Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting emerged from a chaotic flow of space to find the world before them glowing brightly as it was shockingly a wound of the sky.

After distinguishing the surrounding environment, Yan Zhaoge instantly smiled.

The World beyond Worlds was close at hand.

They had successfully returned.

While they did not know which location in the World beyond Worlds they might end up in, they would finally be able to return.

Still, the wound of the sky before them suddenly shook now.

Then, someone emerged from within, arriving amidst the vast, limitless extradimensional space.

Seeing Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting, this person was involuntarily taken aback.

Looking over, Yan Zhaoge saw that the other party was a black-clothed man who looked around fifty from the outside. He looked upright and honourable with a righteous aura about him.

Seeing Fu Ting, that black-clothed man was rather astonished, “Red Lotus Fu, you are returning to the World beyond Worlds?”

He then gazed towards Yan Zhaoge, hesitating momentarily, “You...could you be Broad Creed Mountain’s Yan Zhaoge?”

Fu Ting recognised the black-clothed man, “So it is Chief Liu of the Jade Mountain Sect.”

She introduced the two of them, “Young Master Yan, this is Chief Liu Xiangtong of the Central Jun Heaven Territory’s Heavenly Hut Mountain’s Jade Mountain Sect.”

“Chief Liu, this is precisely Young Master Yan, Yan Zhaoge.”

Yan Zhaoge smiled, cupping his hands, “Nice to meet you, Chief Liu.”

In the coremost central Jun Heaven Territory of the World beyond Worlds, the place that was most widely known was Kunlun Mountain.

Still, the vast central Jun Heaven Territory still contained other regions besides Kunlun Mountain. The Heavenly Hut Mountain was one of the other powers there.

While Yan Zhaoge had never heard of the Jade Mountain Sect before, he had long heard of the Heavenly Hut Mountain.

This Liu Xiangtong had already ascended the Immortal Bridge as he possessed unordinary might.

Still, from what Yan Zhaoge knew, it was not an easy thing for one to have a stable foothold in the central Jun Heaven Territory.

One either had to be strong enough or possess a powerful backer.

From the looks of it, Jade Mountain Sect’s backer might be Ingenious Flying Peak’s Red Lotus Cliff?

Still, Liu Xiangtong seemed to be very astonished seeing he and Fu Ting about to return to the World beyond Worlds.

Fu Ting detected this as well, “Chief Liu, has something special happened? I was previously out in extradimensional space and was not in contact with the World beyond Worlds for some time. I merely just returned today.”

“It is no wonder then,” Liu Xiangtong said in a heavy tone, “Today is the date of the battle between the Immortal Artifact of the Exalted Fire Luminous of the past Kunlun Nine Luminaries,

Mars Halberd, and the Brocade Emperor. They previously agreed on battling it out in this place today.”

“In order to avoid damaging the World beyond Worlds, they agreed to battle amidst extradimensional space. Many intend to spectate their battle, and I am one of them.”

Hearing his words, Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting exchanged looks.

Liu Xiangtong sighed, “I really had not thought that this Immortal Artifact, Mars Halberd, would actually possess complete self-consciousness as he can virtually be considered an Emperor himself.”

He looked at Fu Ting, “It is said that he wrecked your lineage’s Minor No Hatred dao arena when the Brocade Emperor was away. Afterwards, he also wanted to attack the Southeastern Exalt’s Golden Court Mountain.”

HSSB 923: A shocking genius

Liu Xiangtong did not understand the course of events that had really transpired.

Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting had been present when Mars Halberd had destroyed the Minor No Hatred dao arena that day.

While they had avoided that tribulation, they had mistakenly entered the domain of the Immortal Court as a result.

After destroying the Minor No Hatred dao arena, Mars Halberd had not left as he had stayed and waited for the Brocade Emperor to return.

Still, for some reason, the Brocade Emperor had not returned.

Despite having waited for seven whole days, Mars Halberd had not been able to see the Brocade Emperor.

In the end, other experts of the World beyond Worlds had instead arrived.

While a conflict had not arisen between them, Mars Halberd had not accepted their mediation. He had been adamant on finding the descendants of the Grand Clear lineage who had helped those of the dragon race to seal him back then and bring an end to things.

While Daoist Xuanzhong had died, his descendant, the Brocade Emperor, had surpassed him, turning into Mars Halberd's target instead.

Despite the Brocade Emperor not showing up even after so long, Mars Halberd had not made things difficult for those of Ingenious Flying Peak's lineage.

Instead, he temporarily switched his target to another branch of the Grand Clear direct lineage in the World beyond Worlds.

The southeastern Yang Heaven Territory's Golden Court Mountain.

In the end, the Brocade Emperor had finally shown up when he had arrived at Golden Court Mountain.

While a battle between two Emperors would not destroy the World beyond Worlds, it would still inflict serious damage on the vast lands of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory.

Mars Halberd had not minded leaving the World beyond Worlds and heading to extradimensional space to battle with the Brocade Emperor.

In the end, with the mediation of other experts of the World beyond Worlds, they had arranged a date for their battle.

That was precisely today.

Yan Zhaoge exchanged glances with Fu Ting, both seeing the anxiety in the other's eyes.

With the Brocade Emperor now restricted by Mars Halberd, might the Heaven Emperor make another move on the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory?

He would not have acted lightly when the Brocade Emperor had not appeared previously and he had been uncertain as to where he was.

Without absolute certainty of victory, he would not create unnecessary enmity between them.

Even though Mars Halberd had provocatively waited for seven days at the former site of the Minor No Hatred dao arena, the Brocade Emperor had not appeared with the Heaven Emperor thus unable to ascertain whether he was truly not there.

Perhaps it had been to guard against him that the Brocade Emperor had let Mars Halberd run free?

Only when Mars Halberd had attacked Golden Court Mountain with the Brocade Emperor appearing and a definite date of battle being decided had the Heaven Emperor truly gained a chance to

strike.

This was because the Brocade Emperor would definitely not be in the World beyond Worlds on the day of the decisive battle.

The Chief of the Jade Mountain Sect, Liu Xiangtong, was currently observing Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting.

Seeing the eye contact between Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting, Liu Xiangtong could not help but be taken aback.

Good fella! This Yan Zhaoge was actually so familiar with the daughter of the Brocade Emperor?

Even though the Brocade Emperor was close friends with the Southeastern Exalt and it was also rumoured that the Southeastern Exalt was watching over Yan Zhaoge, this did not mean that Yan Zhaoge would definitely be thought highly of by the Brocade Emperor as well.

Of course, Yan Zhaoge was indeed shockingly talented.

As he looked at Yan Zhaoge now, Liu Xiangtong felt like his heart was going to leap out of his chest.

This was already no longer a matter of shocking talent, instead being terrifyingly too great a genius.

Why did this youngster appear to be of the sixth level of the Martial Saint realm, the late Seeing Divinity stage?

It could not be that he was so old and decrepit that he was simply hallucinating already?

Yet, following actual observation, his actual age seemed to be less than forty?

A late Seeing Divinity Martial Saint who was less than forty years old?!

The world before Liu Xiangtong's eyes went dark as he nearly fainted right there and then.

Despite being younger than Fu Ting, his cultivation base was higher than hers!

What did this entail?

Despite being knowledgeable himself, all Liu Xiangtong could think now was, “Either I have misread his cultivation base or he has concealed his actual age, misleading others...”

However, Liu Xiangtong still felt that even if Yan Zhaoge had falsified his age, his talents were still to be admired greatly.

From this line of thought, it actually seemed not all that difficult to accept how the Brocade Emperor thought highly of him too?

Liu Xiangtong’s gaze fell on Fu Ting as he wondered, “Speaking of this, there have never been any news regarding male partners of this Grand Red Lotus up till now. Could it be that...”

There would naturally not be any jealousy or hatred, but Liu Xiangtong still could not help but sigh as he looked at Yan Zhaoge, “How fortunate indeed. It is said that he bears an Immortal Artifact left behind by the Dim Radiant Emperor, and he has won the favour of the Brocade Emperor and daughter as well. He is outstandingly talented too. He is really going to surge to the heavens in a single go in this World beyond Worlds!”

Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting would not have expected that so many thoughts would actually be circulating in the head of Chief Liu Xiangtong of the eighth level of the Martial Saint realm.

The two were both thinking about the battle between the Brocade Emperor and Mars Halberd and what might come about as a result.

Yan Zhaoge pondered for a bit before cupping his hands towards Liu Xiangtong, “Chief Liu, there is still something that this Yan does not understand. I wonder if Chief Liu knows the reason for this?”

Liu Xiangtong broke out of his reverie, “Ask away, Young Master

Yan.”

Yan Zhaoge asked, “It is understandable why Mars Halberd agreed not to challenge the Brocade Emperor within the World beyond Worlds, instead switching the battlefield to extradimensional space. Yet, why did he also agree to battling on another date instead?”

Having previously asked Liu Xiangtong what date it currently was in the World beyond Worlds, Yan Zhaoge already knew that he and Fu Ting had still spent quite some time finding their way back from the lands of the Immortal Court.

It had been far longer than seven days since their escape from the Minor No Hatred dao arena.

It was seven days after Mars Halberd had not seen the Brocade Emperor back at the Minor No Hatred dao arena that he had travelled to Golden Court Mountain, the Brocade Emperor finally appearing to block him then.

Yet, a month had already passed since then.

Fu Ting asked, “Is Chief Liu aware of which Majesties currently guard the World beyond Worlds?”

Liu Xiangtong nodded towards Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting, “This Liu is not clear on the reason too. Still, Mars Halberd did indeed agree to set the battle on this day.”

“From what I know, the Concealed Sovereign and the Female Emperor are still in the World beyond Worlds at the present moment. Everyone else appears to be absent. Still, this Liu only heard about this from others and dares not be sure.”

The Concealed Sovereign was the most mysterious amongst the Three Sovereigns as he spent most of his time in secluded cultivation.

It was hundreds of years ago when he had made his last known appearance.

A battle between Emperors was rare indeed. Usually, Sovereigns would step out to put a stop to it.

Still, the Concealed Sovereign had never done anything of the sort before.

The Concealed Sovereign did not make an appearance just as usual even with the storm that Mars Halberd had stirred up this time.

As for the Female Emperor, she usually acted on her own, seldom paying attention to the matters of others.

In the battle between Mars Halberd and the Brocade Emperor this time, the Female Emperor had not shown up just like the Concealed Sovereign, also not expressing any opinion on the matter.

Liu Xiangtong said, “The Earthly Sovereign and the Sword Sovereign both seem to be away from the World beyond Worlds. Previously, it was the Encompassing Emperor and the Earth Exalt who came out to mediate with the Brocade Emperor and Mars Halberd, finally arranging to fight another day.”

The Encompassing Emperor, also known as the Dense Encompassing Emperor, was one of the five Emperors alongside the Brocade Emperor and the Female Emperor who had similarly pushed open the door to Immortality many long years ago.

The Earth Exalt was a personal disciple of the Earthly Sovereign, one of the Ten Exalts alongside Cao Jie, Zhuang Shen, Liu Zhenggu and the rest.

The Ten Exalts consisted of the Exalts of the eight cardinal directions as well as the upper and lower.

Still, those of the World beyond Worlds were accustomed to calling the Lower Exalt the ‘Earth Exalt’.

Yan Zhaoge asked, “So, the Encompassing Emperor and the Earth Exalt both left the World beyond Worlds after the date of the battle

was decided upon?"

Liu Xiangtong said, "That's right."

HSSB 924: Earth Exalt

“After deciding the date of the battle, the Encompassing Emperor and the Earth Exalt both left the World beyond Worlds. It seems that the Brocade Emperor too did not return to Kunlun Mountain’s Ingenious Flying Peak.”

Liu Xiangtong said, “Still, the Earth Exalt seems to have returned recently. He is to stand witness in this great battle between the two sides.”

Hearing Liu Xiangtong’s words, Yan Zhaoge was instantly able to relax greatly.

Some major incidents had likely happened outside of the World beyond Worlds amidst the endless extradimensional space, drawing the attention of most of the World beyond Worlds’ peak experts.

Yan Zhaoge who already knew of the existence of the Immortal Court and Buddhism believed that this was likely related to them.

Mars Halberd might be in the know regarding the existence of the Immortal Court and Buddhism too.

After all, he had been in the World beyond Worlds together with the Exalted Fire Luminary that year. He too could be considered as being of the orthodox tradition of the Three Clear lineages, possessing ties with the World beyond Worlds.

Perhaps it was precisely because of this that he had agreed to delaying the battle between himself and the Brocade Emperor.

After arranging the date of the battle, the Brocade Emperor and the Encompassing Emperor had hurried off into extradimensional space.

The situation there seemed considerably tense such that the Brocade Emperor had even delayed his battle with Mars Halberd, first dealing with matters there.

The Concealed Sovereign and the Female Emperor had likely stayed behind to ensure the stability of the World beyond Worlds.

Under such circumstances, since the Female Emperor of the Five Emperors was confirmed to be staying behind, the Heaven Emperor had likely not stayed behind as well as he too should have departed for extradimensional space.

Still, there was no letting down their guard.

With the Brocade Emperor having been freed up to battle Mars Halberd today, who knew if the Heaven Emperor might also return to the World beyond Worlds?

Moreover, no one knew how the battle between the Brocade Emperor and Mars Halberd would end.

Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting exchanged glances, nodding slightly.

Both could understand the significance therein.

Still, as this was seen by Liu Xiangtong, his expression instead involuntarily turned rather strange.

Fu Ting cupped her hands towards Liu Xiangtong, “I only learnt of this matter today. Since I have already learnt of it now, I naturally cannot miss out on it. Could Chief Liu show me the location?”

Liu Xiangtong hurriedly ceased in his thoughts as he said solemnly, “Of course.”

Then, he led the way as Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting both followed after him.

Clashes between Emperor-level experts were truly hard to come by in the World beyond Worlds.

Even if there were conflicts amongst the Emperors and they stood in opposition to one another, there would seldom be times when they truly clashed with one another.

Even if they did, the Three Sovereigns would likely step in and

mediate.

In the case of today's battle, the Three Sovereigns seemed occupied with their own matters and Mars Halberd's situation was also special. That was why the fight was able to proceed as desired.

Yan Zhaoge felt very interested regarding this as well.

Still, for a battle between Emperors, even he would not be able to get close.

While many people had headed here today to spectate the battle, they were all unable to get close in actuality as they just desired to bear witness to this rare spectacle.

If they were the least bit careless and were affected by the aftershocks of the battle, they might die without even knowing what hit them.

"While we cannot approach, just feeling the changes in qi from a distance away as they clash would already be incomparably beneficial for us."

Liu Xiangtong sighed in praise, "We can only hope that the Brocade Emperor and Mars Halberd will not clear out the crowd prior to their battle."

Some experts did not mind others spectating their battles while others might clear out the crowds. This depended on the involved parties' wills.

Fu Ting said nothing as she just followed silently after Liu Xiangtong towards the site of the battle.

After who knew how long, Yan Zhaoge sensed something. Glancing over, he saw a clump of light in the distance amidst the darkness of space.

That clump of light was not bright as it appeared dull and blurry.

It was spherical as it resembled an egg.

A dense, heavy feeling emanated from within as the trio felt as

though they were facing the broad, limitless earth of the World beyond Worlds which was able to bear all things.

Yan Zhaoge's eyes lit up slightly, "Oh, virtually creating an actual world by condensing one's true essence?"

Fu Ting and Liu Xiangtong nodded, "These are the methods of the Earth Exalt."

Of the Ten Exalts of the World beyond Worlds, the likes of the Southeastern Exalt Cao Jie, the Northeastern Exalt Liu Zhenggu and the Southern Exalt Zhuang Shen all guarded over a single individual Territory that corresponded to their direction.

It was the same for the remaining Exalts of the eight cardinal directions as well.

The other two Exalts generally resided within the central Jun Heaven Territory.

The central Jun Heaven Territory was where Kunlun Mountain was located. The Three Sovereigns and Five Emperors all had their own dao arenas there.

While peak level Martial Saints were powerful, they were still merely Exalts of the human realm at the end of the day.

In the central Jun Heaven Territory, they naturally could not reign supreme with their words holding utmost weight like in the other eight Territories.

Still, the Three Sovereigns and Five Emperors were often away from the World beyond Worlds or in secluded cultivation for long periods of time.

Therefore, the experts of the Immortal realm seldom got involved in the usual affairs of the central Jun Heaven Territory.

The remaining Exalt was also elusive and hard to seek out most of the time. Hence, it was actually the Earth Exalt who handled all the affairs in the central Jun Heaven Territory both big and small.

The Earth Exalt was a personal disciple of the Earthly Sovereign as the title he was addressed by was related to the Earthly Sovereign as well.

There were seldom direct confrontations amongst Exalts too.

Still, it had long been said in the World beyond Worlds that Upper and Lower were superior to those of the eight cardinal directions.

Powers and experts that possessed a stable foothold in the central Jun Heaven Territory would never be simple characters.

Still, not only did they have to accept the Earth Exalt's rule, even martial practitioners of the lineages of the Three Sovereigns and Five Emperors in Kunlun Mountain like Fu Ting still had to give the Earth Exalt face when seeing him.

One might actually consider the Earth Exalt to be the Lord of a Territory much like the likes of Cao Jie and Liu Zhenggu.

The Lord of the central Jun Heaven Territory.

The Three Sovereigns and Five Emperors and the Upper Exalt aside, he was able to manage everyone else.

"I am going to meet the Earth Exalt. Will you two be going with me?"

The Earth Exalt was a senior and the witness for this battle. It was only natural that Fu Ting go over to pay respects to him. Still, she would not stay for long.

With the Brocade Emperor about to battle someone else, disciples of Ingenious Flying Peak would surely have come. After meeting the Earth Exalt, Fu Ting would be going to join up with them.

Liu Xiangtong had always been supported by Ingenious Flying Peak in the central Jun Heaven Territory. Still, he would naturally be happy if he could get on the good side of the Earth Exalt. Therefore, he intended to head over to meet him along with Fu

Ting.

Yan Zhaoge did not intend to head over with them.

The central Jun Heaven Territory had been moving to capture Xue Chuqing just like the eastern Vast Heaven Territory.

While he might not be able to notice their relationship as mother and son without knowing about it beforehand, being careful would never be wrong.

Actually, Yan Zhaoge had once wondered if Fu Ting and the descendants of Ingenious Flying Peak had been able to realise something just like Liu Zhenggu and Cao Jie had.

Perhaps they had not. After all, Ingenious Flying Peak had never participated in the operations to capture Xue Chuqing.

What about the Brocade Emperor, though?

Could he have had such considerations in mind in having invited he and his father, Yan Di, to the Minor No Hatred dao arena as guests previously?

Despite having such guesses, Yan Zhaoge's expression was as per usual without any fluctuations whatsoever.

Fu Ting did not make things difficult for him, "Fellow disciples of my Ingenious Flying Peak should already have arrived nearby too. If Young Master Yan is willing, you can first meet up with them."

Yan Zhaoge smiled, "I will be imposing on you again."

As Fu Ting and Liu Xiangtong walked towards that clump of light, Yan Zhaoge turned and headed off in the other direction.

Upon their arrival, the Ingenious Flying Peak experts would also have set up a formation here amidst space like the Earth Exalt had.

Fu Ting had given him a jade talisman which resembled a red lotus whilst also flames that could help guide the way for him when nearby.

After travelling for some time, the world before Yan Zhaoge'e eyes lit up once more.

In the distance, he indeed saw a colossal red lotus which soundlessly blossomed amidst the darkness of space.

Plain-coloured cloud qi wreathed the surroundings of the red lotus.

HSSB 925: Feng Yunsheng's friend

Gazing over from far away, that red lotus already occupied a vast majority of that region of space as its size could only be imagined.

Yan Zhaoge had heard Fu Ting mention before that this was actually Ingenious Flying Peak's Riding Wind Heavenly Vessel.

The Brocade Emperor had refined numerous Unwilting Red Lotuses into a Riding Wind Heavenly Vessel, thus having resulted in its current form.

It was worth mentioning that the rare treasure that Fu Ting was skilled in using, the Red Lotus Tribulation, originated from none other than those Unwilting Red Lotuses.

The Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel could be considered one of the symbols of Ingenious Flying Peak.

As the heavenly vessel had ceased to advance and hovered amidst the endless space of the universe, the pure qi of fire suffused the surrounding area, thereby manifesting the form of a red lotus with the divine vessel hidden within.

Streams of plain-coloured cloud qi wreathed the area, showing that there was an Ingenious Flying Peak expert who was well versed in the Grand Plainness Immeasurable Body aboard that vessel.

Yan Zhaoge kept that jade talisman which resembled a red lotus whilst also flames, walking towards that colossal red lotus in the distance.

Currently, the upcoming battle between the two Emperors was already close at hand.

Quite a few martial practitioners of the World beyond Worlds had gathered in the vicinity to watch the commotion.

From the looks of it, the Brocade Emperor and Mars Halberd had

no intention of clearing away the crowds from this place.

As Yan Zhaoge walked while observing the area, he was unable to identify the backgrounds of most people if they did not make a move.

Still, Yan Zhaoge now sensed that there was someone staring at him.

Looking over in the direction of that gaze, he saw a young, yellow-clothed girl who was currently in the midst of appraising him with wide eyes.

Despite seeing Yan Zhaoge gazing back over, while the girl looked rather awkward, she did not shift her gaze away as she continued looking at him.

A few people stood beside that yellow-clothed girl. They seemed to be the seniors of her lineage.

These people all exuded powerful auras and mighty spirits. They seemed to be no ordinary people.

One of them was a middle-aged man who could not be overlooked despite his ordinary appearance.

At first glance, Yan Zhaoge could virtually already be certain that he was even stronger than Chief Liu of the Jade Mountain Sect whom he had met earlier.

And not just by a little bit too!

That middle-aged man smiled apologetically at Yan Zhaoge before frowning as he glanced back at the yellow-clothed girl beside him, “Do not be rude, Yuluo.”

The yellow-clothed girl shrunk her head back but still did not retract her gaze as she muttered, “It should be that person of Broad Creed Mountain.”

The middle-aged man rebuked her gently, “Even so, you cannot keep staring at him so impolitely.”

“Oh...” The yellow-clothed girl pouted before saying, “Eldest apprentice-uncle, I want to ask him about Big Sister Feng’s matter.”

The middle-aged man said helplessly, “How can you just ask people things out of the blue?”

Yan Zhaoge’s heart jolted as he walked over and smiled, asking, “Is something the matter? Excuse me if I am wrong, but we seem never to have met before.”

“Are you the Solar Luminary Young Master Yan Zhaoge of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory’s Royal Reed Sea’s Broad Creed Mountain?” That middle-aged man now solemnly cupped his hands towards Yan Zhaoge, “We are of the lineage of the northern Profound Heaven Territory’s Cloud Pavilion Mountain’s Profound Remnant Locale.”

Yan Zhaoge blinked.

Northern Profound Heaven Territory’s Cloud Pavilion Mountain’s Profound Remnant Locale.

Yan Zhaoge was not unfamiliar with this name.

It was precisely the lineage of the current Northern Exalt.

“That’s right, I am Yan Zhaoge. Greetings,” Yan Zhaoge cupped his hands and returned a greeting before his gaze fell on that yellow-clothed girl, “I wonder what advice you have for me?”

That middle-aged man forced a smile, introducing himself, “I am Zeng, Zeng Mo. These are my fellow disciples.

He looked at that yellow-clothed girl, “This is my junior apprentice-niece, Guan Yuluo.”

Yan Zhaoge had long since noticed that the Profound Remnant Locale martial practitioners present were all not weak.

The one who led them, Zeng Mo, was an expert of the eighth level of the Martial Saint realm, the mid Immortal Bridge stage.

While Yan Zhaoge had never seen him before, right after he reported his name, Yan Zhaoge recalled that he had once heard Mu Jun, Chen Zhiliang and the others of Golden Court Mountain mentioning it before.

Northern Heaven Qilin, Zeng Mo.

Disciple of the Northern Exalt's lineage at Profound Remnant Locale.

He was one of the foremost figures throughout the entire northern Profound Heaven Territory, acclaimed as a peak expert of the middle generation of the World beyond Worlds alongside Lin Hanhua of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory in the past.

While he looked ordinary on the outside, he was an actual hegemon of a region.

While both were mid Immortal Bridge Martial Saints, Liu Xiangtong would virtually stand no chance of obtaining victory against him at all.

Zeng Mo aside, the other Profound Remnant Locale martial practitioners there were all unordinary as well as even the weakest was already a Seeing Divinity Martial Saint.

The sole exception was that yellow-clothed girl who was not even a Martial Saint, still being a mere Martial Grandmaster.

Such a Martial Grandmaster was incomparably conspicuous as she stood amongst a group of Seeing Divinity Martial Saints.

While so long as their safety was ensured, anyone would be able to spectate this peak clash between Emperors, there would surely be some basic requirements. Martial practitioners whose cultivation bases were too low would not even be able to view their movements, let alone the profundities contained within.

Zeng Mo and the others had adjusted the distance well such that they would not be too close to the battlefield. Thus, they were able to ensure Guan Yuluo's safety.

Still, there was no value in Guan Yuluo viewing this battle at all as she would not get anything out of it whatsoever.

“Still, if she is surnamed Guan...” Seeing that Zeng Mo’s attitude towards Guan Yulou was still rather doting though severe, Yan Zhaoge gradually came to understand things.

The Northern Exalt was surnamed Guan too.

As Yan Zhaoge arrived before her now, Guan Yuluo grew solemn as well as she properly greeted, “Hello, Young Master Yan. Please do not take offense if I was impolite just now.”

“It’s okay,” Yan Zhaoge smiled, “Is something the matter?”

Guan Yuluo said, “It’s like this. I wonder if you have any news on Big Sister Feng, Feng Yunsheng, Young Master Yan?”

Yan Zhaoge asked curiously, “You are acquainted with Yunsheng?”

Hearing how Yan Zhaoge addressed Feng Yunsheng, the hearts of Zeng Mo and the others jolted slightly.

“When I was travelling alone outside some time ago and met with some problems, it was all thanks to Big Sister Feng that I was saved from the crisis,” Guan Yuluo said, “Still, I lost touch with Big Sister Feng again afterwards. I went to your sect to look for her, but she had not returned. I wonder if you have seen her recently, Young Master Yan?”

Yan Zhaoge looked rather interestedly at Guan Yuluo.

Soon after entering secluded cultivation, Feng Yunsheng had successfully broken through that final bottleneck, thereby Transcending Mortality and entering Sainthood to become the third person of their generation after Yan Zhaoge and Xu Fei to attain the Martial Saint realm.

Yan Zhaoge was aware of this because the Northern Ocean Clone had remained at the Mountain.

After Transcending Mortality and entering Sainthood, Feng Yunsheng had ultimately still departed from Broad Creed Mountain, treading onto the path that she wanted to walk.

Still, calculating the time, she should merely have left the Mountain not long ago.

It was unexpected that she had encountered such a matter so soon after leaving.

To protect herself and her sect, Feng Yunsheng would generally not reveal her identity lightly when travelling the outside world.

Yan Zhaoge trusted that Feng Yunsheng could properly grasp how to deal with affairs and what to say to people.

After all, Feng Yunsheng was not some fledgling as she possessed rich experience in navigating the outside world.

The yellow-clothed girl before him, however, knew of Feng Yunsheng's name and origins. This went to show that she had left a very good impression on Feng Yunsheng.

"This Yan was not in the World beyond Worlds prior to this. I've just returned from extradimensional space, having yet to see Yunsheng," Yan Zhaoge answered honestly, "Where did you encounter each other last time?"

HSSB 926: Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel

Hearing that Yan Zhaoge too was unaware of Feng Yunsheng's whereabouts, Guan Yuluo's spirits instantly fell greatly.

"We met each other in a foreign dimension outside of the World beyond Worlds but unfortunately ended up getting separated afterwards."

She looked rather worried.

Yan Zhaoge smiled, "The next time I meet her, I will tell her that a young sis has been missing her all this while."

Hearing his words, Guan Yuluo said happily, "Thank you then, Young Master Yan. If you have time in the future, you are welcome to come to Cloud Remnant Mountain with Big Sister Feng as guests."

Hearing her words, Zeng Mo's expression did not change as he showed no intention of rebutting her.

"We of Broad Creed Mountain have also long heard of the famed name of the Northern Exalt. It would be an honour indeed to visit your Cloud Pavilion Mountain," Yan Zhaoge smiled, nodding.

From what Xiao Ai had said, Xue Chuqing had once been in the Northern Profound Heaven Territory for quite a lengthy period of time.

She had encountered and taken in Xiao Ai someplace in the Northern Profound Heaven Territory.

The northern Profound Heaven Territory had also never given an order to capture Xue Chuqing.

While they had not taken care of her, they had closed one eye and let her be at the very least.

The relationship between the northern Profound Heaven Territory and the northeastern Sky Heaven Territory was

apparently not all that harmonious.

With the likes of border conflicts and competition over resources and talents, neighbouring Territories generally did not have good relationships. This was really to be expected.

Still, the Northern Exalt and the Northeastern Exalt seemed to share the same stance regarding the handling of Xue Chuqing's matter.

After Yan Zhaoge had greeted Zeng Mo and co, they then walked to the distant Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel together.

The Northern Exalt's lineage of Cloud Pavilion Mountain's Profound Remnant Locale had no special ties with the Brocade Emperor's lineage of Ingenious Flying Peak's Red Lotus Cliff.

Still, having come to witness such a grand affair, propriety dictated that they go over to greet those of Ingenious Flying Peak.

As they walked, Zeng Mo and the others were actually also observing Yan Zhaoge.

While Yan Zhaoge was not deliberately flaunting his cultivation base, he was not concealing it too.

With the cultivation bases of Zeng Mo and the rest, they could all tell just how remarkable he was.

Therefore, every one of them faced what Chief Liu Xiangtong of the Jade Mountain Sect had earlier.

It was not astonishment. Instead, it was more like receiving a fright.

While Guan Yuluo was unable to see through Yan Zhaoge's cultivation base, after being informed of it via sound transmission by Zeng Mo and the others in secret, her eyes instantly grew wide in shock.

A Profound Remnant Locale martial practitioner hesitated for a moment yet ultimately still asked in the end, "Eldest apprentice-

brother, could his age be..."

There had also been martial practitioners in history who had falsified their ages using unique methods, misleading others and attaining false fame.

While it was rare, it was not unheard of.

"Even if it is falsified, I cannot see through how he is doing it, at least," Zeng Mo said mildly.

That Profound Remnant Locale disciple nodded silently.

Even if it was fake, it was still capability itself to have fooled Zeng Mo's eyes and not to be underestimated at all.

If it was not fake, one could really only sigh in mediocrity.

Zeng Mo said, "Instead, it is just unexpected that this Young Master Yan has close ties with Ingenious Flying Peak. While it is said that the Southeastern Exalt admires him greatly, the Southeastern Exalt is the Southeastern Exalt and the Brocade Emperor the Brocade Emperor at the end of the day."

His fellow disciple muttered, "If it really is like what he said and that talisman was bestowed by that Red Lotus Fu, could it be that..."

Zeng Mo shook his head, "We cannot say."

Someone else asked via sound transmission, "Eldest apprentice-brother, do you think the Immortal Artifact left behind by the Dim Radiant Emperor then really landed in the hands of this young man?"

Zeng Mo said, "It is rumoured that there was an expert of the ninth level of the Martial Saint realm in the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory, the Star Plucking Practitioner, who died at Broad Creed Mountain. I believe that the rumoured Immortal Artifact should be real."

The other party drew back the corners of his lips at this, his

expression a bit unnatural.

Speaking of this, while Guan Lide was unrelated to the Northern Exalt, they shared the same surname as many of the World beyond Worlds even suspected that they might share a connection.

That person muttered to himself, “In that case, that Immortal Artifact should still be at Broad Creed Mountain rather than being brought around by Yan Zhaoge as he traverses the world?”

Zeng Mo glanced at him, “What are you thinking?”

The other party was silent for a moment before he said, “Master has a strict decree that disciples of Profound Remnant Locale are not to get involved in the matter of the Dim Radiant Emperor’s relic.”

“Of course I remember this. Still, eldest apprentice-brother, that is an actual Immortal Artifact...”

Zeng Mo was not angered as he just asked calmly, “Such a strict decree for us to remain uninvolved with a certain treasure-how many times have Master given these?”

Hearing his words, a thoughtful look appeared on the face of that Profound Remnant Locale disciple.

The answer was very few times indeed.

Still, it was precisely this that demonstrated the severity of the matter.

The Profound Remnant Locale disciples all stopped speaking as they silently followed Zeng Mo.

Yan Zhaoge accompanied them as well as they soon arrived in the vicinity of that red lotus.

As they approached, they were able to sense the colossal size of that red lotus which was completely crimson, boundless and without end as it resembled a sea of flames.

That red lotus blossomed, each massive petal seemingly

engulfing space.

Some people were already gathered in groups of two and threes on its petals.

Yan Zhaoge knew them to be from powers which were friendly with Ingenious Flying Peak that were also of sufficient standing to be standing there.

At the centre of the red lotus, a white stream of qi and a black stream of qi circulated, resembling the stamen and pistil of the flower.

As the black and white qi circulated, they formed a Taiji diagram whose centre supported a huge divine vessel.

From the outside, it looked at least fifty percent larger than usual Riding Wind Heavenly Vessels.

As Yan Zhaoge walked towards the Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel, he saw a familiar face along the way, this being Mu Jun of the Southeastern Exalt's lineage at Golden Court Mountain.

After exchanging greetings with Mu Jun, Zeng Mo's group bid Yan Zhaoge farewell and continued walking towards the Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel.

Yan Zhaoge remained there and began chatting with Mu Jun.

“Something serious seems to have happened in extradimensional space with the Brocade Emperor and the Heaven Emperor both having hurried there earlier,” Mu Jun said, “The Heaven Emperor has still yet to return, so there is no need to worry about him. If not for this battle with Mars Halberd, the Brocade Emperor too would not have the time to return.”

Yan Zhaoge observed their surroundings, “With such a grand event occurring, no Exalts have come?”

Mu Jun said, “Besides that Upper Exalt whose movements are drifting and untraceable, Master and the other Exalts generally

have to remain in the World beyond Worlds. It was to officiate things that the Earth Exalt came this time.”

Yan Zhaoge asked curiously, “With the relationship between the Southeastern Exalt and the Brocade Emperor, why are you here on the red lotus and not up on the vessel, Senior Brother Mu?”

“Ha, do not laugh, but while the relationship between the Brocade Emperor and my Master is great, the one currently presiding over the Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel is the little apprentice-sister of the Brocade Emperor, the Grand Plainness Origin Lady Tao Yu.”

Mu Jun was upfront with Yan Zhaoge as he said frankly, “Her relationship with Master is not good and her seniority is high too. I will not be going there to find trouble for myself.”

The flames of gossip were instantly ignited in Yan Zhaoge’s heart, “Oh?”

Seeing his expression, Mu Jun instantly curled his lips, “Master just once had a conflict with her. If one really wants to speak of this, it is said that she and the Brocade Emperor once seemed to...”

“Still, I am not so certain,” Mu Jun said, glancing at Yan Zhaoge, “I would advise you not to go up there. You are closer with Junior Sister Fu, Fu Ting, and the relationship between the Grand Plainness Origin Lady and Junior Sister Fu is rumoured to be somewhat disharmonious.”

HSSB 927: Nongli Mountain, West Peak of Daoism

Yan Zhaoge stroked his lower chin, “The Grand Plainness Origin Lady is still a senior, after all. It can’t be that she would take it out on us?”

He had interacted with Ingenious Flying Peak disciples before, Fu Ting included, and none of them appeared to be very overbearing.

Mu Jun glanced at the massive vessel at the centre of the red lotus where the Taiji diagram was, “Rumour has it that back when the Grand Plainness Origin Lady was young, she was already habitually arrogant then. Her relationship with the Brocade Emperor is difficult to tell.”

“Still, it is a definite thing that her relationship with my Master is very terrible.”

Mu Jun smiled wryly, “You are close with our lineage and Junior Sister Fu too. She may very well take her unhappiness out on you.”

Many people felt that experts should be magnanimous or something would otherwise be the matter with their personality.

In truth, however, there was no absolute relation here at all.

While some peak experts did appear outwardly magnanimous, they took revenge for all perceived slights. There were quite a few who were very eccentric too.

The most common situation was doing whatever they felt to be comfortable while never allowing themselves to feel stifled.

If they were happy to be magnanimous and empathise with others, they would. Otherwise, just exterminating their entire lineages was simply a minor matter.

What bystanders saw was usually just one side of things.

Yan Zhaoge was able to accept this fact very well.

He had a similar senior apprentice-aunt in Broad Creed Mountain, Fu Enshu.

She was only left with the admiration and praise of a senior towards him now.

However, even till now, she was still just unable to let go of Xue Chuqing's matter.

While she might never have mentioned it, Yan Zhaoge knew that Fu Enshu was very concerned with Xue Chuqing's issue as she was no less concerned with it than he and his father Yan Di.

“Since I have already come, according to propriety, I should head over and greet her,” Yan Zhaoge smiled, “With the Brocade Emperor about to battle Mars Halberd, this Grand Plainness Origin Lady wouldn’t choose such a time to set a fire in his backyard, right?”

Mu Jun thought about this before saying, “It is okay if you go up there alone now. Otherwise, if Junior Sister Fu comes and the two of you go together, Senior Tao would be more likely to make things difficult for you.”

“Whatever the case, the Brocade Emperor once personally invited you and your father to his Minor No Hatred dao arena as guests.”

Yan Zhaoge shrugged, “Wait here, Mister Mu. This Yan will be right back.”

With that, he strode towards the Riding Wind Heavenly Vessel.

As he approached the Taiji diagram, a streak of light descended, sending some people off the vessel.

Gazing over from the distance, Yan Zhaoge saw that amongst them were Zeng Mo, Guan Yuluo and the others who had gone over earlier.

Besides they of the northern Profound Heaven Territory's Profound Remnant Locale, another group of people had just descended the vessel too.

Still, Guan Yuluo seemed to be arguing about something with these people.

Yan Zhaoge could hear someone saying, "That Yan Zhaoge probably just obtained a few treasures by some stroke of fortune, thus reaching where he is today. Miss Guan's words really overstate things."

Guan Yuluo halted, asking unhappily, "Senior Brothers of Nongli Mountain, aren't you the ones who are veering off track?"

"If the Solar Luminary Young Master lacks actual capabilities, why would he be thought of highly by the Brocade Emperor and the Southeastern Exalt?"

Nongli Mountain, the West Peak of Daoism of legend long before the descent of the Great Calamity.

It had been acclaimed as one of the Five Peaks of Daoism alongside Centre Peak, Kunlun Mountain and East Peak, Broad Creed Mountain.

Following the Great Calamity, someone had assumed this name in the World beyond Worlds when re-establishing their lineage.

The western Turtle Heaven Territory's Nongli Mountain was where the Western Exalt's dao arena was located.

Hearing Guan Yuluo's rebuttal, that Nongli Mountain martial practitioner was neither panicked nor flustered, "Whatever the Brocade Emperor thinks of him is another matter. As for the Southeastern Exalt, it should probably be because of the Extreme Yang Seal and the Extreme Yin Crown as he does so to give face to the Exalted Solar Luminary and the Exalted Lunar Luminary, right?"

That person shook his head, "Still, isn't it similarly uncertain if

these two bigwigs are related to that Yan Zhaoge?”

“These two bigwigs of legend already haven’t made an appearance for over a thousand years now.”

“The so-called Solar Luminary Young Master title was similarly just given by some random people. How can you take it as truth?”

Seeing Guan Yuluo’s dissatisfied look, the other party smiled, “Other things aside, even the Southeastern Exalt has never admitted to and confirmed the veracity of this title, right?”

“Please be careful with your words, Miss Guan, lest someone misunderstands it to be what the Northern Exalt believes. Even the Northern Exalt has probably never ever said so before, right?”

Guan Yuluo sucked in a breath.

It was indeed true that her grandfather, the Northern Exalt, had never ever admitted Yan Zhaoge’s title of the Solar Luminary Young Master to be true before.

She snorted, “You have also never seen Mister Yan in person before. These are all your baseless speculations.”

Guan Yuluo had no special ties with Yan Zhaoge, merely having met him once before. Still, since he was from the same sect as Feng Yunsheng, she unconsciously ended up defending him without even thinking about it.

“A late Seeing Divinity Martial Saint before the age of forty-how many from ancient times till now have achieved this?”

Hearing her words, the Nongli Mountain martial practitioners all broke out laughing, “Even faster than Ingenious Flying Peak’s Grand Red Lotus Fu Ting? He would definitely have falsified his age.”

Guan Yuluo looked at Zeng Mo, “Eldest apprentice-uncle, there was no problem with Mister Yan’s age, right?”

Zeng Mo shook his head slightly, saying in an indifferent tone,

“There wasn’t one that I could tell, at least.”

Those Nongli Mountain martial practitioners all stopped laughing.

They could not easily doubt the words of Zeng Mo of the eighth level of the Martial Saint realm who had long accomplished his fame.

Still, one of them soon enquired, “You have probably never personally exchanged moves with him before, right, North Heaven Zeng?”

Zeng Mo said frankly, “A chance meeting of those who seek the dao. We naturally never clashed.”

That Nongli Mountain martial practitioner clapped, “Naturally! This Yan Zhaoge and his sect were able to stir up some disturbances completely based on external objects. Could it be that he possesses some sinister, unorthodox means that he has been concealing himself with?”

“How could a small lineage from a lower world produce such figures that shock the heavens? Even if he is truly outstandingly talented, it would still have been wasted to that lower world environment.”

“They have come to the World beyond Worlds with many treasures. In order to attain stability, they can only bluster and feign competence.”

“First was falsely using the name of the East Peak of Daoism, next going around with make-believe and swindling people. All of it has just been for that same goal.”

This Nongli Mountain martial practitioner chuckled, “It was fortunate that they did this. Otherwise, how would they have been able to successfully obtain Golden Court Mountain’s trust? How would they have managed to stir up so many disturbances in the World beyond Worlds?”

Guan Yuluo said angrily, “Is your sect unhappy that Broad Creed Mountain also originates from the names of the Five Peaks of Daoism of pre-Great Calamity times?”

Hearing her words, the Nongli Mountain martial practitioner was not enraged as he instead smiled, “This is only natural, isn’t it? Who would be willing to be acclaimed alongside the likes of they who draw on a false reputation? They do not even possess an Immortal Bridge Martial Saint, so how are they qualified?”

Zeng Mo soundlessly glanced at the other party.

From his knowledge, it was probably not just because of this.

The relationship between the Western Exalt and the Southeastern Exalt was really terrible.

Also, although his relationship with the Brocade Emperor was not bad, the Western Exalt and the Heaven Emperor were on great terms too as they often interacted with each other.

Guan Yuluo said, “The Star Plucking Practitioner of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory, a ninth level Martial Saint, perished right at the foot of Broad Creed Mountain.”

“This was simply based on external treasures,” That Nongli Mountain martial practitioner said mildly, “Still, their methods would not work against Human Exalts.”

As their conversation drifted into Yan Zhaoge’s ears, he chuckled, walking over neither hurriedly nor slowly.

HSSB 928: Losing before even seeing him

Seeing Guan Yuluo verbally sparring with disciples of the Western Exalt's lineage, Zeng Mo would not often interject.

There were no tensions between his Cloud Pavilion Mountain's Profound Remnant Locale and Nongli Mountain as things were generally peaceful between them.

They had no special ties with the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory's Golden Court Mountain too.

Guan Yuluo was speaking for them likely because Feng Yunsheng hailed from Broad Creed Mountain.

With her young age and her low seniority, while she was the Northern Exalt's granddaughter, it was really no matter if some things were said by her.

Zeng Mo himself, however, could not casually say anything on the other side's behalf.

The Northern Exalt usually remained in the World beyond Worlds' Profound Heaven Territory, seldom leaving the area.

In having come over to spectate the battle between the Brocade Emperor and Mars Halberd this time, Zeng Mo also represented the Northern Exalt to some extent as he naturally had to take note of his words and actions.

He had merely met Yan Zhaoge once before and exchanged a few simple words with him. He could definitely not claim to possess a deep understanding of him.

Still, Zeng Mo felt that this youth was not someone who deceived others and drew on false fame.

With Nongli Mountain's martial practitioners insulting Yan Zhaoge and Broad Creed Mountain now, it was not only because they felt stifled about a sect from the lower world sharing a name

with the same esteemed origin as theirs.

At the same time, it was also because they were opposed to the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory.

When the Southeastern Exalt Cao Jie and the Southern Exalt Zhuang Shen had clashed earlier, the Western Exalt had just happened to be in the midst of secluded cultivation.

Recently, the Western Exalt had emerged from seclusion. Never having been on good terms with the Southeastern Exalt, he probably had some intentions of joining forces with the Southern Exalt.

The Western Exalt was on pretty good terms with the Brocade Emperor. The Brocade Emperor would either mediate or help neither side if a conflict arose between him and the Southeastern Exalt, Cao Jie.

With the Heaven Emperor drawing the attention of the Brocade Emperor and the Western Exalt teaming up with the Southern Exalt, things would not be so optimistic for the Southeastern Exalt.

As Broad Creed Mountain was very close with Golden Court Mountain, they were naturally even more of a thorn in Nongli Mountain's eyes.

Zeng Mo shook his head slightly. Suddenly, his heart jolted.

He was the one with the highest cultivation base of everyone present.

Therefore, he was the first to notice anything. Gazing to the side, he saw the white-clothed, blue-robed Yan Zhaoge whose eyes were like bright stars walking over towards them neither hurriedly nor slowly.

Yan Zhaoge looked relaxed as there was even an imperceptible hint of a smile at the corners of his mouth.

Seeing Zeng Mo gazing over, Yan Zhaoge smiled and nodded in

acknowledgement.

Still, seeing that smile, Zeng Mo realised, “He heard all of it...”

Yan Zhaoge leisurely scanned the crowd, his gaze shifting from Zeng Mo to someone else.

This was a young woman who looked around twenty-eight from the outside. She was neither beautiful nor ugly but had a refined air about her as no one would think her to be just ordinary.

From her attire, she too seemed to be an Ingenious Flying Peak disciple.

It was just that there seemed to be some minor discrepancies with the attire of Fu Ting and the rest whom Yan Zhaoge had previously seen.

Yan Zhaoge pondered, “She is not of Red Lotus Cliff. She is a descendant of another cave manor of Ingenious Flying Peak.”

The Brocade Emperor was the Lord of Ingenious Flying Peak. It was just that it was Red Lotus Cliff that was his official dao arena and cave manor as Fu Ting and the rest could all be considered as being of his direct lineage.

Besides Red Lotus Cliff, Ingenious Flying Peak had other cave manors as well, established by the Grand Plainness Origin Lady Tao Yu and some others.

All these people were ultimately descended from Daoist Xuanzhong, being of the Grand Clear direct lineage.

Still, to outsiders, they of Ingenious Flying Peak all hailed from the Brocade Emperor’s lineage.

After all, the distance between the mortal and Immortal realms was great indeed. After attaining the Immortal realm, many things would no longer be the same.

There were only some internal divisions amongst them. Still, they were not strict as they were simply taught by different

masters.

This young woman was a personal disciple of the Grand Plainness Origin Lady.

The relationship between Nongli Mountain and Ingenious Flying Peak was not bad, especially for the Grand Plainness Origin Lady Tao Yu who had been bosom friends with the wife of the Western Exalt since young.

Therefore, after the Nongli Mountain martial practitioners had given Tao Yu their greetings, Tao Yu had dispatched a disciple to see them off the vessel.

Zeng Mo understood this situation. Therefore, he could not help but frown as he saw Yan Zhaoge.

While he had not interacted much with Yan Zhaoge before, he could vaguely sense that this was a domineering person.

Martial practitioners generally possessed tough, unflinching personalities.

This was especially so for a youngster like Yan Zhaoge who had achieved his fame at a young age. He should be hot-blooded and full of himself at this point in time.

While he never deliberately showed off his cultivation base, he never seemed to conceal it too. He was clearly not someone who usually kept a low profile.

With martial practitioners of Nongli Mountain mocking him, he would likely retaliate on the spot.

The matter of Yan Zhaoge killing a disciple of the Southern Exalt, Zhuang Shen, had already long since spread throughout the World beyond Worlds.

When his Grand Master, Broad Creed Mountain's former Chief Yuan Zhengfeng, had been resisting the southern Blazing Heaven Territory with the Southeastern Swordmistress and the rest, he

too had slain numerous martial practitioners from their side.

While these Nongli Mountain martial practitioners were of the Western Exalt's lineage, Yan Zhaoge would not tolerate them shooting off their mouths.

The problem was that they were currently in Ingenious Flying Peak's territory.

It could even be said that they were in the territory of the Grand Plainness Origin Lady, Tao Yu.

If he as a descendant of the Northern Exalt's lineage were to clash with Nongli Mountain here, Tao Yu would likely help those of Nongli Mountain.

First not mentioning how Tao Yu was a late Immortal Bridge Martial Saint, she also had a unique relationship with the Brocade Emperor. If Yan Zhaoge were to offend her here, the consequences would not be good at all.

While it was said that the Star Plucking Practitioner Guan Lide had died at Broad Creed Mountain, it was difficult to say how exactly he had been killed.

Yan Zhaoge was currently travelling alone outside, having no one to help him at all.

Moreover, while both were late Immortal Bridge Martial Saints, Tao Yu was stronger than Guan Lide.

Also, Tao Yu was similarly not a calm, reserved person.

Even throughout the entire World beyond Worlds, this Grand Plainness Origin Lady was renowned for being arrogant and overbearing.

"These people of Nongli Mountain are also all Seeing Divinity Martial Saints, not lacking late Seeing Divinity Martial Saints as well," Zeng Mo thought, "Even if this Yan Zhaoge possesses extraordinary might, if he were to make a move here, offending

the Grand Plainness Origin Lady, he would surely end up suffering a loss.”

Zeng Mo glanced at Guan Yuluo, sighing inwardly, “Forget it, let me try to see if I can help him out...”

That female disciple of Ingenious Flying Peak had similarly not interjected in the argument between Guan Yuluo and the Nongli Mountain martial practitioners.

Still, upon noticing the abnormalities in Zeng Mo, she gazed over in the same direction as him.

Those who were arguing seemed to have sensed something as well as they all looked over.

Still, before they could see anything, the world before their eyes suddenly turned dark.

Tranquil, soundless black light instantly expanded, enveloping the surrounding area as it was like night had suddenly descended without any prior warning whatsoever.

Enveloped by the darkness of night, all was silent and still.

Yan Zhaoge leisurely walked out from within.

Zeng Mo’s pupils retracted abruptly as he scanned the surrounding area.

Those Nongli Mountain disciples seemed to have completely lost all their senses at this moment. While they were all staring wide-eyed, there was no life in their eyes as they resembled wooden puppets, their bodies just stiffly rooted to the spot as they moved not an inch.

Yet, those of Profound Remnant Locale who were standing in very close proximity to them, Guan Yuluo who was merely a Martial Grandmaster included, were not affected by this at all as they just seemed at a bit of a loss.

That Ingenious Flying Peak disciple was momentarily taken

aback before a shocked look appeared on her face, “You...”

Yan Zhaoge did not even look at those Nongli Mountain martial practitioners as he smiled nonchalantly, “I am Yan, Yan Zhaoge. I have come to spectate the battle between the Brocade Emperor and Mars Halberd. Having come here now, I have specially come to give greetings to the Grand Plainness Origin Lady. Please do not take offense if I have been impolite in any way.”

HSSB 929: The arrogant, overbearing Yan Zhaoge

“Is it the Thunder of Eternal Night?”

The knowledgeable Zeng Mo who had great discernment abilities quickly realised the origins of the darkness before him.

The Thunder of Eternal Light would birth boundless darkness, resembling the descent of eternal night as the sensory abilities and thoughts of one’s opponents would hence be suppressed.

It was not its destructive power that made it so tricky to deal with.

After the power of the thunder light had reached a certain degree, those who had been enveloped by the Thunder of Eternal Night would enter an unthinking, unseeing, unhearing, unfeeling state, as if they had entered a deep slumber.

At this point, they would naturally be sitting ducks for their enemies.

This was the true power and profundity of the Thunder of Eternal Night of the Nine Immortal Heavenly Thunders.

Still, this had a direct relation with the cultivation bases of the user and the targets.

Zeng Mo would never have imagined that utilising the Thunder of Eternal Night, Yan Zhaoge would be able to cause Seeing Divinity Martial Saints just like him to descend into a helpless state of deep slumber.

Also, it was not just one or two of them, but a whole bunch of them!

Zeng Mo felt more shocked by how Yan Zhaoge had executed the thunder art, manifesting boundless darkness to envelop the surrounding area, without even affecting them martial

practitioners of the northern Profound Heaven Territory's Profound Remnant Locale at all. Only Nongli Mountain martial practitioners had been affected by his unleashed Thunder of Eternal Night.

That Guan Yuluo who was a Martial Grandmaster had also not been affected similarly showed just how effortless this was for Yan Zhaoge who had grasped this precisely with much room to spare.

The stronger a martial practitioner was, the more powerful the Thunder of Eternal Night they unleashed would be.

Yan Zhaoge was able to achieve things to this extent. How powerful must he be then?

Zeng Mo was actually unable to ascertain this right now. Still, it was definite that he far surpassed ordinary Seeing Divinity Martial Saints!

"Well worthy of his reputation," Zeng Mo praised inwardly, but did not relax, "Still, this is right in front of the Grand Plainness Origin Lady's face..."

As they were all just right in front of the Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel, none of this would have been overlooked by Tao Yu of the ninth level of the Martial Saint realm.

Indeed, a cold snort resounded from the vessel.

Streams of plain-coloured cloud qi arose in their surroundings.

Where the cloud qi passed, it was not devoured by the darkness as it instead seemed to be assimilating with it, causing the pitch black darkness to become impure.

Blurry scenes were actually formed amidst the dark night.

The next moment, however, all-encompassing radiance lit up outside of the darkness, brightness enveloping the darkness. Still, the darkness remained unaffected as the sunlight was like a screen, covering the darkness from up above.

Illuminated by the sunlight, the plain-coloured cloud qi was instead left unable to encroach on the darkness.

“Extreme Yang Seal?” The cold voice of a woman resounded from the Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel, “Even if I do not use high-grade Sacred Artifacts, you still would not be able to stop me.”

The massive Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel that had originally been hovering amidst space suddenly shook.

Around the huge vessel, it was like a red lotus had blossomed as light like the blooming of flames instantly rippled.

That colossal red lotus amidst space seemed to shake with the wind at this moment.

The other martial practitioners atop the petals of the red lotus all looked on in puzzlement at the centre of the lotus.

The Taiji diagram where the Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel was flew upwards, locking the Extreme Yang Seal in place.

Having been modified by the Brocade Emperor, this divine vessel was much more powerful than the typical Riding Wind Heavenly Vessel.

It could be considered a formidable weapon in itself.

While the Extreme Yang Seal was powerful, with Yan Zhaoge still having yet to attain the Immortal Bridge stage, he was unable to exert its full power.

The Taiji diagram formed of the twin qis of black and white did not forcibly clash with the Extreme Yang Seal as it simply tied down its movements, preventing it from descending for the time being.

This short span of time was already sufficient for the person aboard the heavenly vessel to attack.

Without any prior warning whatsoever, a palm traversed the darkness, arriving before Yan Zhaoge!

Yan Zhaoge's expression did not change as he simply raised a huge axe of white jade, hacking down towards that slender jade-like hand which seemed frail yet was terrifying in actuality.

The clash between the two sides virtually seemed about to rip apart the darkness that enveloped everyone.

Yet, Yan Zhaoge lightly tapped out with a finger of his other hand.

Beneath the effects of the Yin Yang Finger, while some wild tides surged unceasingly amidst the darkness, it had attained a miraculous equilibrium.

The dark night formed of the thunder light of the Thunder of Eternal Night remained unbroken.

Zeng Mo and the others were all shocked as they watched this.

Besides the Extreme Yang Seal, Yan Zhaoge actually had another high-grade Sacred Artifact as well.

That aside, what really was important was this: As a late Seeing Divinity Martial Saint, Yan Zhaoge had actually forcibly clashed with Tao Yu who was of the late Immortal Bridge stage?

Even with a high-grade Sacred Artifact in hand, Yan Zhaoge who had not ascended the Immortal Bridge would not be able to draw on the full power of the Heaven Earth Reversing Axe.

Yet, Tao Yu herself was no ordinary late Immortal Bridge Martial Saint expert.

At least, while Zeng Mo was confident of challenging many ninth level Martial Saints, he was less confident of such against Tao Yu.

With two evenly-matched experts exchanging blows, unless both sides had intentionally restricted their strength, they would surely be unable to take care of other things in their surroundings.

Tao Yu would not have helped Yan Zhaoge to prevent the darkness from being broken.

She had been seeking to shatter the Thunder of Eternal Light in the first place.

Yet, her attack had been dissipated into nothingness by Yan Zhaoge!

“While I do not like being maligned behind my back, I never had any intentions of making things difficult for people of this level in the first place,” Yan Zhaoge chuckled, “From the actions of the Grand Plainness Origin Lady, however, I seem to have acted inappropriately?”

Guan Yuluo too reacted now as she hurriedly said, “Calm down, Mister Yan!”

While she leaned towards Broad Creed Mountain and Yan Zhaoge, Guan Yuluo did not wish for Yan Zhaoge to blindly make a move and anger Tao Yu now.

Hearing Yan Zhaoge say this, she involuntarily heaved a sigh of relief.

Who knew that Yan Zhaoge would say in a casual manner following that, “If only simply slaughtering them all would be more in line with the Grand Plainness Origin Lady’s wishes, I would not mind this.”

Guan Yuluo stared wide-eyed as she heard this as even Zeng Mo stopped breathing for a moment.

Everyone knew that the Grand Plainness Origin Lady Tao Yu was famed for how arrogant and overbearing she was.

Still, with Yan Zhaoge here, it was like she had met her match.

Everyone was just completely shocked now.

It was true that those Nongli Mountain disciples were all still alive.

Enveloped by the Thunder of Eternal Night, the dark night had only robbed them of their senses and thoughts, not being harmful

at all.

Yan Zhaoge had also not attacked all these Nongli Mountain disciples who were seemingly in a deep slumber.

Still, when thunder light that ripped apart the dark night lit up, these thunderbolts would reap lives.

It could be said that the lives of these Nongli Mountain martial practitioners were all in Yan Zhaoge's hands now!

That Ingenious Flying Peak disciple's expression turned solemn.

So many Seeing Divinity Martial Saints had not only been defeated by Yan Zhaoge in an instant. Even their lives were also no longer theirs to decide.

She too was a late Seeing Divinity Martial Saint.

Being of the Grand Clear direct lineage under Ingenious Flying Peak, she was stronger than everyone else present at the same cultivation level with the sole exception of Zeng Mo.

Yet, if Yan Zhaoge had also acted against her alongside the martial practitioners of Nongli Mountain, would she have been able to withstand it?

Just thinking about this, she felt that the palm of her hand was already drenched in cold sweat.

Yan Zhaoge's expression was relaxed as he seemed not to have realised at all just how stunning a feat it was which he had just achieved.

With one hand grasping the Heaven Earth Reversing Axe, he looked towards the Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel, smiling neither hurriedly nor slowly, "The Grand Plainness Origin Lady probably finds them to have besmirched the reputation of the Western Exalt?"

"Since that is so, why not let this Yan assist you and help the Western Exalt in clearing away all these incompetent disciples?"

They were enemies anyway, being allies of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory who were going to make trouble on purpose.

Yan Zhaoge smiled, “You can rest assured, Grand Plainness Origin Lady. I will not dirty up your place. This will not affect the grand upcoming battle between the two Emperors.”

That Ingenious Flying Peak disciple had a strange expression on her face.

What Yan Zhaoge was saying sounded like he was helping the Grand Plainness Origin Lady to take care of her problems, while the Grand Plainness Origin Lady was feeling worried on his behalf and wanted to help protect him from the Western Exalt.

How shameless would one have to be to say something like this?

HSSB 930: Nongli Mountain loses all face

The woman's voice resounded from atop the Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel, "Are you threatening me?"

Yan Zhaoge said mildly, "You must be joking, Origin Lady. While this Yan is untalented, I have no intention of quibbling with the likes of people of this level."

"The Brocade Emperor has treated this Yan well, and this Yan has always remembered it. With his great battle against Mars Halberd right around the corner, it would not be pretty if something were to happen now."

"Having met some incompetents who think excessively highly of themselves, I did this to prevent any troubling incidents from occurring in the future. It seems that I might have caused the Origin lady to misunderstand?"

"Still, it is true when I say that I do not care if they live or die."

Zeng Mo and the other Profound Remnant Locale martial practitioners as well as that disciple of Ingenious Flying Peak all exchanged looks, feeling utterly lost for words.

No intention of quibbling with the likes of people of this level...

Incompetents who think excessively highly of themselves...

Not caring if they lived or died...

These people that Yan Zhaoge spoke of were all Seeing Divinity Martial Saints.

Also, they were not of any ordinary lineage as they all hailed from Nongli Mountain, being disciples of the Western Exalt!

These people reigned supreme in the western Turtle Heaven Territory as they were also outstanding figures in the entire World beyond Worlds, possessing remarkable strength.

While there were no figures on the level of Zeng Mo amongst

them, having successively attained the Seeing Divinity Martial Saint realm, which of them were not great geniuses?

Back in their youth, all of them had emerged dominantly from amongst countless others.

If would still be fine if it was Zeng Mo saying this. The problem was that Yan Zhaoge was currently a Seeing Divinity Martial Saint himself.

Besides Zeng Mo and Guan Yuluo, everyone else present, including the Profound Remnant Locale martial practitioners and that Ingenious Flying Peak disciple, was a Seeing Divinity Martial Saint.

Yet, looking at these disciples of Nongli Mountain at this moment, they could only smile bitterly to themselves.

Profound Remnant Locale, descended of the Northern Exalt's lineage.

Nongli Mountain, descended of the Western Exalt's lineage.

Ingenious Flying Peak, descended of the Brocade Emperor's lineage.

All of them were Heaven's favoured children.

Yet, why did it somehow feel like as compared to this white-clothed, blue-robed youth before them, they really weren't on the same level as him?

“Or does the Origin Lady think that I must avoid these insignificant lowlifes who talk about others behind their backs?”

“Haha...” Yan Zhaoge looked up at the Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel, “These guys are qualified?”

Guan Yuluo looked dazedly at Yan Zhaoge.

Speaking of this, in some peoples' eyes, things might really be like this.

One side was descended from the lineages of Exalts while the other hailed merely from a lower world lineage.

Even if the former spoke disdainfully and the latter felt dissatisfied, they should still avoid this trouble.

Otherwise, even if you can take care of all these Nongli Mountain disciples, if you antagonise the Western Exalt as a result, won't things be difficult for you in the future?

Presently, he might even infuriate the Grand Plainness Origin Lady who was bosom friends with the Western Exalt's wife. He might immediately suffer a loss as a result.

Yet, as this matter happened with Yan Zhaoge, it just somehow felt totally natural to Guan Yuluo for some reason.

It seemed as though it would instead be abnormal if Yan Zhaoge were to silently tolerate this.

He had even been able to forcibly clash against the Grand Plainness Origin Lady herself.

Such a person moving to avoid those Nongli Mountain disciples - was that a joke?

A voice resounded from the Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel, "Oh? Interesting. Still, if the Western Exalt were here now, I wonder if you would still be as brazen as this?"

Yan Zhaoge said mildly, "While I might not be able to claim these peoples' lives then, I would still be willing to try."

The woman's voice resounded from the vessel once more, "With senior apprentice-brother about to battle Mars Halberd, order should necessarily be maintained for such an occasion. I am here to take care of those potential, ignorant troublemakers."

"So you were going to board the vessel? Come on up then."

Guan Yuluo looked rather worriedly at Yan Zhaoge.

While Tao Yu seemed to be agreeing with Yan Zhaoge's words,

there also seemed to be a hidden meaning in her words.

After Yan Zhaoge had boarded the Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel, Tao Yu would possess the terrain advantage. Even if something were to happen on board the vessel, it would be hard to find out about it in the outside world.

When they had clashed earlier, this expert of the ninth level of the Martial Saint realm had not wielded any weapons.

“My intentions exactly,” Yan Zhaoge simply laughed, cupping his hands towards Zeng Mo, Guan Yuluo and the rest in farewell before turning to look at that female disciple of Ingenious Flying Peak.

While the other party’s expression was rather complex, she still guided Yan Zhaoge aboard the boat.

As soon as Yan Zhaoge had left, the dark light of thunder that enveloped the area did not explode as it simply dissipated soundlessly.

Those martial practitioners of Nongli Mountain who had been suppressed by the Thunder of Eternal Night earlier regained their senses now.

They were still gazing in the direction from which Yan Zhaoge had arrived earlier. Instead, who they saw now was Golden Court Mountain’s Mu Jun.

With Nongli Mountain and Golden Court Mountain being on bad terms, the Nongli Mountain martial practitioners all looked very guarded as they now saw Mu Jun, an Immortal Bridge Martial Saint.

Retracting their gazes, however, they discovered that that Ingenious Flying Peak disciple who had escorted them off the vessel was nowhere to be seen. Rather puzzled, they asked Zeng Mo and the others about it.

Those of Profound Remnant Locale Peak all had strange

expressions on their faces as they appraised them with some very unusual gazes.

The Nongli Mountain martial practitioners all had blank looks on their faces, “What is it?”

Mu Jun first greeted Zeng Mo before appraising those Nongli Mountain martial practitioners all over, next smiling as he shook his head, “It looks like Young Master Yan did not act ruthlessly, erupting the Thunder of Eternal Night.”

The other side first felt quizzical before their hairs stood on end, “Thunder of Eternal Night...Yan...”

Being of the Western Exalt’s lineage, they were knowledgeable as they had naturally heard of the famed name of the Thunder of Eternal Night before.

Recalling its effects and relating this to what Mu Jun had said, they gradually understood what he had meant.

“Enough with this nonsense,” They unconsciously turned to look at the Profound Remnant Locale martial practitioners beside them.

Zeng Mo sighed, saying nothing.

As no tensions existed between they and Nongli Mountain, he would not needlessly mock them.

However, the silence of those of Profound Remnant Locale was itself already a silent admission.

The Nongli Mountain martial practitioners were all rendered dazed now, “How is that possible?”

Scanning the area, all they saw were martial practitioners of other lineages seemingly appraising their location curiously.

Still, seeing that things had calmed down, those people in the distance stopped paying attention.

Still, this was already enough for these Nongli Mountain martial practitioners to know that some incident had indeed happened at

their present location earlier that had drawn so much attention.

Still, the problem was that...

They just could not remember what had happened earlier at all!

This meant that someone had truly robbed them of their senses.

A Nongli Mountain martial practitioner asked painfully, “It really was that Yan Zhaoge? Just he alone?”

Guan Yuluo hesitated for a moment before nodding.

“Where is he now?”

“He has already boarded the vessel.”

The Nongli Mountain martial practitioners were all dazed like wooden chickens.

With the Ingenious Flying Peak disciple who had been escorting them out earlier having suddenly disappeared, this precisely corroborated Guan Yuluo’s words.

It was not that she had suddenly vanished, but that a great many things had happened to which they had been totally oblivious.

Thinking of how Yan Zhaoge had brushed past them without them sensing it at all earlier, thinking of that Thunder of Eternal Night that had not erupted, all the Nongli Mountain martial practitioners felt a cold breeze gusting past their necks.

They naturally remembered how they had openly doubted Yan Zhaoge earlier.

The other party had most likely heard, yet had been too lazy to even defend himself.

However, although he had not defended himself, it was not that he had not reacted to it.

Therefore, they had lost. Not only had they lost, even Nongli Mountain’s face had been totally lost.

They had not even seen Yan Zhaoge’s face, not even knowing

how this person actually looked like!

HSSB 931: Seeing him in a different light

Some Nongli Mountain martial practitioner was unresigned as he asked Zeng Mo to confirm this.

Mu Jun of Golden Court Mountain was an enemy of theirs as a battle would soon be occurring between them. They would definitely be unwilling to trust in his words.

The answer sent them all into deep despair.

Regardless of whether Yan Zhaoge had spared them due to the pressure exerted by the Grand Plainness Origin Lady, they had been totally helpless to resist as they had been suppressed even without getting a chance to see Yan Zhaoge's face, losing their claims to their own lives. The dude had already long since left by the time they were finally aware of it!

Let alone Golden Court Mountain's Mu Jun having witnessed all that from afar, with some Profound Remnant Locale martial practitioners witnessing it up close and personal, what was worse was how their argument with the young lady there had been completely overturned and trampled on by Yan Zhaoge in the blink of an eye, their faces having been stripped completely of skin and then stomped on twice for good measure!

Those of Nongli Mountain just wished that they could find a hole in the ground and crawl into it.

Guan Yuluo looked rather worriedly in the direction of the Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel, asking Zeng Mo via sound transmission, "Eldest apprentice-uncle, with Young Master Yan having boarded like this, could anything happen to him?"

"No," Zeng Mo shook his head slightly, "While this person is arrogant and overbearing, he is not someone who loses his mind to a moment of triumph. He did not just rashly ascend that vessel."

Guan Yuluo looked curiously at Zeng Mo.

Zeng Mo said mildly, “The Brocade Emperor still calls the shots at Ingenious Flying Peak at the end of the day.”

It was true that the Grand Plainness Origin Lady Tao Yu was on bad terms with the Southeastern Exalt Cao Jie as well as Fu Ting.

It was also true that her relationship with the Brocade Emperor was out of the ordinary as they were not simply disciples of the same Master.

Still, however much she was on good terms with Nongli Mountain, however arrogant and overbearing she was, a single fact still held true.

The Brocade Emperor was the Lord of Ingenious Flying Peak, one of the World beyond Worlds’ Five Emperors.

Before the Brocade Emperor had expressed a clear stance, it would really be impossible for Tao Yu to make things difficult for Yan Zhaoge.

If she could easily take care of him, she definitely would not mind helping her friend, the Western Exalt’s wife, in teaching this arrogant, impolite junior who knew not the height of the heavens and the boundlessness of the earth a lesson.

Yet, after having discovered that Yan Zhaoge was not so easy to deal with, Tao Yu naturally had to approach this with caution.

After all, she was aware that the Brocade Emperor had previously invited Yan Zhaoge and his father Yan Di to the Minor No Hatred dao arena as guests.

While she could not be certain regarding what the Brocade Emperor felt about them father and son, It would not do to take things lightly.

Moreover, the battle between the Brocade Emperor and Mars Halberd would be commencing very soon.

Tao Yu was here to help the Brocade Emperor watch over

matters, not to make additional trouble.

Were it another time, another place, Tao Yu's haughty temper would flare up as even if killing intent did not arise within her heart, she would still properly test Yan Zhaoge's mettle.

Now, however, she was only able to tolerate things.

"This youth is really not simple," Zeng Mo looked in the direction of the Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel.

While Broad Creed Mountain where Yan Zhaoge hailed from had the name of the East Peak of Daoism, everyone knew that this was unrelated to the Five Peaks of Daoism of before the Great Calamity as they instead originated from a lower world.

While amongst the sects which had arisen from lower worlds, Broad Creed Mountain had risen to prominence at a shocking speed to stand stably in the World beyond Worlds within a few short years, in the eyes of the World beyond Worlds' peak lineages, they were merely a minor sect.

Let alone experts on the level of Exalts, Emperors or Sovereigns, Broad Creed Mountain did not even possess a single Immortal Bridge Martial Saint.

While the likes of the Star Plucking Practitioner Guan Lide, Shen Lingzi, Daoist Shi and King Xuancheng had died at Broad Creed Mountain, most people outside of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory believed this to be because of its Immortal Artifact as well as the Extreme Yang Seal and the Extreme Yin Crown.

While they felt curious as to how Broad Creed Mountain could wield an Immortal Artifact with such meagre strength, such strength would inevitably not last for long.

Many people saw Broad Creed Mountain as a ten-year-old child who was blatantly walking about a marketplace with treasures whose value rivalled a city in his hand.

If not for the Southeastern Exalt's protection and still unclear

attitude of the Brocade Emperor, they would long since have been snatched away long ago.

While even the Southern Exalt Zhuang Shen had ordered his disciples not to have designs on the Dim Radiant Wheel, not having designs on it and not acting against Broad Creed Mountain were two different matters altogether.

If there was a chance to, he definitely would not mind destroying Broad Creed Mountain.

It was just that he would not take the Dim Radiant Wheel as he cautiously distanced himself from it.

Broad Creed Mountain also had many other good treasures too.

The Profound Remnant Locale martial practitioners did not have much of a relationship with Broad Creed Mountain at all, merely having a pretty good impression of them due to how Feng Yunsheng had saved Guan Yuluo.

However, Broad Creed Mountain still might not have carried all that much weight in their eyes.

Only after they had seen Yan Zhaoge had their original impressions gradually changed.

And having witnessed his methods, they truly saw him in a different light now.

Zeng Mo glanced towards the nearby Golden Court Mountain's Mu Jun.

Mu Jun sensed his gaze but said nothing as he instead looked in the direction of the Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel as well.

Nongli Mountain's lineage was not any ordinary in the least.

Everyone knew that it had the Spatial Heavenly Scripture of the Jade Clear direct lineage's ten Primordial Heavenly Scriptures.

While it was not proficient in dealing with the Thunder of Eternal Night, these Nongli Mountain martial practitioners were

all Seeing Divinity Martial Saints at the end of the day.

Mu Jun was an early Immortal Bridge Martial Saint of Golden Court Mountain's direct lineage. However, he knew that while defeating these Nongli Mountain martial practitioners posed no difficulty for him, it would be impossible for him to capture all of them alive in one fell swoop.

Resisting, defeating, killing, capturing alive.

The difficulty of such increased greatly in ascending order.

Mu Jun even could not help but wonder how he would have fared if he had been the one facing Yan Zhaoge.

After considering this for a moment, he could not help but smile, thinking that he had best not think about this anymore.

Still, he could not help but feel somewhat dazed. How long had it been seen he had met Yan Zhaoge for the first time?

Yan Zhaoge was unconcerned with what those beneath the vessel might be thinking.

After ascending the Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel, he was guided by that Ingenious Flying Peak disciple to the boat's cabin.

The furnishings inside were exceptionally extravagant.

Yan Zhaoge's eyelids twitched as just scanning the area, he saw many precious treasures which were already virtually extinct in the World beyond Worlds.

That the Brocade Emperor loved living the good life was really not an exaggeration.

Still, at this moment, it was a woman who controlled this divine vessel.

She appeared to be in her twenties or thirties, the age when women most bloomed.

It was indeed a rare beauty. Still, some haughtiness could be seen

between her brows.

As she was currently not smiling, she looked even more unfriendly.

“This junior Yan Zhaoge greets the Grand Plainness Origin Lady,” Yan Zhaoge said in a relaxed, composed manner.

The person before him was the Master of Ingenious Flying Peak’s Clear Spring Cave, the Grand Plainness Origin Lady Tao Yu.

Tao Yu appraised Yan Zhaoge, suddenly saying after a while, “That was not just the Thunder of Eternal Night.”

“The legacy of the Dim Radiant Sect, and probably not the Dim Radiant Scripture but the Dim Radiant Twelve Arts.”

“The Aeon Light Heavenly Scripture of the Jade Clear direct lineage’s ten Primordial Heavenly Scriptures.”

“There was also another martial art. I cannot be sure, but it seemed rather like the discontinued legacy of the Dark Moon Pill Scripture that was lost following the Great Calamity.”

“Besides that...” Tao Yu frowned, “There was the concept of a supreme martial art that projects the profundities of space which was integrated within too. Otherwise, it would have been difficult to simultaneously suppress so many descendants of Nongli Mountain who cultivate in the Spatial Heavenly Scripture at once. However, there was not much of this and you also seemed to be intentionally concealing it as I was unable to discern its origins.”

Yan Zhaoge calmly met Tao Yu’s gaze, smiling after she had finished speaking, “I also integrated some profundities of the Faceless Devil Scripture within.”

Tao Yu’s gaze was heavy as she nodded slowly after a while, “The profundities of so many martial arts were not all pieced simply together as they actually vaguely showed signs of having integrated and merged together as one.”

“Yan Zhaoge, you indeed possess the qualifications to be arrogant.”

HSSB 932: Before the battle commences

Looking at Tao Yu, Yan Zhaoge smiled, “The Origin Lady overpraises me.”

Besides those martial arts of Daoism that were clearly related to the Jade Clear and Prime Clear lineages, the remainder were all related to the Grand Clear lineage somewhat.

As a ninth level Martial Saint expert of the Grand Clear direct lineage, Tao Yu indeed possessed a truly discerning eye as she had recognised not just the Dim Radiant Twelve Arts but even the Dark Moon Pill Scripture too.

Just as she had said, the Dark Moon Pill Scripture was currently no longer being passed down in the World beyond Worlds in this post-Great Calamity era.

Tao Yu was able to recognise it only because of her lineage’s long history.

As for the Aeon Light Heavenly Scripture, it had not been difficult for her to recognise it at all. After all, the Primordial Heavenly Scriptures of the Jade Clear direct lineage were just too famous.

The supreme martial art with profundities which delved into space which Tao Yu rather suspected was naturally the Immortal Trapping Sword.

Still, while Yan Zhaoge had integrated the concept of the Immortal Trapping Sword somewhat in utilising the Thunder of Eternal Night, Tao Yu had been unable to see through it due to his careful preparations.

Currently, Tao Yu still did not appear friendly as she looked at Yan Zhaoge.

Although the Brocade Emperor was on rather good terms with the Southeastern Exalt Cao Jie, there was bad blood between Tao

Yu and Cao Jie.

This was somewhat related to the Western Exalt.

Tao Yu and the Western Exalt's wife had been the best of friends since young while the relationship between the Western Exalt and Cao Jie was terrible.

Even if Tao Yu and Cao Jie had simply disliked each other initially, so many years having passed, the accumulated tensions between them had already gradually become irreconcilable.

Even not considering the Western Exalt, it was already difficult for Tao Yi and Cao Jie to peacefully coexist now.

Moreover, when Yan Zhaoge and Yan Di had been at the Minor No Hatred dao arena previously, it was Fu Ting who had played host to them.

Tao Yu had very complex emotions regarding Fu Ting.

As she saw it, it should be somewhat because of Fu Ting that the Brocade Emperor rather admired Yan Zhaoge and Yan Di.

Meanwhile, Fu Ting was similarly very close with Golden Court Mountain's lineage.

With Yan Zhaoge being on close terms with both Cao Jie and Fu Ting, Tao Yu was naturally unhappy about it.

It was just that following this incident, like Zeng Mo and the others, Tao Yu too had discovered that this youth seemed very different from how she had originally thought him to be.

She had no intention of underestimating Yan Zhaoge as she looked at him now.

During that earlier clash, Yan Zhaoge had been able to sustain the Thunder of Eternal Night that had enveloped the Nongli Mountain disciples even whilst fending her off too. This was equivalent to him having effectively won that exchange.

It was true that Yan Zhaoge had wielded the Heaven Earth

Reversing Axe.

Yet, how many late Seeing Divinity Martial Saints would be able to wield a high-grade Sacred Artifact whose full power they were unable to unleash and emerge victorious in clashing against her, Tao Yu?

Fu Ting could not do so.

Even mid Immortal Bridge Martial Saints might not be able to do so, unless they were on the level of Zeng Mo or Long Hanhua.

Yet, Yan Zhaoge had achieved this.

Even the generally arrogant, haughty Tao Yu was feeling shocked now.

The Dim Radiant Emperor was already deceased. He need not be mentioned.

Yet, thinking about the Extreme Yang Seal and Extreme Yin Crown, countless thoughts now arose unbidden in Tao Yu's mind.

Yan Zhaoge stood in a leisurely, relaxed manner, smiling as he looked at Tao Yu.

The Grand Clear direct lineage was profound and boundless. Ingenious Flying Peak did not possess just a single supreme martial art.

Besides the Brocade Emperor who might be a special case, other people would generally lean towards a specific peak martial art even if they were proficient in all of them.

Tao Yu's title as the Grand Plainness Origin Lady actually could already show something.

She and her Clear Spring Cave lineage likely leaned rather more towards the Grand Plainness Immeasurable Body of the Grand Cosmos Five Manifestations in their cultivation.

They might just be the lineage of Ingenious Flying Peak that had the greatest grasp of the Grand Plainness Immeasurable Body, Red

Lotus Cliff aside.

The Grand Plainness Immeasurable Body was a peak Daoist defensive martial art that was even comparable to the Five Elements Deific Immortal Body of the Jade Clear lineage's Life Creation Heavenly Scripture.

Tao Yu possessed extremely great defensive power as there were few indeed amongst the World beyond Worlds' Immortal Bridge Martial Saints who surpassed her in this aspect.

Her offensive abilities should also be superior to the likes of the Star Plucking Practitioner Guan Lide.

After all, Tao Yue was versed in supreme martial arts like the Taiji Yin Yang Palm as well.

Still, as compared to her defensive capabilities or others of her lineage who specialised in the Taiji Yin Yang Palm and such, her offensive abilities were less outstanding somewhat.

It was just that due to this, she completely lacked the means to deal with Yan Zhaoge.

It was true that Tao Yue was arrogant and overbearing. Before they had clashed, she had indeed not thought anything of Yan Zhaoge at all.

Still, she was a powerful expert at the end of the day.

Those well versed in martial arts could tell one another's capabilities from a single exchange.

After having clashed, Tao Yu had formed a general estimate of Yan Zhaoge's capabilities.

This was someone whose strength far surpassed others of the same cultivation level. Let alone she herself, he was even superior to Fu Ting at the same cultivation level.

...Tao Yu even felt that even her senior apprentice-brother, the lofty Brocade Emperor of the World beyond Worlds' Five

Emperors, would not be able to defeat this youth at the same cultivation level!

Tao Yu felt disbelieving of this yet could not disbelieve it.

However she felt regarding the Southeastern Exalt, Fu Ting and Yan Zhaoge himself, she still had to admit that this was a rare, heaven-defying genius.

If those Nongli Mountain disciples ran over to her now and said that Yan Zhaoge was relying fully on external treasures like the Extreme Yang Seal, not possessing any actual capabilities himself, Tao Yu would slap them right across the face, giving those ignorant fools a good wake up call.

Even so, with disciples of Nongli Mountain having been owned before her very eyes, if she did not do anything about it, she would not be Tao Yu then.

It was just that Tao Yu still felt rather hesitant at the end of the day.

The battle between the Brocade Emperor and Mars Halberd was right around the corner.

While she resented Fu Ting greatly, as this matter concerned the Brocade Emperor, the usually domineering, tyrannical Tao Yu ultimately hesitated.

Now, the expressions of Yan Zhaoge and Tao Yu simultaneously jolted slightly.

Red light suddenly appeared outside the Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel amidst the darkness of endless extradimensional space.

The crimson light of fire exploded, space itself seemingly shaking in its entirety as a result.

Yan Zhaoge and Tao Yu exchanged looks, both seeing the affirmation on the other's face.

Mars Halberd had arrived.

Intense blazing fire extended over amidst the darkness of space.

The Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel which had originally seemed a shocking sight immediately felt like a helpless flower in the wind as it shook unceasingly.

A divinity of fire who was ninety feet tall and trod on twin dragons appeared amidst space.

A distance away, even the world manifested of the Earth Exalt's true essence had to retreat slightly and avoid his mighty aura!

"I am already here. Where is Fu Yunchi?"

The majestic voice reverberated amidst endless extradimensional space, echoing on endlessly as everyone was able to hear it very clearly.

Fu Yunchi was precisely the name of the Brocade Emperor, Fu Ting's father.

Still, those from the World beyond Worlds who dared call him directly by his name could probably be counted on one's two hands.

Tao Yu glanced at Yan Zhaoge but finally retracted her gaze, exiting the Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel.

Gazing towards that divinity of flame in the distance, she inhaled deeply, "The hour has yet to arrive. Please wait patiently."

That giant of flames did not seem to mind this, "It is fine. I have already waited for so long. There is indeed no rush, just waiting a few more moments."

With that, he simply stood still amidst space just like that, waiting.

His face was enveloped by flames such that one could not clearly see his features. Yet, all who were present felt as though a gaze was on them.

Yan Zhaoge exited the Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel as well, looking

rather interestedly towards Mars Halberd in the distance.

HSSB 933: Leakless True Immortal

Mars Halberd had no need to deliberately manifest his power. Just appearing alone, he had already become the focal point of the entire region.

Everyone secretly stole a glance at him out of curiosity or fear and respect.

It was just that after they had gazed over, they felt as if the other party was also watching them.

Even those who were under the protection of the Earth Exalt or the Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel felt swelteringly hot at this moment, their insides seemingly being incinerated as it was like they were in a hell of blazing fire.

Most people were actually feeling surprised.

Even though of the current greatest experts of the World beyond Worlds, the Earthly Sovereign and the Concealed Sovereign were the Exalted Earth Luminary and the Exalted Concealed Luminary of the former Kunlun Nine Luminaries, the name of the Nine Luminaries was already a distant, even unfamiliar memory.

People were already used to the Three Sovereigns and Five Emperors reigning high above. With an expert on the level of an Emperor having suddenly sprung out now, they were all taken aback by it.

Even more unexpected was the fact that this was not a bigwig who had pushed open the door to Immortality but a weapon!

A sentient weapon with thoughts of his own who could act freely.

Also, this weapon was the weapon of the Exalted Fire Luminary of the past Kunlun Nine Luminaries.

This caused everything to feel straight out of legend even as everyone also felt it to be unexpected.

What had gradually fallen silent in the river of time had recently seen some sparks flaring up anew.

Also, this expert who had suddenly appeared was challenging the Brocade Emperor, resulting in a battle between Emperor-level experts which had already not occurred for many years.

This was not just some mere sparring. Instead, it was going to be a major battle with real weapons.

The entire World beyond Worlds would naturally be paying attention to this.

Now that Mars Halberd had already arrived, everyone began eagerly anticipating the arrival of the other combatant.

Yan Zhaoge smiled, cupping his hands towards Tao Yu, “This Yan also feels rather fortunate at being able to attend this grand event. I have to thank your lineage for being so magnanimous.”

“I have felt deeply regretful at not having been able to meet the Brocade Emperor at the Minor No Hatred dao arena previously. If the Brocade Emperor is free after the battle, I hope that I can give greetings to him in person then. I hope that the Origin Lady can help convey this matter for me.”

With that, Yan Zhaoge bid her farewell and took his leave, disembarking from the Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel.

Looking at Yan Zhaoge’s departing figure and Mars Halberd in the distance, Tao Yu could only sigh helplessly.

Disembarking from the vessel, Yan Zhaoge saw a person appear, rapidly approaching this location.

It was precisely Fu Ting who had come.

After greeting the Earth Exalt and learning that it was Tao Yu who had come from Ingenious Flying Peak to watch over things for the Brocade Emperor this time, Fu Ting instantly felt very troubled.

Going by propriety, since Yan Zhaoge had arrived, he would most likely board the Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel to greet the person of Ingenious Flying Peak currently in charge there.

Calculating the time, Yan Zhaoge should already have boarded the vessel. While Fu Ting hoped to stop him, it was already too late.

After she had arrived in the vicinity of the Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel, she simply stopped moving.

Only when she saw Yan Zhaoge disembarking from the Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel did she resume her footsteps.

It was not that she wanted Yan Zhaoge to face Tao Yu alone.

On the contrary, things would still be okay if Yan Zhaoge met Tao Yu alone. Tao Yu could still find a way to let the matter rest.

Fu Ting similarly had complex feelings regarding this senior apprentice-aunt of hers. Of course, she also understood Tao Yu's temperament extremely well.

If Fu Ting was there, Tao Yu would instead adopt a tough stance to the very end.

Seeing Fu Ting's actions, Yan Zhaoge immediately understood her rationale as he thought to himself, "A nimble mind indeed."

"There were some things that I too did not know of earlier. If anything happened, I hope that Young Master Yan can overlook it," Upon meeting Yan Zhaoge, Fu Ting first appraised him before heaving a sigh of relief as it seemed like he had not suffered a loss over there.

Yan Zhaoge smiled, "It's fine. The Grand Plainness Origin Lady is not someone who is unable to read the importance of the situation."

Fu Ting said, "I just saw Golden Court Mountain's Senior Brother Mu. How about you meet up with him, Young Master Yan?"

“My intentions exactly,” Yan Zhaoge nodded.

Fu Ting cupped her fists towards him before boarding the Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel.

Whether or not she was on good terms with Tao Yue, the battle that was soon to commence was currently the most important matter for every single one of Ingenious Flying Peak’s descendants.

As Yan Zhaoge landed on a petal of the red lotus, he found Mu Jun looking smilingly at him as he shot him a thumbs up upon his arrival, “Indeed extraordinary, Zhaoge. Everyone always says that Ingenious Flying Peak’s Junior Sister Fu is the most outstanding figure of our World beyond Worlds’ newest generation, a genius amongst geniuses as she heaven-defyingly reigns over everyone else.”

“Still, from what has transpired today, Zhaoge, you have probably surpassed even Junior Sister Fu.”

Yan Zhaoge smiled, “The sea of the dao is boundless. We can only seek to slowly improve ourselves.”

He paused for a moment before asking, “Mister Mu, the Western Exalt was in secluded cultivation before. Now that he has emerged from seclusion, even teaming up with the Southern Exalt, I wonder if the Southeastern Exalt has any plans ready to deal with their combined forces?”

After all, the Western Exalt was similarly on good terms with the Brocade Emperor.

It would be impossible for him to persuade the Brocade Emperor not to assist the Southeastern Exalt by tying down the Heaven Emperor.

In much the same way, however, the Brocade Emperor could not exactly forcibly suppress him if he truly joined forces with the Southern Exalt Zhuang Shen to deal with the Southeastern Exalt Cao Jie.

“It is still hard to say now. The situation may become clearer after a while,” Mu Jun spoke in a very uninformative manner, not because he did not trust Yan Zhaoge but because the whole of Golden Court Mountain was currently in the midst of coming up with contingencies, things being unclear.

Fortunately, the Heaven Emperor was currently not in the World beyond Worlds while the Brocade Emperor had returned due to the agreed battle with Mars Halberd. As a result, the Southern Exalt Zhuang Shen dared not move recklessly for now.

If the Western Exalt faced off against the Southeastern Exalt Cao Jie alone, he would not be able to gain much of an advantage over him.

The two chatted as they calmly awaited the arrival of the ensuing major battle.

Still, as time passed and the Brocade Emperor had still yet to show up, the atmosphere inevitably became somewhat solemn.

“Could something have happened to that bigwig such that he ends up being a no-show?” Yan Zhaoge could not help but wonder.

Fu Ting, Tao Yu and those other descendants of Ingenious Flying Peak aboard the Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel were naturally the most frantic.

A short while later, Mars Halberd who had been waiting quietly in the distance suddenly said, “Time’s up.”

The faces of Fu Ting and Tao Yu both fell.

In the distance, an old man appeared from the spherical world that flickered with a dark yellow glow.

This was a white-haired old man with deep creases on his face as he looked very ancient indeed.

As he appeared, however, an aura that resembled numerous earth dragons spread throughout the entire region of space.

This was one of the Ten Exalts of the World beyond Worlds, the Earth Exalt who handled the affairs of the central Jun Heaven Territory.

While he did not appear very esteemed, his strength exceeded that of those like Cao Jie and Zhuang Shen!

He was a personal disciple of the Earthly Sovereign, being great in seniority and age throughout the entire World beyond Worlds.

It was just that he did not seem all that mighty in front of Mars Halberd now.

Gazing over from the distance, Mu Jun sighed, “Emperors are truly remarkable indeed.”

“This is only natural. Otherwise, how can they call themselves Leakless True Immortals?” Yan Zhaoge’s expression was calm.

When martial practitioners pushed open the door to Immortality and ascended to the Immortal realm, they would no longer be like those mere mortals.

Having surpassed the tribulation to attain Immortality, they would be complete and leakless, thus being known as Leakless True Immortals.

The so-called leakless actually entailed that nothing of the mortal realm could easily harm them any longer.

Actually, it could even be said that it was precisely because they could no longer be easily harmed by anything in the mortal realm that they were hailed as Immortals.

Human Exalts stood at the peak of the Martial Saint realm, yet were ultimately still unable to surpass the boundary between the human and Immortal realms for real.

Long Xueji was really just one of those extremely rare exceptions.

In most situations, an Emperor could easily sweep through many Exalts even as they joined forces!

HSSB 934: The Brocade Emperor

The old, aged Earth Exalt cupped his hands towards Mars Halberd, “Please wait for a while longer. The Brocade Emperor will definitely be here soon.”

“He is rushing back here from extradimensional space, so time may really be a little hard to keep.”

The flame giant that Mars Halberd was manifested as had his features obscured by flames as the changes in his expression could not clearly be seen.

Still, he turned slightly to look at the Earth Exalt, “You need not speak further, Wang Zhengcheng. The date was decided by you lot. If he misses it, it will be Fu Yuchi who has embarrassed himself. Still, I would never let things go just like this.”

“The vast seas and the endless fields change over the countless ages. Indeed, many things are no longer the same as they were before.”

“Still, I have recently come to gain an understanding of the current World beyond Worlds, having many doubts on this that I would like to clarify with you lot!”

Hearing his words, Yan Zhaoge looked at Mu Jun beside him.

Mu Jun informed him via sound transmission, “Wang Zhengcheng is the name of the Earth Exalt.”

The Earth Exalt was the personal disciple of the Earthly Sovereign who had long achieved his fame.

In terms of seniority, the Earthly Sovereign was of the same generation as Daoist Xuanzhong, that ancestor of the Brocade Emperor.

The Earth Exalt was of the same generation as the Brocade Emperor’s Master as Fu Yunchu could even said to be his junior.

Still, they hailed from different lineages at the end of their day, their seniority thus not being that important.

Even if they were related like this, many rules were actually no longer applicable to the Emperors.

Still, the Earth Exalt Wang Zhengcheng was indeed much older than the Brocade Emperor as he had already been famed for countless years even before the Brocade Emperor had begun his cultivation.

While it looked like he had been surpassed by a junior, the Brocade Emperor, there was a reason for this.

Speaking of this, Wang Zhengcheng's situation was similar to that of Yuan Zhengfeng's back in the Eight Extremities World that year.

He had suffered heavy injuries long ago with his foundation being harmed such that he was stuck at the tenth level of the Martial Saint realm.

If one surpassed the tribulation to Immortality, they would attain the Immortal realm. If they could not, however, they would dissipate into mere ash.

He had been injured at the Human Exalt Martial Saint realm and much more seriously than Yuan Zhengfeng had been with even the Heaven Returning Divine Pill being unable to restore this.

Even the likes of the great Earthly Sovereign had been unable to resolve this problem for his disciple.

However, as the most experienced Exalt of the World beyond Worlds, Wang Zhengcheng's strength far surpassed that of Cao Jie, Zhuang Shen, Liu Zhenggu and the rest.

So long as he was willing to, he would virtually be able to suppress all conflicts amongst the World beyond Worlds' Martial Saints.

Even if it was Cao Jie and Zhuang Shen from earlier.

Before the World beyond Worlds had its current Three Sovereigns and Five Emperors, Exalts of Ten Territories, when the Earthly Sovereign had still been the Exalted Earth Luminary, Wang Zhengcheng had already been his follower then.

Therefore, he could be considered old acquaintances with Mars Halberd.

Looking at Mars Halberd, the Earth Exalt now sighed, “While my Master is not here, the Concealed Sovereign is currently at Kunlun Mountain. While he is in secluded cultivation, if you pay a visit, I believe that the Concealed Sovereign will definitely leave seclusion to meet you.”

Mars Halberd said mildly, “However today’s battle ends, if I do not die, I will naturally pay a visit to Kunlun Mountain.”

“If Fu Yunchi does not show up in the end, even more reason for me to make a trip there.”

Wang Zhengcheng fell silent as the area was overwhelmed by silence for a time.

As time passed, the atmosphere there inevitably became more heated.

Some latecomers, fearing that they might have missed this ultimate, world-shaking battle, arrived to find that the battle had still yet to begin.

Those spectators who had hurried over exchanged looks. While no commotion arose, they were all whispering to one another via sound transmission.

They still dared not openly discuss the Brocade Emperor who had still yet to arrive.

Yet, linking this with how the Brocade Emperor had not appeared even after a long time after Mars Halberd had destroyed

the Minor No Hatred dao arena previously, some of them sneaked glances in the direction of the Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel, the doubt in their eyes only growing by the minute.

Now, however, that divinity of flame who was like the centre of the universe suddenly moved.

Having originally been sitting cross-legged on a massive fire dragon, he now stood up.

Everyone was still thinking that Mars Halberd was impatient from the wait.

Yet, that flaming giant did not move as he instead turned and looked into the distance.

The next moment, streams of purple qi suddenly appeared there which instantly suffused space.

The aura that emanated was not so powerful. Yet, everyone present felt the same thing.

There simultaneously seemed to be two centres amidst the space of the universe.

One was that tall, towering divinity of flame.

The other was amongst that dense purple qi.

On the Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel, Fu Ting and Tao Yu instantly relaxed, no longer feeling worried.

The spirits of all the spectators rose.

While they could only see dense purple qi and no trace of anyone, everyone knew that the Brocade Emperor had arrived.

“I have made everyone wait,” A clear, deep voice resounded from amidst the purple qi.

The purple qi dispersed, a figure being indistinctly visible within.

Gazing over from a distance, Yan Zhaoge saw what looked like a middle-aged man in his forties.

Snowy white clothes with a red outer robe, his long hair not being tied as it streamed down directly behind his back.

This person's looks were truly astonishing.

His features could be said to be perfect. Yet, they did not look feminine in the least as they were well defined, radiating a valiant air.

His eyes seemed to contain countless rich emotions within.

Different dispositions seemed to emanate from him at every instant. He was gentle and refined one moment, resilient and chivalrous the next, and after that moody and emotional.

There was no strange, discordant feeling between these changes at all as they instead had a strange allure, bringing even more charm to these features that could already be called perfect.

It was a charm that bewitched those of the opposite gender while causing those of the same gender to sigh in admiration, hard pressed to have feelings of jealousy.

Yan Zhaoge smacked his lips, "The most beautiful man in the history of the World beyond Worlds. A well-deserved reputation indeed."

While he had actually seen an image of the Brocade Emperor and exclaimed at it before, Yan Zhaoge felt that his flair was even greater in person.

Looking at that figure amidst the dense purple qi, Mars Halberd said calmly, "Since you have arrived, let us begin then."

Even though his opponent had destroyed his manor, no anger was visible on the face of the Brocade Emperor, "Let us begin then, senior."

The Earth Exalt, Wang Zhengcheng, sped back in retreat.

While he was to oversee their battle, there was nothing that he had to say now.

At this time and place, everything belonged to these two Emperor-level experts.

Unexpectedly for most, it was the Brocade Emperor who was the first to attack.

He raised his palm, carrying the qis of yin and yang.

Beneath the Brocade Emperor's palm, the entire region of space before him directly collapsed, with time blurry and space no longer existing as everything returned to the primordial qis of yin and yang.

Yin and yang circulated, forming a massive Taiji diagram which struck down towards Mars Halberd.

Where the Taiji diagram passed, everything returned to yin and yang as they no longer existed.

The Taiji diagram rotated with a crushing momentum as it swept all into the Brocade Emperor's palm, reducing them into nothingness.

As he advanced, the Taiji diagram was strengthened unceasingly as its increase in power seemed limitless!

Regarding the Brocade Emperor, most widespread were the legends of his popularity with women as he traversed the heavens, walking amongst countless flowers with such unique, incomparable flair.

Yet, the number of people this Emperor had killed far surpassed the beauties he had experienced!

HSSB 935: The learned see the skills, the ignorant watch the show

Executed by the Brocade Emperor, the same Taiji Yin Yang Palm seemed wholly different altogether.

Beneath that palm, the space of the universe before him was returned to the qis of yin and yang, no longer having their original appearance.

Viewing the Brocade Emperor's attack, Yan Zhaoge could sense some new gains in his analysis of the Taiji Yin Yang Palm.

Still, while the Brocade Emperor was remarkable, his opponent too was no easy foe.

Facing the Brocade Emperor's Taiji Yin Yang Palm, that flame divinity amidst space punched straight outwards.

Guided by some force, the originally balanced qis of yin and yang suddenly grew unbalanced now.

The yang qi thrived while the yin qi deteriorated.

The Taiji diagram which had originally possessed a majestic momentum actually started getting ripped apart, next beginning to catch ablaze!

On seeing this, Yan Zhaoge understood, "It is not that the Taiji Yin Yang Palm cannot direct yin and yang, but that the pure qi of fire contained within this blow of Mars Halberd is really too powerful."

The Taiji Yin Yang Palm possessed endless intricate profundities. Yet, as an Immortal Artifact, Mars Halberd was more domineering with a greater baleful air about him.

As they clashed head-on, it was like a scholar had encountered a soldier.

The Taiji Yin Yang Palm similarly swept along boundless might. If it was sufficiently powerful, the pure qi of fire would still be reduced to the qis of yin and yang, unable to break through the Taiji diagram at all.

Yet, the Brocade Emperor did not hold the advantage in a head-on clash against Mars Halberd.

As the accompanying weapon of the Exalted Fire Luminary of the Kunlun Nine Luminaries, Mars Halberd had already existed in this world for thousands of years.

While he had been injured and even sealed in the past, he had already recovered from his wounds, even having ceaselessly nourished himself.

The current Mars Halberd was even more powerful than before he had been sealed previously!

His situation was unique as he was able to exert power on his own, basically being equivalent to an Emperor.

He was a Leakless True Immortal who had already rampaged throughout the World beyond Worlds thousands of years ago.

Mars Halberd did not just possess mere strength alone as he had unique martial skills of his own too.

While it seemed like he was attacking in simple great, sweeping motions, his attacks actually secretly contained profound variations that were not inferior to the Brocade Emperor's.

The brutal flames rapidly exploded, incinerating the Taiji diagram and even sweeping towards the Brocade Emperor himself.

The Brocade Emperor did not find this to be unexpected.

He had already guessed this himself, also having been reminded by the Earth Exalt.

Mars Halberd's martial arts came partially from those of the Exalted Fire Luminary and partially from that powerful demonic

soul sealed within this Immortal Artifact.

The combination of the two had crystallised Mars Halberd one-of-a-kind martial skills that even he of the Grand Clear direct lineage could not underestimate.

In terms of accumulation and experience, Mars Halberd who had roamed the world with the Exalted Fire Luminary that year might be superior even to him.

Looking at the flames sweeping over towards him, the Brocade Emperor neither dodged nor avoided them.

Streams of plain-coloured cloud qi appeared all around his body, instantly obscuring the surrounding space.

Where the plain-coloured cloud qi passed, those flames were all extinguished.

Manifestation of Grand Plainness, Immeasurable Body!

The plain-coloured cloud qi suppressed the flames which were swiftly reduced to the purest yang qi.

The yang qi birthed yin qi once more that was strengthened unceasingly.

As they interacted, yin and yang instantly regained their equilibrium.

The Taiji diagram too reappeared.

The Brocade Emperor executed the Taiji Yin Yang Palm with one hand whilst also the Grand Plainness Immeasurable Body with the other, one for attack and one for defence as he instantly dispelled Mars Halberd's attack, seeking to regain the initiative and switch from defence to offence.

The flame giant snorted coldly, his figure exploding as it turned into all-encompassing flowing fire.

Amidst the endless sea of flames, a crimson halberd now appeared, shooting straight towards the Brocade Emperor!

As that halberd whistled through the air, the Taiji diagram was instantly broken apart!

With the second blow, those streams of plain-coloured cloud qi were hacked through!

Mars Halberd was not an accessory, a defensive tool, or some random everyday item.

This was a mighty halberd!

A true, fearsome weapon!

It had been created just for one thing, and that was slaughter!

Like a fire dragon soaring through the universe, Mars Halberd presided over all living lifeforms as he sped through space as even the peak Daoist defensive art executed by the Brocade Emperor, the Grand Plainness Immeasurable Body, was unable to stand against his domineering sharpness.

One end of the twin-fanged halberd directly hacked down towards the Brocade Emperor, the fiery light illuminating the handsome features of the Brocade Emperor a deep red!

The Brocade Emperor had a heavy but calm expression on his face as his body suddenly seemingly turned transparent, formless but intangible.

Everyone just felt as though this Emperor suddenly seemed to no longer be existing over there.

Mars Halberd's attack instantly hit just empty air!

"Grand Beginning Bright Emptiness Form," Yan Zhaoge's eyes lit up.

It was precisely the Grand Beginning Bright Emptiness Form of the Grand Cosmos Five Manifestations!

The Brocade Emperor simultaneously executed the Grand Beginning Bright Emptiness Form and the Grand Plainness Immeasurable Body, with his figure circulating intermittently

between that empty, transparent quality and plain-coloured cloud qi.

Mars Halberd's attack could not reach his body as it was like there eternally was an ever-so small distance separating them.

That was naturally not Mars Halberd showing mercy. Instead, it was the result of the Brocade Emperor simultaneously executing two supreme martial arts of the Grand Clear direct lineage.

The combination of the Grand Beginning Bright Emptiness Form and the Grand Plainness Immeasurable Body possessed defensive power equivalent to possessing all five Virtues.

With just this alone, Fu Yunchi was top-tier amongst Leakless True Immortals as few amongst Emperors would be able to match him in terms of defensive prowess.

Simultaneously executing these two supreme martial arts, the Brocade Emperor stabilised himself.

He no longer executed the Taiji Yin Yang Palm, instead slowly raising a finger and tapping towards Mars Halberd.

Along with this, the dense purple qi that had appeared alongside him was all retracted, turning formless and intangible, faceless and lawless, difficult to comprehend and difficult to measure.

The universe suddenly shook.

It was not just the starry sea of the universe where they battled which shook. It spread far off into the distance as well.

Patterns of light suddenly appeared amidst space.

Those patterns were not bright yet bore infinite profundities and principles.

The Brocade Emperor raised his hand casually, seeming nonchalant.

All the spectators, even Guan Yuluo of the Martial Grandmaster realm, were able to clearly see this.

Yet, as he tapped out, his finger seemed to ignore space and time and even the dense sea of flames as it directly appeared close to Mars Halberd, seemingly about to tap on that great crimson halberd!

Everyone present was able to clearly witness the entire process of the Brocade Emperor tapping out with that finger.

Yet, most people looked lost as they were completely unable to comprehend the concept contained within.

There was only a handful of people whose eyes lit up unprecedently brightly.

“Grand Commencement Divine Finger!” Yan Zhaoge’s pupils retracted slightly as he was completely focused on the battle before him.

He was one of those few people who could recognise the martial art being executed by the Brocade Emperor.

Of the Grand Cosmos Five Manifestations, Grand Commencement Divine Finger!

It was also hailed as the Grand Supreme Oneworld Divine Finger as it manifested the formless and intangible concept of Grand Commencement, projecting the Oneworld of before the heavens and earth had been split apart as it was profound beyond compare.

Even Mars Halberd shook slightly as the Brocade Emperor tapped out with this finger.

“Good!” Mars Halberd roared as he took a defensive stance for the first time.

He smashed the back of his halberd form on the Brocade Emperor’s finger as they both shook.

Yet, Mars Halberd abruptly rotated, brandishing himself as he hacked down towards the Brocade Emperor once more.

This time, he retracted all his flames into his body.

There was only that endless sharpness which hacked towards his foe with the momentum of opening the heavens and splitting the earth!

HSSB 936: Heaven Opening Scripture

The boundless sea of flames which had originally rampaged throughout the universe all vanished at this moment.

There was only that great crimson halberd which contained endless sharpness, transforming into a bright beam of light as it hacked down towards the Brocade Emperor.

That light was dazzlingly bright as where its glow shone, the dim space about the Brocade Emperor's body was completely broken apart!

Grand Commencement that was formless and intangible, faceless and lawless soundlessly changed as it turned into Grand Beginning that was intangible yet possessed form.

Grand Beginning that was intangible yet possessed form now turned tangible as well, changing into the most primordial and initial Grand Plainness.

Then, the manifestation of Grand Plainness automatically split to form the manifestation of Grand Ultimate, Taiji, as yin and yang took form.

The next moment, Taiji circulated with two extremities changing as they sought to birth the four manifestations of yin and yang as well as the Eight Trigrams.

Heaven and earth-a new world seemed about to be opened before their very eyes!

It was just that with this, the Brocade Emperor's supreme martial arts of the Grand Cosmos Five Manifestations actually vaguely seemed unable to be maintained any longer as they were on the verge of being broken through!

Gazing over, Yan Zhaoge saw that the surface of the great crimson halberd was currently dim and blurry.

Subtle, graceful streams of qi intermingled, vaguely condensing into a single silhouette.

Enveloped by that silhouette, Mars Halberd became an object that resembled a banner whilst an axe, whilst also neither!

“Heaven Opening Banner...” Yan Zhaoge muttered to himself, “Third Scripture of the Primordial Heavenly Scriptures, one of the Earlier Heaven Three Scriptures, the Heaven Opening Scripture!”

Watching this from within the world of yellow earth, the Earth Exalt Wang Zhengcheng had an expression on his face that was rather hard to grasp.

The ten Primordial Heavenly Scriptures of the Jade Clear direct lineage.

Besides the Peerless Heavenly Scripture that was the head of all arts, the latter nine scriptures were divided into the Earlier Heaven Three Scriptures and the Later Heaven Six Scriptures.

There was no classification of preceding or thereafter amongst the Later Heaven Six Scriptures.

As for the Earlier Heaven Three Scriptures that closely followed the Peerless Heavenly Scripture, they had a fixed order.

The second of the Primordial Heavenly Scriptures, the Origin Heavenly Scripture, signified all things being created from nothingness, the original ‘one’.

The third of the Primordial Heavenly Scriptures, the Heaven Opening Scripture, signified the grand dao being birthed and creation being manifested, going from ‘one’ to ‘many’.

The fourth of the Primordial Heavenly Scripture, the Cyclic Heavenly Scripture, represented the changes between extremities amongst the various principles of the world following its creation.

Amongst the founders of the Three Clear lineages, the Primordial Heavenly Lord represented the appearance of creation from

nothingness.

The heavens and earth were split apart as earth, water, wind and fire arose, the mighty power of worldly creation of the Heaven Opening Scripture being manifested to the point of perfection.

Of martial practitioners who cultivated in the Earlier Heaven Three Scriptures of the Primordial Heavenly Scriptures, those cultivating in the Heaven Opening Scripture possessed the greatest combat power in a head-on clash!

Even though the Origin Heavenly Scripture actually came before the Heaven Opening Scripture and possessed infinite profundities, it would still be hard pressed to match the peerless momentum of the Heaven Opening Scripture which could cleave through everything!

Mars Halberd's strike shockingly had a portion of the concept of the Heaven Opening Scripture integrated within!

The Jade Clear lineage's Earlier Heaven Three Scriptures had some commonalities with the Earlier Heaven supreme martial arts of the Grand Clear lineage, the Grand Cosmos Five Manifestations.

It could be said that the Heaven Opening Scripture countered the Grand Cosmos Five Manifestations of the Grand Clear lineage to some extent.

It was somewhat like how Yan Zhaoge had previously countered the Aeon Light Heavenly Scripture with the Immortal Trapping Sword.

Even the Taiyi Fist of Grand Simplicity at the head of the Grand Cosmos Five Manifestations would lose out somewhat against the Heaven Opening Scripture. The remaining four supreme martial arts would all be countered, losing their miraculous aspects.

Only with all five of the Grand Cosmos Five Manifestations present and circulating in unison would they be able to resist the peerless momentum that opened the heavens.

Therefore, as Mars Halberd went all out now, there was only the Brocade Emperor's Grand Commencement Divine Finger whose profundities were hard to block that could still barely be maintained.

The Grand Beginning Bright Emptiness Form and the Grand Plainness Immeasurable Body which could secure his safety amidst all tribulations that had previously not been shaken at all seemed about to fall apart now!

The Earth Exalt Wang Zhengcheng felt greatly emotional as he watched the battle unfolding before him.

Following the Great Calamity, the universe had shattered with Daoism hence declining greatly.

The Kunlun Nine Luminaries had congregated, viewing the Heaven Opening Scripture together and combining it with their various martial arts, each having gains of their own.

For example, the Exalted Gold Luminary who specialised in the dao of the sword had created the Illusory Jade Heaven Opening Sword while the Exalted Solar Luminary had combined this with the Yin Yang Heavenly Scripture and refined the Extreme Yang Scripture as well as comprehended the Yang Extremity World Creating Scripture etcetera.

Wang Zhengcheng's Master, the former Exalted Earth Luminary and the present Earthly Sovereign, possessed the Earthly Heaven Opening Art.

The Kunlun Nine Luminaries had joined forces and created the World beyond Worlds, with Daoism finally showing signs of resurgence.

Mars Halberd's martial arts had the martial skills of the Exalted Fire Luminary integrated within.

As the halberd struck, he seemed about to cleave through the Earlier Heaven phenomena of the primordial Oneworld and re-

establish earth, water, fire and wind, splitting apart the heavens and earth once more!

The blurry darkness was split apart by the incandescent light, and only then did boundless blazing fire reappear!

These flames were from Mars Halberd having cleaved through the Earlier Heaven phenomena manifested of the Brocade Emperor's true essence before transforming into blazing fire, next attacking towards the Brocade Emperor himself!

As the heaven and earth were split apart, the fire of the beginning right upon worldly creation nurtured infinite vitality.

Yet, as Mars Halberd hacked outwards, boundless brutal killing intent surged as this infinite vitality instantly turned into endless destructive power!

The violent sea of flames swept the surrounding area at this moment.

The spectators collectively retreated. If they hesitated in the least, they would all perish amidst this blazing fire!

As he gazed at Mars Halberd, the Brocade Emperor did not appear panicked as he instead released a long sigh.

He struck out with another Grand Commencement Divine Finger, causing the flames that pressured down on him to halt slightly.

He promptly stopped utilising the Grand Plainness Immeasurable Body, only executing the Grand Beginning Bright Emptiness Form.

Before the Grand Beginning Bright Emptiness Form was dispelled by Mars Halberd, the Brocade Emperor swiftly retreated.

Beneath the effects of the Grand Beginning Bright Emptiness Form, the definition of distance between the two seemed completely within the Brocade Emperor's grasp as the two swiftly grew further and further apart.

Yet, Mars Halberd flickered amidst space, already having dispelled the Grand Commencement Divine Finger as he immediately caught up, arriving close to the Brocade Emperor once more. With that, the profundities of the Grand Beginning Bright Emptiness Form could no longer be manifested.

“It is still the experienced who dominate indeed,” Mu Jun who stood beside Yan Zhaoge sighed.

Yan Zhaoge smacked his lips, “The Lord of the Dao and Virtue existed between nothingness and creation. The great dao is all-encompassing and the potential manifestations of all creation. The recorded supreme martial arts in the Daodejing consist of both Earlier Heaven and Later Heaven martial arts.”

“If the Brocade Emperor is not versed in the Taiyi Fist at the head of the Grand Cosmos Five Manifestations, if he has a Later Heaven supreme martial art of the Grand Clear direct lineage, Earlier Heaven and Later Heaven combining together as one, he would not be countered by the Heaven Opening Scripture like this.”

Mu Jun nodded. His Golden Court Mountain’s lineage that originated from the legacy of the Purple Tenuity Emperor ultimately originated from the Later Heaven martial arts recorded in the Daodejing.

Unlike the Jade Clear direct lineage’s ten Primordial Heavenly Scriptures where the Earlier Heaven Three Scriptures were superior to the Later Heaven Six Scriptures, since the Daodejing of the Grand Clear direct lineage was the manifestation of nothingness whilst also the representation of myriad phenomena, its Later Heaven martial arts were not any inferior to its Earlier Heaven martial arts.

It was just that although Golden Court Mountain and Ingenious Flying Peak were on good terms, the Brocade Emperor and the Southeastern Exalt also being close, they were of two different lineages at the end of the day.

Still, even as he nodded in agreement, Mu Jun was also rather surprised, “You have truly surpassed my expectations again. You are actually so knowledgeable regarding the Grand Clear direct lineage, Zhaoge?”

Yan Zhaoge’s expression did not change, “By a stroke of fortune, I obtained an incomplete version of the Taiji Yin Yang Palm. While not of Ingenious Flying Peak, it is indeed also of the Grand Clear direct lineage.”

Mu Jun recalled, “Right, Junior Sister Fu and those of Ingenious Flying Peak did mention this before. Still, I had not thought that not only are you versed in the Taiji Yin Yang Palm, you also possess such a deep understanding of the Daodejing.”

He no longer pondered on this matter as his gaze returned to the two battling True Immortals who were gradually moving further and further away amidst dark space.

“Still, if Mars Halberd does not completely have the upper hand, I still think the Brocade Emperor will win.”

Mu Jun’s expression was rather strange, “The Brocade Emperor himself possesses an Immortal Artifact too, after all.”

HSSB 937: A gathering of Exalts

Yan Zhaoge had already long since heard from those of Golden Court Mountain that the Brocade Emperor possessed an Immortal Artifact.

Unlike the Dim Radiant Emperor Yin Tianxia who had died young, it had already been over a thousand years since the Brocade Emperor Fu Yunchi had ascended into the Immortal realm.

Yan Zhaoge and Mu Jun exchanged glances, both having rather strange expressions on their faces.

Mars Halberd was too unique.

Even though this Immortal Artifact saw himself as a weapon, everyone else, Yan Zhaoge and Mu Jun included, habitually saw him as an Emperor.

Perhaps it was only at a time like that that everyone would realise that Mars Halberd was indeed a weapon.

He had no way of forging new Immortal Artifacts or drawing on the power of other, existing ones.

Even if someone were to give him an Immortal Artifact now, he would only be able to stare at it.

Still, the problem was that his opponent, the Brocade Emperor, was not actually empty-handed.

No one said that the Brocade Emperor had to battle Mars Halberd bare-handed. It was really impossible too for Mars Halberd to be so naïve.

Indeed, as the two combatants gradually vanished from sight, seemingly disappearing amidst endless space, a powerful aura soon surged into existence.

With the vision of Yan Zhaoge and the others, they were already unable to clearly see the battle situation as the two experts clashed.

Still, an unprecedently intense collision erupted in the distance.

The violent aftershocks of that clash surged, spreading outwards in all directions like oceanic tides.

The Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel that Yan Zhaoge and the others were on shook intensely, being jolted directly backwards in retreat!

The world of yellow earth formed of the Earth Exalt's true essence, however, remained stable as it did not budge an inch.

However, the spherical world clearly shrunk with its power becoming more condensed, only then successfully blocking the aftershocks from the clash between the two Emperors.

The crimson light in the form of a colossal red lotus around the Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel was retracted as well now.

Yan Zhaoge and the others who had originally been on its petals were scattered, their figures simultaneously flying backwards in retreat.

"A pity. We cannot watch on any further," Yan Zhaoge stroked his lower chin rather regretfully as Mu Jun beside him evidently shared the same sentiment as well.

The Brocade Emperor was wielding his own Immortal Artifact to battle Mars Halberd. Still, Yan Zhaoge and the others had no way of telling how the battle was currently going.

Still, Yan Zhaoge had already benefited greatly from watching the battle up to now.

His concern as to the battle's conclusion was currently more related to how the overall situation would further develop after this.

Yan Zhaoge naturally hoped that the Brocade Emperor could obtain victory.

This was unrelated to Mars Halberd having caused him to end up

in the Immortal Court back then. On the contrary, while the trip had been rather perilous, Yan Zhaoge was very happy, knowing the existence of the Immortal Court.

He looked at Mu Jun, “I wonder if I can meet your Master, the Southeastern Exalt, after this battle?”

Mu Jun answered, “I’m afraid not. Coincidentally, Master is currently away.”

“Huh?” Yan Zhaoge was taken aback, not having heard about this during his previous conversation with Chief Liu Xiangtong of the central Jun Heaven Territory’s Jade Mountain Sect.

Mu Jun explained, “Just recently, shortly before this battle was set to take place, the Earth Exalt returned from extradimensional space, next inviting Master to head to the central Jun Heaven Territory. There seems to be something major going on.”

“Not just Master, I have heard that the other Exalts were all invited too.”

Yan Zhaoge narrowed his eyes slightly, “You mean that the Ten Exalts have all gathered in the central Jun Heaven Territory?”

Yan Zhaoge had actually already taken notice initially when Liu Xiangtong had mentioned how the Earth Exalt and the Brocade Emperor had left the World beyond Worlds together after the date of today’s battle had been decided.

Unlike the Three Sovereigns and Five Emperors who often traversed extradimensional space, the Exalts of Ten Territories usually stayed in the World beyond Worlds, seldom leaving the area.

The sole exception was the Upper Exalt whose movements were very hard to grasp.

The Earth Exalt was virtually equivalent to the Lord of the central Jun Heaven Territory as he took care of most of its general affairs as well.

Yan Zhaoge felt that this Earth Exalt who was a personal disciple of the Earthly Sovereign and the most active person amongst the descendants of the Three Sovereigns and Five Emperors was like the head steward of Kunlun Mountain.

This was really the case, in truth. When the Sovereigns and Emperors were in seclusion or away, Wang Zhengcheng managed the central Jun Heaven Territory and even the entire World beyond Worlds very competently.

It was definitely unusual that such a person had suddenly left the World beyond Worlds.

And now, it was not just Wang Zhengcheng but all the other Exalts as well who had left their own Territories, gathering in the central Jun Heaven Territory.

Yan Zhaoge stroked his lower chin, “Pardon me, Mister Mu, but has anything similar happened before?”

“Yes,” Mu Jun replied, “Around a hundred years ago.”

A pondering look appeared on his face as he was clearly concerned about this too.

Yan Zhaoge nodded slightly, thinking, “Might this be related to the Immortal Court and Daoism? According to those of the Lofty Towering World, the battles between the two sides have recently been escalating.”

“From the looks of it, around every hundred years of so, this will culminate in a peak confrontation.”

Yan Zhaoge narrowed his eyes, “Slightly longer than the longevity of mortals. Generally speaking, the longest lived amongst mortals live to around a hundred years old.”

He had already previously guessed that the Brocade Emperor, the Heaven Emperor and the other peak experts of the World beyond Worlds had left for extradimensional space due to the conflict between the Immortal Court and Buddhism.

While there was no concrete evidence, Yan Zhaoge believed even more now that his earlier guess was correct.

He just did not know how things would be after the Ten Exalts gathered in the central Jun Heaven Territory.

Would they remain in the World beyond Worlds or head off into extradimensional space as well?

There were at least still the Concealed Sovereign and the Female Emperor guarding over Kunlun Mountain. The situation in the World beyond Worlds was still stable overall.

Still, with no Exalts to suppress the situation back in the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory, southern Blazing Heaven Territory and eastern Vast Heaven Territory etcetera, there would definitely be some degree of upheaval.

Without the great mountain weighing above their heads, there would be more room for the heroes of various lands to move around.

There would surely not be much upheaval in the Royal Reed Sea where Broad Creed Mountain was, though.

In the past, there might still be some ferocious dragons crossing the river.

It was like this that the Grand Xuan Dynasty had entered the lands of the Royal Reed Sea around a hundred years ago.

Still, after the earlier battle at Broad Creed Mountain where the Star Plucking Practitioner Guan Lide of the late Immortal Bridge stage had perished, many within the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory had been shocked.

While many believed that it was due to the might of an Immortal Artifact, whatever the case, a ninth level Martial Saint had indeed fallen there.

As a result, a warning bell had tolled within the hearts of many as

they dared not move lightly at all.

There would definitely be those desirous of the Immortal Artifact. Still, they would not dare to blindly invade.

It would not also be easy for others to trespass on the borders of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory.

While the Southeastern Exalt was not present, the martial practitioners of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory would themselves repel invaders.

It was just that Yan Zhaoge felt this to be a pity, having originally wanted to make use of this chance to pay a visit to the Southeastern Exalt Cao Jie and ask about his mother's situation.

Anyway, in the eyes of Cao Jie, it should already be 'too late' for Yan Zhaoge who had already been to the Immortal Court once.

"A pity, truly a pity," Yan Zhaoge looked regretful indeed.

HSSB 938: The end of the battle

While the Brocade Emperor and the Earth Exalt were in the know, Yan Zhaoge did not think that it would be a good idea to inquire about the situation from them.

The Earth Exalt need not be considered. As for the Brocade Emperor, while he presently appeared friendly, it still could not be confirmed what his view was regarding Xue Chuqing's matter.

From the looks of it now, he could only wait patiently.

Still, everything had both benefits and detriments.

The existence of the Dim Radiant Wheel would most likely draw the attention of the Immortal Court.

When he had slain the Vast Yang Exalt Pei Hua of the Immortal Court's lineage, upon seeing the Dim Radiant Wheel, the emotions exhibited by Pei Hua had been somewhat abnormal.

Most of it was hatred and fury, of course. The strongest ever expert of his Vast Yang Palace's lineage, their sole Emperor, had been slain by none other than the Dim Radiant Emperor, Yin Tianxia.

Pei Hua's hatred and fury were very understandable.

Still, Yan Zhaoge had acutely detected that Pei Hua seemed to have been feeling something else too.

Yan Zhaoge felt that this concerned not just Pei Hua himself but the attitude of the entire Immortal Court as well.

The information that he grasped the Dim Radiant Wheel was presently only widespread in the World beyond Worlds.

The situation might change if this news spread to the Immortal Court.

Still, that should be after the great battle between them and Buddhism had died down, no longer being so intense.

Before that, their attention should mainly still be on Buddhism as they sought to wrest more worshippers and territory.

Yan Zhaoge pondered on this even as he continued retreating.

Far away in the distance, the two Emperor-level experts were in the midst of heated battle, no longer paying attention to their surroundings.

Streams of white cloud qi clashed with streaks of fiery crimson light, sweeping through the entire region of space.

As they fought, they gradually drifted further and further away from their original battlefield as they moved amidst a larger portion of extradimensional space, battling non-stop.

Gradually, those terrifying aftershocks weakened.

It was not that the two had run out of power. Instead, the distance between they and the spectators was gradually increasing.

Yan Zhaoge and the others did not try to follow them.

As these True Immortals fought to such an extent with their full power, it was no longer something that could still be spectated.

Of everyone present, there was only the Earth Exalt who still had the ability to continue spectating.

He was the only one who left his original location and followed after them.

As he was the one officiating this battle, this was also an expected thing.

As for everyone else, including Yan Zhaoge and the Ingenious Flying Peak martial practitioners aboard the Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel, the spectating was actually already over as they needed merely to patiently await the result.

This did not take too much time.

A short while later, a dazzling beam of red light suddenly

streaked through the darkness of space in the distance, seemingly tearing it apart.

The red light was gone in a flash, disappearing without a trace.

The sweltering heat amidst space gradually subsided as the earlier cold, solitary feeling returned.

Everyone exchanged looks. The battle between Emperors seemed to have reached a conclusion.

The Brocade Emperor had won.

Beside Yan Zhaoge, Mu Jun heaved a sigh of relief.

From what had been said when the battle had been arranged, the Brocade Emperor was the representative of all those of the Grand Clear direct lineage in bringing an end to their enmity regarding them having helped the dragons to seal Mars Halberd that year.

Before he defeated the Brocade Emperor, Mars Halberd would not make trouble for others of the Grand Clear direct lineage.

In the current World beyond Worlds, there was only Golden Court Mountain other than Ingenious Flying Peak which still remained of the orthodox Grand Clear direct lineage.

In truth, the situation this time was unique. In order to prepare for the battle, if the Brocade Emperor had such intentions, the Southeastern Exalt Cao Jie would likely provide him with the Numerous Heavens Orthodox Arts and the Three Enclosures Emperor Sword for reference in this.

Still, the Brocade Emperor who possessed an Immortal Artifact of his own clearly had his own pride and confidence as he had ultimately still risen to the challenge with his own power.

The conclusion of this battle seemed to have proven his decision to be the right one.

“That Mars Halberd seems to mean what he says. Such a conclusion to things should be fine, right?” Yan Zhaoge sighed in

relief as well.

After a long time, the purple qi reappeared.

The vast purple qi returned, re-enveloping the space before them.

The martial practitioners of the World beyond Worlds cheered simultaneously.

While Mars Halberd had ties with the World beyond Worlds as well, this was already something of historical times as he had only recently suddenly reappeared.

The Brocade Emperor had been a hegemon of the World beyond Worlds over the past thousand plus years, his fame running deep.

Even if for nothing else, the spectators would naturally lean towards the Brocade Emperor in this.

Yan Zhaoge stroked his lower chin, “It looks like Mars Halberd retreated. The Brocade Emperor was unable to destroy or subdue him.”

“For some reason, Mars Halberd hates the dragon race to the core. While he also has enmity with us of the Grand Clear direct lineage, it is still not a death enmity,” Mu Jun said, “He is not the opponent of the Brocade Emperor. Still, he does not have to battle to the death. With his abilities, if he wants to leave, it would still be very difficult to stop him.”

Now, he smiled at Yan Zhaoge, “Moreover, Mars Halberd was still the accompanying weapon of the Exalted Fire Luminary at the end of the day. If it is not a death enmity, the Brocade Emperor would not battle to the death with him.”

“As for subduing this Immortal Artifact, while this surely sounds tempting, first not speaking of how he is different from other Immortal Artifacts, just the Exalted Fire Luminary alone is already a cause for concern. It is said that this bigwig is alive. With him saying nothing, anyone would be cautious.”

Mu Jun reminded Yan Zhaoge, "While your Broad Creed Mountain has the Extreme Yang Seal and the Extreme Yin Crown that are extremely powerful high-grade Sacred Artifacts, they are still not Immortal Artifacts at the end of the day. It is different for Mars Halberd."

As the two spoke, that vast purple qi which enveloped space landed in the Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel, disappearing without a trace.

The spectators collectively approached the Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel, preparing to give their congratulations.

Still, while they were given permission to board the vessel, the Brocade Emperor did not meet anyone as he instead went to see the Grand Plainness Origin Lady, Tao Yu.

The hearts of Zeng Mo, Mu Jun, Liu Xiangtong and the rest all jolted slightly.

While the Brocade Emperor had obtained victory against Mars Halberd, could it be that he had suffered a serious injury in the process, thus not seeing anyone?

Of course, if the Brocade Emperor was injured, Mars Halberd would only be injured worse.

Yan Zhaoge instead felt differently about why he was only meeting Tao Yu and not Fu Ting.

With he and Fu Ting having inadvertently travelled to the Immortal Court, in the eyes of the higher echelons of the World beyond Worlds, they had probably already broken some sort of taboo.

After learning of the existence of the Immeasurable Heavenly Lord and the Immortal Court, while Fu Ting could not explain it clearly, she just felt some abnormal feeling.

Yan Zhaoge believed that this was not baseless or a hallucination.

From the previous warnings of the Brocade Emperor, the Southeastern Exalt and the Northeastern Exalt, Yan Zhaoge guessed that Fu Ting's feeling was real.

Having birthed a daughter late yet seen this kind of situation occurring, the Brocade Emperor would naturally be nervous.

Yan Zhaoge even thought that the Brocade Emperor had probably not seen Fu Ting earlier, having immediately entered battle upon arriving. Instead, he had only come to learn of what had befallen her afterwards.

If he had learnt about this prior to the battle, might it have instead turned into a battle of life and death?

HSSB 939: This life eternally belongs to the Yan Family

Despite knowing that Yan Zhaoge and Fu Ting had entered the lands of the Immortal Court together, the Brocade Emperor did not summon Yan Zhaoge to see him.

After the battle, Yan Zhaoge returned to the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory with Mu Jun's lot.

The Brocade Emperor had previously invited him and his father as guests, having ended up failing to show up for some reason.

He seemed to have no intention of meeting them now.

Fu Ting, however, dispatched some fellow disciple of Ingenious Flying Peak to express her apologies.

While the Brocade Emperor had not been injured in that battle, he had indeed had no intentions of entering a battle of life and death with Mars Halberd then.

Therefore, after Mars Halberd had been defeated and left, their battle had come to an end.

Also, the Brocade Emperor had not lingered in the World beyond Worlds as he had quickly departed again for extradimensional space after the battle.

While the other party did not expressly say it, Yan Zhaoge's guess was still verified in some manner.

The Brocade Emperor had indeed stayed behind temporarily due to Fu Ting's matter.

Fu Ting was currently in seclusion at Ingenious Flying Peak's Red Lotus Cliff.

As she had sent someone on her behalf, Fu Ting did not go into detail on her current situation.

Yan Zhaoge could not be certain if the Brocade Emperor had resolved the aftereffects from his daughter having travelled to the lands of the Immortal Court.

From the looks of it, however, the situation was not optimistic.

This was understandable, really. If it could be easily taken care of, there would have been no need for Cao Jie and Liu Zhenggu to repeatedly warn Yan Zhaoge about this previously.

While this Ingenious Flying Peak disciple had come on behalf of Fu Ting, he was not aware of the real situation at hand.

He had come mainly because of how the Brocade Emperor had previously failed to show up and had also not made up for this now.

It could be seen that this Ingenious Flying Peak disciple actually felt rather puzzled.

With the Brocade Emperor's status, it seemed a very casual matter whether or not he met two martial practitioners who had yet to even reach the Immortal Bridge stage.

He found it hard to understand why Fu Ting had specially sent someone over to clarify things.

Still, he acted appropriately as had been tasked as he did not act or speak arrogantly at all.

Yan Zhaoge naturally could not tell him about the Immortal Court's matter. After having met with him, he sent him away.

Looking at Yuan Zhengfeng, Fu Enshu, Fang Zhun and the other higher echelon experts of Broad Creed Mountain, Yan Zhaoge soundlessly sighed.

He could not tell them about the matter of the Immortal Court just as he had been unable to tell that Ingenious Flying Peak disciple about it.

As for his whereabouts after the Minor No Hatred dao arena had

previously been destroyed, Yan Zhaoge could only say that he had found it difficult to find his way back after having been trapped amidst those chaotic spatial torrents.

The Buddhists had become a pretty good excuse. Yuan Zhengfeng and the others had already long since learnt of their existence.

“Is my father still in secluded cultivation?” After taking his leave of Yuan Zhengfeng and the others, Yan Zhaoge returned to his lodgings and asked Ah Hu.

Because the Northern Ocean Clone had remained at Broad Creed Mountain, not only did Yan Zhaoge know that Feng Yunsheng had already successfully Transcended Mortality and entered Sainthood, heading out alone, he had also long since known that Yan Di with whom he had been separated during the destruction of the Minor No Hatred dao arena had already returned before he had.

Calculating the time, Yan Di should not have ended up in the lands of the Immortal Court or Buddhism.

Still, Yan Di had quickly entered secluded cultivation soon after his return.

Such a hasty action seldom happened with Yan Di.

He had informed them before entering seclusion, though. It should not be anything bad.

Ah Hu scratched his head, answering, “Family Head is still in secluded cultivation.”

Yan Zhaoge nodded, next smiling as he looked at Ah Hu, “With Yunsheng and senior apprentice-brother Xu having Transcended Mortality and entered Sainthood one after another, you have got to keep it up.”

In terms of talent and comprehension abilities, this big fella before him was not any inferior to the likes of Xu Fei and Tang Yonghao in the slightest.

Xu Fei had previously stayed in the Vast Ocean World for a long time, having cultivated for longer.

Still, Ah Hu had access to abundant resources by Yan Zhaoge's side, also having cultivated in the World beyond Worlds' superior environment. He had not been left in the dust by Xu Fei at all.

At around forty years old, while he had yet to step into the Transcending Mortality stage, he was still a late Essence Talisman Martial Grandmaster, having established his heavenly altar.

In terms of age, this was still very young in the World beyond Worlds.

While his cultivation base was vastly inferior to the likes of Fu Ting, Long Hanhua, Zhuang Chaohui and Zeng Mo, those people had cultivated in a superior environment ever since young whereas Ah Hu had merely been in the World beyond Worlds for a few years thus far.

Feng Yunsheng was a Maiden of Extreme Yin, being aided by the Extreme Yin Crown in cultivating. There was no making a comparison between them.

If this was in the Eight Extremities World of the past, such a cultivation speed would be inferior only to Yan Zhaoge and Yan Di.

Of course, many people felt speechless at how such an Essence Talisman Martial Grandmaster followed servilely after Yan Zhaoge just as he had before, being willing to remain his underling.

On the surface, Yan Zhaoge's cultivation base was much higher than Ah Hu's. It seemed very natural that a lofty Seeing Divinity Martial Saint had a Martial Grandmaster as his servant.

Actually, let alone this being unheard of in the Eight Extremities World, it was also extremely rare in the World beyond Worlds.

Martial practitioners who could attain the Essence Talisman Martial Grandmaster stage and had the potential to Transcend Mortality and enter Sainthood would surely all possess their own

pride.

It was common to see martial practitioners acting humbly, but rare to see them acting subserviently.

Even if there were those who were willing to be followers, these were generally those who had no hopes of advancing their cultivation base any further.

A martial practitioner like Ah Hu who was so young and had virtually limitless prospects yet was willing to be someone's follower was virtually unheard of.

Those who were familiar with him and Yan Zhaoge were all surprised by this. Let alone Mu Jun, Zheng Ming, Chen Zhiliang and the others of Golden Court Mountain, even they of Broad Creed Mountain themselves had been feeling puzzled in recent years on why Ah Hu's status remained unchanged despite his increasing cultivation base.

After all, Yan Zhaoge and Yan Di had never restricted Ah Hu in anything.

Yet, this big fella did as he liked, continuing to perform the same role as he had in the past.

While many things changed in this world, in the heart of Ah Hu, Huang Huting, he seemed only to remember that the Family Head had saved him and his grandfather. Therefore, however he became, however high a cultivation base he attained, this life of his would eternally belong to the Yan Family.

"Young Master, I feel that I am not far away from the Transcending Mortality stage," Ah Hu chortled.

Yan Zhaoge rolled his eyes, "Well, hurry up then, or Han Long'er will catch up before you know it."

Ah Hu pulled back the corners of his lips, "That kid..."

He suddenly remembered something, "Right, Young Master. I've

something to report. When Little Shi Jun was journeying outside, he obtained a piece of fortune that he felt he could not handle by himself. Thus, he reported it to the sect. Since Family Head is in seclusion, the old Chief and Elder Fang said to wait for you to return and hand this over to you.”

“Yes, Grand Master and second apprentice-uncle told me about it briefly earlier,” Yan Zhaoge said solemnly, “I hear that it may be related to the Grand Clear direct lineage?”

Back in the Eight Extremities World, Broad Creed Mountain had been considered a comparatively orthodox branch of the Grand Clear lineage.

Their founder, the Heaven Opening Old Man Qiu Yuan, had created their Clear Qi Profound Art which had been Broad Creed Mountain’s foundation for many long years.

The Eight Extreme Arts of their legacy all originated from this.

Still, presently, Broad Creed Mountain had reached an internal consensus that affairs related to the Grand Clear direct lineage would all be handed over to Yan Zhaoge to handle so long as he was free.

Ah Hu said, “It seems like a clue to a cave manor of some predecessor. It was somewhat coincidental since the cave manor only appears once every few years, with others only being able to find it then.”

“Calculating the time, it should be around these two years? We cannot really confirm this presently.”

As he said this, Ah Hu passed something over.

Yan Zhaoge received it. It was a broken whisk.

HSSB 940: Path to the Immortal Bridge

Having spent quite a bit of time in the Vast Ocean World, having always been diligently cultivating and never having slacked off, Shi Jun's current cultivation base was not low.

Shi Jun was one of the strongest disciples of Broad Creed Mountain's younger generation.

Especially noteworthy was the fact that he was currently a fourth generation disciple of Broad Creed Mountain in actuality.

Still, not only was he the most powerful amongst the fourth generation disciples, he had also already surpassed many of those of the earlier generation.

Of Broad Creed Mountain's third generation disciples, besides Yan Zhaoge, Feng Yunsheng and Xu Fei who were far ahead of him, there was now only Sikong Qing who would be able to defeat him.

While Ying Longtu's talent was higher, having cultivated for a relatively shorter time, his cultivation level was currently similar to Shi Jun's.

Shi Jun had not slacked off after coming to the World beyond Worlds, instead having redoubled his efforts as Yan Zhaoge, Yan Di, Yuan Zhengfeng and Xu Fei all felt greatly reassured by this.

This broken whisk that Yan Zhaoge was currently holding was something Shi Jun had inadvertently obtained when he had been out journeying some time alone.

"Yes, Grand Master and the others judged correctly. This indeed possesses some of the feel of the Grand Clear direct lineage," Analysing the whisk, Yan Zhaoge found that the spiritual qi within was insubstantial and hard to serve much use.

Still, the patterns on the surface of the whisk formed a few sigils. While these too were terribly damaged, he was still able to grasp

them somewhat.

It could be seen that this whisk had once been a Sacred Artifact.

Still, this was clearly already ancient history.

Yan Zhaoge fingered that broken whisk, “Since the time has still yet to come, I shall just wait patiently, waiting for the cave manor to appear before making further plans.”

After having settled down, Yan Zhaoge began pondering on the matters of his cultivation.

While he had only viewed half of the Brocade Emperor’s battle with Mars Halberd, it had still been an incredibly valuable experience.

Yan Zhaoge had benefited much more greatly as compared to most of the other spectators there.

The Heaven Opening Scripture of the Jade Clear direct lineage clashed with the Grand Clear lineage’s Earlier Heaven supreme martial arts, being in opposition to whilst also birthing each other.

Yan Zhaoge had never grasped the other martial arts besides the Taiji Yin Yang Palm.

Still, as he who simultaneously cultivated in the Three Purities had spectated such a peak battle, he still felt like he had benefited greatly.

He had had many new comprehensions regarding the martial arts that he cultivated in.

Being at the late Seeing Divinity stage, he had begun refining numerous obscure acupoints to resonate with the actual stars of the universe.

This process was not difficult for Yan Zhaoge who possessed an abundant accumulation.

Time passed gradually by at the Mountain.

Soon, two years had gone by in a flash.

Yan Zhaoge's cultivation had gone extremely smoothly these past two years.

As long as the first obscure acupoint was successfully refined to see Divinity, seeing a good beginning as the right trajectory was reached, everything would just flow naturally into completion afterwards.

Therefore, Yan Zhaoge did not have to spend much time on this as he just needed to stably advance step by patient step.

Still, there was a difficult trial that he would soon have to face.

It was the bottleneck from the sixth to the seventh level of the Martial Saint realm.

Stepping onto the Immortal Bridge, breaking through from the late Seeing Divinity stage to the early Immortal Bridge stage.

Having ascended the Immortal Bridge, a martial practitioner could be considered as truly advancing towards the Immortal realm.

Following much painstaking diligence, with great talent, great perseverance and great fortune, one would ultimately arrive before the door to Immortality, attempting to push it open.

Before the Immortal Bridge stage, Seeing Divinity Martial Saints all diligently refined their acupoints to achieve Divinity such that they were like the actual stars in the sky. It was like an actual primordial universe had been opened within their bodies.

Yet, just having refined one's acupoints to achieve Divinity and resonate with the actual stars in the sky was still far away indeed from splitting open an actual universe in one's body.

It was just part of the early foundational stages for this.

The simplest example was that of the actual universe in the sky above where the sun rose and the moon set, myriad stars shining

as they circulated onwards in an endless stream.

There were profundities here of rhythm, of star trajectories, of heavenly rivers, of creation and destruction. Which of these were unchanging, remaining where they were and never changing?

What was unmoving was the starlight lit up by humans, not the actual stars in the sky up above.

Therefore, one would have reached the early Immortal Bridge stage when the starry skies within their bodies were able to circulate.

It was not just their true essence which had to circulate. Instead, their acupoints which had seen Divinity had to circulate too.

Only in this way would the internal universe truly possess some initial flair that was reminiscent of the actual universe.

Only then would martial practitioners truly have taken that first step in leaving the human realm and ascending towards the Immortal realm.

It was precisely because of this that the point from after the seventh level of the Martial Saint realm was known as the Immortal Bridge stage, that of the bridge to Immortality.

This bottleneck would not be an easy one to breach.

In the Royal Reed Sea, the Radiant Light Sect's Luo Zhiyuan, the Dim Darkness Sect's Zhou Haosheng, the Grand Xuan Dynasty's King Xuanmu and Copper Men Island's Gongsun Wu had all been stuck at the peak of the sixth level of the Martial Saint realm for many years.

They had been just that half step away from ascending the Immortal Bridge. Yet, this half step was like a heavenly gulf, separating the furthest horizons.

With an Immortal Bridge Martial Saint guarding over a power, their position in the entire World beyond Worlds would be

completely different.

This was because the martial arts of many lineages were insufficient for one to reach the Immortal Bridge stage.

For them to have a breakthrough, they would have to receive pointers from an expert, obtain great fortune or be a heaven-defying genius that only came once in a thousand years, causing the martial arts that they possessed to be able to advance even further.

Still, none of these were easy at all.

Broad Creed Mountain's lineage currently possessed quite a bit of fame in the World beyond Worlds as they had even overturned massive entities like the Grand Xuan Dynasty and the Star Plucking Practitioner Guan Lide.

Still, many who had just heard of them before would still unconsciously look down on them.

They were more concerned and conversed more on the Dim Radiant Emperor's Immortal Artifact as well as the Extreme Yang Seal and the Extreme Yin Crown.

This was directly related to Broad Creed Mountain not possessing any Immortal Bridge Martial Saint.

Still, Yan Zhaoge believed that the situation would be completely different very soon.

After returning to the Mountain previously, Yan Di had directly entered secluded cultivation.

While he had not given a detailed explanation, Yan Zhaoge vaguely had a premonition about this.

His father had very likely had a fortuitous encounter previously which had given him the chance to attempt a breakthrough into the Immortal Bridge stage.

Like Yan Zhaoge, it was not difficult for Yan Di to refine all his

other obscure acupoints to see Divinity after he had done so for the first one, stepping into the sixth level of the Martial Saint realm.

After having entered the sixth level of the Martial Saint realm, Yan Di had still been progressing at a rapid rate like before.

What he lacked was a chance that would propel him into the Immortal Bridge stage.

Yan Zhaoge guessed that Yan Di had a chance of breaking through the bottleneck this time.

On the other hand, if he only cultivated in the Primordial Heavenly Scriptures of the Jade Clear lineage, Yan Zhaoge was actually also confident that he would definitely be able to ascend the Immortal Bridge in one to three years.

Still, Yan Zhaoge did not want to do so unless he really had no other choice.

That would be equivalent to giving up on his foundation of simultaneously cultivating in the Three Purities that he had painstakingly forged.

Still, if he wanted to ascend the Immortal Bridge with the merged legacies of the Three Clear lineages, Yan Zhaoge currently needed a peak martial art from each of them.

Yan Zhaoge had a whole six of the ten Primordial Heavenly Scriptures, not having to worry on this.

When Transcending Mortality and entering Sainthood, he had used the Immortal Ending Sword for the Prime Clear lineage and substituted the moral virtue of passing down martial arts and returning to simplicity to substitute for a supreme martial art of the Grand Clear lineage.

When breaking through space to see true Divinity, he had used the Immortal Trapping Sword for the Prime Clear lineage and the Taiji Yin Yang Palm for the Grand Clear lineage.

Yet, if he were to try ascending the Immortal Bridge now, he lacked martial arts for both the Grand Clear and Prime Clear lineages.

If he had no way of resolving this, that would be equivalent to him having no way of continuing to simultaneously cultivate in the Three Clear lineages.

“There are signs of the cave manor opening,” Yan Zhaoge looked at the broken whisk in his hand.

The whisk which had remained unmoving for the past two years was currently flickering slightly, glowing.

“I hope that this is really a manor of the Grand Clear direct lineage. If there is really a martial art legacy there, that would be of great help to me.”

HSSB 941: The other half of the whisk

If he could not obtain a supreme martial art of the Grand Clear direct lineage and Prime Clear direct lineage, Yan Zhaoge would only have two choices.

He could either give up on his previous cultivation and switch to a different method or hence remain at the late Seeing Divinity stage just like this, thereon not advancing his cultivation base.

While simultaneously cultivating in the Three Purities let Yan Zhaoge preside arrogantly over those of the same cultivation level, the difficulty in advancing forward was also correspondingly higher.

After keeping the whisk in his hand, Yan Zhaoge stood up, leaving his lodgings.

His father Yan Di had still yet to leave secluded cultivation as he had already been in seclusion for two years.

He had entered secluded cultivation immediately upon his return, still having yet to emerge.

Yan Zhaoge went to Heaven Rising Peak and took his leave of Yuan Zhengfeng, Fang Zhun and the others who were currently managing Broad Creed Mountain's affairs.

Then, he brought along Ah Hu and rode Pan-Pan in leaving the Mountain together.

Xiao Ai was currently in secluded cultivation too.

While her mind was insufficiently focused and drifted off easily as she liked to think about some totally random things, Xiao Ai did not slack off in her martial cultivation and the dao of formations.

She was extremely talented and was also supported by Broad Creed Mountain and Yan Zhaoge's vast repertoire of martial arts and material resources. Not only was her cultivation speed not

low, it could even put many descendants of notable lineages to shame.

In the dao of formations, she presided over countless others as well as she currently had the highest attainments in it in Broad Creed Mountain beneath the Martial Saint realm.

At the same cultivation level, there was no one in the entirety of Broad Creed Mountain besides Yan Zhaoge who could match her in this area.

Fortunately, Xiao Ai seldom left Broad Creed Mountain after having gotten there, not being known of by outsiders. Otherwise, she would render everyone stunned just like Ah Hu.

This was because in front of Yan Zhaoge and Yan Di, this girl was also willing to call herself a maid.

While Yan Zhaoge and Yan Di actually saw Xiao Ai as a disciple of Xue Chuqing, she herself did not think this way.

Therefore, those of Broad Creed Mountain would all speechlessly watch on as this late Essence Talisman Martial Grandmaster and formations grandmaster called Yan Zhaoge ‘Young Master’, spending much time salivating as well as she stared fixatedly at the handsome guys in the sect.

Xiao Ai had entered secluded cultivation this time to attempt to breach that bottleneck, hence advancing her cultivation base.

If she succeeded, Broad Creed Mountain would have another Transcending Mortality Martial Grandmaster.

Also, she would be a Transcending Mortality Martial Grandmaster who was so young it was scary.

It was still fine for the Broad Creed Mountain disciples who had come from the Eight Extremities World, having long since grown used to hearing about the growth rate of Yan Zhaoge and Yan Di.

Those few people of the World beyond Worlds seeking to enter

Broad Creed Mountain in recent years ended up suffering one mental shock after another.

One or two would still be acceptable. How was it that Broad Creed Mountain had so many of such heaven-defying figures?

Was this really a sect that had arisen from a lower world?

While they had come to enter Broad Creed Mountain after hearing of its esteemed name, many people were still completely stunned by this.

After their initial astonishment, what remained was just a feeling of conviction as they rejoiced.

Having been able to enter a sect like this, their future prospects were clearly infinitely dazzling.

Yan Zhaoge, Yuan Zhengfeng and the others were naturally happy to accept them into the sect.

Broad Creed Mountain had currently still yet to officially open its doors and begin recruiting its disciples. When that day officially came, there would surely be a flourishing air within their sect.

“When father or I have stepped into the Immortal Bridge stage, we should more or less be ready.”

Yan Zhaoge pondered on this as he sat on Pan-Pan’s back, hurrying along.

Having already previously asked Shi Jun where he had found this half-broken whisk, he had a good idea of this now as he headed eastwards.

Pan-Pan possessed remarkable abilities with powerful strength and swift speed. He could traverse some tens of thousands of kilometres in a mere instant.

As Yan Zhaoge travelled, a thought from earlier drifted again to the surface of his mind.

Appraising the broken whisk before him, he wondered, “I have

half of this whisk. In that case, what about the other half? Has it been completely destroyed or does it still exist intact?"

If it was still intact, could it have fallen into the possession of someone else?

There might be some trouble as he searched for the cave manor this time.

Arriving at the place where Shi Jun had previously obtained the whisk, Yan Zhaoge got Pan-Pan to descend.

Amongst numerous valleys, while the sun was currently blazing high overhead, one could still seemingly see a streak of white light descending from up above.

Yan Zhaoge raised that broken whisk. After coming into contact with the white light, the radiance on the surface of the whisk instantly grew denser.

A thin ray of white light extended far into the distance.

Still, this white line was illusory and ethereal, being intangible.

Only those who held that half-broken whisk could see this white line. As Yan Zhaoge held onto the whisk now, Ah Hu and Pan-Pan were unable to see it.

"Let us continue," Yan Zhaoge passed the whisk to Ah Hu who smilingly received it, tapping Pan-Pan's head.

Pan-Pan got up rather lazily, resuming his pace once more as they headed off into the distance.

The distance this time was much greater than before. While Pan-Pan was not slow, some time would still be needed before they arrived.

This was still within the territory of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory. Still, analysing the point to which the whisk led, Yan Zhaoge knew that it should still be extremely far away.

It was likely in the easternmost region of the southeastern Yang

Heaven Territory where the Wilderness Sea was at.

The Wilderness Sea was as its name suggested, devoid of people as it was ancient and primordial.

It was a vast piece of land that was much larger than even the likes of the Royal Reed Sea and the Setting Sun Archipelago.

It virtually encompassed a whole one-third of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory in its size.

There were many risks within that would cause one to hesitate, not venturing any further in.

In the entire southeast, there was probably no one besides the Southeastern Exalt Cao Jie who could assuredly enter and leave as they pleased.

This was understandable, really. With the World beyond Worlds having existed for so long, if it was located somewhere where there were a lot of people, any good treasures would long since have been acquired by others.

Cases like how the Evil Sword Taotie and the phoenix bone had been left behind by Ancestor Hei in the Clear Scenic Region of the Royal Reed Sea were extremely rare indeed.

It had been entirely due to the Clear Scenic Region being enveloped by Endless Magnetic Storms all year round that that place had been preserved and not discovered.

“Speaking of this, one of the backup choices that Yunsheng decided upon back then was the Wilderness Sea,” Yan Zhaoge muttered to himself, “I wonder where she is right now?”

Knowing that their destination was the Wilderness Sea, Ah Hu seemed to understand the reason for Yan Zhaoge’s sudden low spirits.

He scratched his head and thought for a moment, saying nothing in the end as he just mimicked Yan Zhaoge and sighed.

Yan Zhaoge quickly regained his calm as he returned his attention to the whisk before him.

The Royal Reed Sea was in the westernmost part of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory.

Meanwhile, the Wilderness Sea was in the easternmost part of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory.

Yan Zhaoge's group had basically traversed the entirety of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory.

Fortunately, according to the indication by the whisk, the cave manor was just set to open as there was still some time before it opened completely.

Yan Zhaoge still had sufficient time.

Still, as Yan Zhaoge passed an area known as the Consecutive Drum Mountain Range while passing through the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory, he suddenly sensed the half-broken whisk jolting in a strange manner.

HSSB 942: A disaster of extermination

Yan Zhaoge looked at the whisk that Ah Hu was holding.

Ah Hu was also looking quizzically at it before he raised his head and looked blankly at Yan Zhaoge.

“Did the whisk shake just now?” Yan Zhaoge asked him.

Ah Hu nodded, “Yes, Young Master.”

He pointed towards the east, “Not only did the whisk shake, the white line that leads the way also shook slightly just now. Still, it recovered in an instant.”

“Something must have affected the whisk,” Yan Zhaoge stroked his lower chin, “It should not have been that cave manor, or the white line would have changed direction.”

Ah Hu grinned, “Young Master, could it be the other half of that whisk?”

Yan Zhaoge said, “It is possible. Still, it may not be the whisk itself. It could be some signs or clues.”

If it was the other half of the whisk, this half of the whisk in their possession should have reacted more intensely.

Yan Zhaoge pondered on this for a moment before saying, “Let us stop for a bit in this Consecutive Drum Mountain Range and look around the vicinity. We still have time to spare, and it could end up beneficial.”

The Consecutive Drum Mountain Range existed within the domain of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory just like the Royal Reed Sea, the Jade Sun Mountain Range and the Setting Sun Archipelago.

It was smaller than the Royal Reed Sea. Still, there were also some major powers active in the region as they sought to expand their influence.

Yan Zhaoge arrived in their territory and made no moves to conceal his actions. He was soon noticed by the local powers.

Still, Yan Zhaoge was not concerned about this as he instead openly established contact with them and asked for information about the place.

He could currently be considered famous within the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory as well. Also, he was just passing by as he did not intend to stay for long.

Considering Yan Zhaoge's fame and close relationship with Golden Court Mountain, the powers of the Consecutive Drum Mountain Range were happy to interact with him, forging a good relationship.

Some might be desirous of Yan Zhaoge's many treasures. Still, they had to know their own abilities.

Those elsewhere in the World beyond Worlds without any personal experience might underestimate Yan Zhaoge who was still in the Seeing Divinity Martial Saint realm to some extent.

However, there were much fewer of such people in the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory.

In the case of these people, Broad Creed Mountain's initial fame had been won by this youth.

He definitely could not be underestimated because of his age and cultivation base.

As most people saw it, an Immortal Artifact like the Dim Radiant Wheel should logically be kept at Broad Creed Mountain rather than remaining with Yan Zhaoge even as he roamed around outside.

This being the case, however courageous one was, they would still believe that it was not worth it.

It would naturally be faster for local powers to obtain news than

outsiders like Yan Zhaoge and Ah Hu who had only just arrived at the Consecutive Drum Mountain Range.

Soon, information came.

Sorting through the information, one thing attracted Yan Zhaoges's attention.

Not long before he had reached the Consecutive Drum Mountain Range, a disaster of extermination had befallen a lineage here.

It was the Xia Family from the southern forests of the Consecutive Drum Mountain Range which had been destroyed. It was also known as the Listening Thunder Peak's Xia Family.

The Listening Thunder Peak's Xia Family was not a local power of the World beyond Worlds as it originated from a lower world like Broad Creed Mountain and the Heavy Sun Sect of the Floating Gate World.

The Xia Family Head had originally been a solitary practitioner from a lower world who was devoted to the martial dao, having aspired towards greater heights.

He had not been satisfied in touring the various mountains of that lower world. He had continued to cultivate, ultimately having successfully broken through space to see Divinity.

After attaining the Seeing Divinity Martial Saint realm, the Xia Family Head had ascended to the new heavens and earth that were the World beyond Worlds and finally made this place his home.

Afterwards, he had married an Elder of some major power in the Consecutive Drum Mountain Range and ultimately established the foundation of the Listening Thunder Peak's Xia Family with the help of that major power.

Presently, he already had a few generations of descendants.

Still, some couple of years back, the backer of the Listening Thunder Peak's Xia Family had fallen in a power struggle amongst

some major powers of the Consecutive Drum Mountain Peak.

The Xia Family had suffered many casualties as well, the first generation Family Head included. The Xia Family had deteriorated thereafter.

Afterwards, the Xia Family had tried to obtain a new backer. Still, before they could do so, a new tribulation had arrived.

This tribulation had exterminated them for good.

The power that had exterminated the Xia Family was known as Three Foot Mountain. It was not a local power of the Consecutive Drum Mountain Range, instead being active in the Green Peak High Plains that neighboured the Consecutive Drum Mountain Range.

Just like the current Yan Zhaoge, they were foreign to this land.

When powers of the Consecutive Drum Mountain Range had asked about this, Three Foot Mountain had said that disciples of the Xia Family had slain their disciples, with them exacting vengeance as a result. Three Foot Mountain had no intention of invading the Consecutive Drum Mountain Range.

In truth, they had indeed left immediately after exterminating the Xia Family, not having interfered in other matters or bothered other people of the Consecutive Drum Mountain Range at all.

As there was great internal conflict in the Consecutive Drum Mountain Range, they presently had no intention of pursuing this matter.

Still, Yan Zhaoge noted how Three Foot Mountain had headed east after taking down the Xia Family.

Yet, the Green Peak High Plains were located to the north of the Consecutive Drum Mountain Range.

Heading east, they would be travelling in the direction of the Wilderness Sea.

“Green Peak High Plains, Three Foot Mountain?” Yan Zhaoge noted, yet outwardly showed nothing.

He had vaguely heard of Three Foot Mountain before, with this power being somewhat unique in the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory.

Its situation was somewhat similar to the Grand Xuan Dynasty's, yet not completely the same.

There were also other experts behind Three Foot Mountain. Still, this was not like the domineering manner of the Grand Xuan Dynasty who had directly entered and settled down in the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory.

Instead, some expert had once casually dished out some pointers when passing by the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory, causing Three Foot Mountain to turn from a relatively ordinary sect to a major power of the Green Peak High Plains, becoming rather famous throughout the entire southeastern Yang Heaven Territory.

Still, on the whole, Three Foot Mountain who had always been located within the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory since ancient times was still different from the Grand Xuan Dynasty.

Golden Court Mountain was also not so wary of Three Foot Mountain like they had been the Grand Xuan Dynasty.

Yan Zhaoge nonchalantly passed Listening Thunder Peak. He did not linger, just normally walking by.

As they were passing by Listening Thunder Peak, that broken whisk shook slightly before regaining its normalcy.

Yan Zhaoge and Ah Hu exchanged looks, both being certain of things now.

“Young Master, it looks like the other half of the whisk was originally at this Listening Thunder Peak's Xia Family,” Ah Hu said, “It is just that Three Foot Mountain of the Green Peak High

Plains somehow learnt of this and hence exterminated their Xia Family, stealing the whisk.”

“They headed east, likely hurrying to the Wilderness Sea for the opening of the cave manor there.”

The reason traces of it had been left behind here at Listening Thunder Peak might be that the Xia Family usually nourished and refined that half-whisk.

Yan Zhaoge said, “Yes, that’s probably it.”

The two spoke no further as they got on Pan-Pan’s back, continuing east.

While Yan Zhaoge had not asked about the matters between Three Foot Mountain and the Xia Family, with two consecutive groups of outsiders having gone east from the Consecutive Drum Mountain Range, this still attracted the attention of the local powers.

Yan Zhaoge did not mind this whatsoever. He was more concerned with the Wilderness Sea that lay to the east.

HSSB 943: A golden crow amidst the sea

After leaving the Consecutive Drum Mountain Range, Yan Zhaoge and Ah Hu sat on Pan-Pan's back and headed east, finally arriving in the region of the Wilderness Sea after a long journey.

Ahead of them was a vast, dense sea. The seawater had an unusual colour as it was like snowy plains that bobbed up and down.

Seeing that snowy white seawater, Yan Zhaoge knew for sure that he was already within the domain of the Wilderness Sea.

The situation here was similar to that of the Wind Domain's Great Western Desert, the endless ocean and the Lake Domain's Marsh of Illusory Sea of the Eight Extremities World previously.

Due to the unique environment there, even powerful martial practitioners would be hard pressed to venture deep within. Few people could be found there as the environment was very terrible indeed.

Therefore, some lawless criminals who were unable to settle down elsewhere had fled over there.

These people all lived each day as they came, being happy as they just wilfully lived their days.

Facing these ruthless people, the disciples of renowned lineages could only rely on their own skills as whatever background they had was not of much use.

If they offended these lawless criminals, they would probably be killed straight away no matter what their background was.

If some experts were dispatched to exact vengeance and claim their lives, they would hide inside the Wilderness Sea.

If they managed to escape, all would be good. If they did not, all would simply depend on what fate had in store for them.

In the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory, everyone else aside from the disciples of Golden Court Mountain whom those people would still be wary of somewhat needed to be very careful indeed.

Yan Zhaoge did not find it all that dangerous, though. It was just that things might become more complicated with all those people there if news of the cave manor had previously been leaked.

“Whisk,” Yan Zhaoge shaded his eyes with his hand, gazing towards the vast sea in the distance.

Ah Hu passed him that half-broken whisk. As Yan Zhaoge took it, a white line instantly appeared before his eyes which extended into the depths of the Wilderness Sea from the top of the whisk.

Yan Zhaoge lightly stroked the whisk, infusing his true essence within.

The whisk trembled slightly before the lustre of that white line actually gradually began to change.

It turned from white to green, next turning a faint gold.

Yan Zhaoge drew some strokes with a finger in mid-air, forming a simple, rustic rune.

Pan-Pan shrunk before he was next picked up by Ah Hu.

The rune enlarged in mid-air, forming a bright clump of light that enveloped Yan Zhaoge and Ah Hu.

Then, this clump of light was guided by that faint golden line as it rapidly sped towards the depths of the Wilderness Sea, resembling the line of a fishing rod being retracted after the bait was bitten.

The clump of light that enveloped them turned into a speck of light which flew through the Wilderness Sea as it was far away in an instant.

Still, there were still people in the Wilderness Sea who noticed this speck of light.

Even if the people in the vicinity were not lawless criminals but disciples of major sects who had come adventuring, they too were people whose audacity rivalled the heavens.

Seeing that speck of light, they were all tempted as they attempted to follow.

Still, their flying speed was too high such that most of these people were left in the dust soon after, unable to keep up with them.

As for those few who were able to keep up, seeing the speck of light venturing deeper and deeper into its midst, they involuntarily slowed down gradually as they hesitated.

The deeper one ventured into the Wilderness Sea, the greater the perils.

Within that clump of light, Yan Zhaoge and Ah Hu could similarly feel the pressure getting greater and greater.

Amidst the dense white sea, there were jade green pillars of flame that suddenly shot up into the skies from time to time.

With the Heaven Earth Reversing Axe in hand, Yan Zhaoge hacked apart those ferocious pillars of green flame, unceasingly opening the way.

He recognised this to be Heavenly Wilderness Dim Flame, being extremely powerful yin fire which was not blazing hot but was instead icy cold to the extreme, surpassing the cold of endless winter.

As soon as one was touched by the fire, not only would their fleshly body be damaged, even their souls would be burned by that incinerating fire as well, being like worms that had burrowed into one's flesh as they were difficult to get rid of.

Just the slightest contact with it would cause one to be inflicted.

Only those who had entered the Immortal realm would be able to

completely overlook the threat it posed. Even Human Exalts would have to circulate their profound arts to mitigate this, acting to clear their path of obstacles.

For martial practitioners of the Immortal Bridge stage and below, their safety would not be assured even if they possessed a high-grade Sacred Artifact.

Yan Zhaoge did not fear this. Still, the Heavenly Wilderness Dim Fire was merely one of the many threats that existed within the Wilderness Sea.

There were many other sinister tribulations no inferior to the Heavenly Wilderness Dim Fire at all.

Yan Zhaoge felt as if as he travelled, he had to be prepared to face an encirclement and assault by more than a single Immortal Bridge Martial Saint at any moment.

The Wilderness Sea was extremely vast as it occupied nearly a third of the entire southeastern Yang Heaven Territory's surface area.

With so many tribulations there blocking his path, even Yan Zhaoge would have to traverse the area extremely slowly if he were travelling normally.

Fortunately, he was guided by this mechanism which allowed them to proceed at a high speed. Yet, this led to them travelling in a straight line as Yan Zhaoge could only resist these incoming dangers head-on, not being able to evade them.

This was still fine initially for the sake of speed and efficiency.

Anyway, with his foundation of supreme martial arts such as the Peerless Heavenly Scripture, Cyclic Heavenly Scripture, Yin Yang Heavenly Scripture and the Taiji Yin Yang Palm, Yan Zhaoge possessed an extremely abundant accumulation of true essence as his recuperative abilities were mighty too.

Still, the further they ventured into the depths of the Wilderness

Sea, the more intense these dangers became.

In the later stages, Heavenly Wilderness Dim Fire had become rare. Instead, another tribulation known as the Baleful Black Devil had become much more common.

This did not surge out from within the white sea. Instead, it existed in the form of a black fog which wreathed the air above the surface of the sea.

This black fog that resembled black ink was even more terrifying than Heavenly Wilderness Dim Fire.

The destructive power it possessed was virtually equivalent to that of a late Immortal Bridge Martial Saint.

The black fog resembled sticky black ink as it was hard to dispel. Even if it was temporarily broken through, it would definitely condense again very quickly before continuing to attack unrelentingly.

It was omnipresent, existing in all directions.

As a result, it was like numerous ninth level Martial Saint experts were simultaneously attacking from multiple directions.

Yan Zhaoge would not foolishly face such attacks head-on.

He halted the earlier mechanism, switching to a direction and speed that he controlled as he advanced amidst those strands of black fog.

“It is no wonder that people often say that amongst the martial practitioners of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory, only the Southeastern Exalt can freely enter and leave this place,” Ah Hu looked earnestly at the Baleful Black Devils in the vicinity, “This is much more terrifying than the Great Western Desert’s Black Nightmare Storms which we saw in the Eight Extremities World.”

Yan Zhaoge said, “This is only natural. Any random one of these descends in the Eight Extremities World and the entire world will

probably be destroyed.”

“Young Master...” Ah Hu suddenly turned to look at Yan Zhaoge, “Do you think that it might be possible for martial practitioners to refine and convert these Baleful Black Devils into their own power?”

At this moment, Ah Hu did not look as laid-back as he was usually as he appeared extremely solemn.

“Why not?” Yan Zhaoge laughed, “There was once a supreme martial art in pre-Great Calamity times known as the Wind Devil Swift Sabre. It relied on refining various sinister winds and assimilating such into their sabre-qi. The Baleful Black Devil is one possible choice, and also the most difficult with the greatest power that can be unleashed.”

“Still, one would have to be at least an Immortal Bridge Martial Saint before they can begin trying to refine the Baleful Black Devil.”

Hearing this, Ah Hu did not continue asking about it. Still, from his expression, Yan Zhaoge knew that the big fella had taken notice of this.

Regardless of how unseemly he might usually appear in front of Yan Zhaoge, Ah Hu had always been very diligent when it came to his cultivation.

Even as they talked, they continued heading further into the depths of the Wilderness Sea.

After who knew how long, Yan Zhaoge suddenly saw a ray of sunlight lighting up amidst the black fog ahead of him, as if the floating clouds were obscuring the sun.

The gigantic silhouette of a bird was indistinctly visible amidst that sunlight.

It was a three-legged crow.

HSSB 944: In the depths of the white clouds

The Three-footed Golden Crow, also known as the Great Sun Golden Crow, was said to be the son of the vast heavens in the legends, a primordial spirit of elemental fire.

It was on the same level as phoenixes, dragons, qilins and Kunpengs.

There had been Fire Crows in the Floating Life World. These were related to the Golden Crow yet did not possess its actual bloodline, merely being of mixed, impure blood. Even then, they still possessed the ability to incinerate the heavens and cook the seas.

Still, they were vastly inferior as compared to actual Three-footed Golden Crows.

Fully grown Three-footed Golden Crows of pure blood who had cultivated to the peak following their birth could directly transform into a great sun that was comparable to the actual Solar Star. They did not exist as existences of the human realm.

Yan Zhaoge was very interested in Three-Footed Golden Crows, these divine beasts seemingly having gone extinct following the Great Calamity.

While the dragon race had deteriorated, they still lived on following the Great Calamity. As for golden crows, there was seldom news about them now.

Still, this silhouetted golden crow before him clearly was not an actual Golden Crow.

The southeastern Yang Heaven Territory's Green Peak High Plains' Three Foot Mountain.

The profundities of its martial arts legacy, the Golden Crow Incinerating World Scripture, came precisely from the true intent of the power of the Great Sun Golden Crow.

This supreme martial art had belonged to a major power known as Golden Crow Valley in pre-Great Calamity times.

After the Great Calamity, the founder of Three Foot Mountain had coincidentally obtained an incomplete version of the Golden Crow Incinerating World Scripture and utilised this in the establishment of the initial Three Foot Mountain.

Afterwards, the incomplete scripture had been remedied as Three Foot Mountain had thus become one of the strongest powers of the Green Peak High Plains, being renowned throughout the entire southeastern Yang Heaven Territory.

Up ahead of Yan Zhaoge, that silhouetted Three-Footed Golden Crow was unceasingly manoeuvring about the assaults of the Baleful Black Devil, enveloped by sunlight as it avoided numerous streams of black inky fog.

“Oh, they have some trump card, huh,” Yan Zhaoge raised his brows slightly as he watched this.

Enveloped by the Baleful Black Devil, it would be like numerous ninth level Martial Saints were simultaneously attacking oneself.

While it was not swift and agile enough, that black fog possessed shocking destructive power.

Even most Immortal Bridge Martial Saints would be injured if it brushed by them and slain if it touched them.

The Baleful Black Devil was too densely packed as it would definitely not be easy to traverse it.

He had heard that the Chief of Three Foot Mountain was an expert of the mid Immortal Bridge stage.

While the Golden Crow Incinerating World Scripture was remarkably profound and their sect also possessed a high-grade Sacred Artifact, there would still be a ninety percent chance of dying when facing the Baleful Black Devil.

Still, the golden crow that Yan Zhaoge was watching was still advancing forward non-stop despite its low speed.

It was still able to navigate relatively freely despite the pressure.

As a result, Yan Zhaoge could not help but feel somewhat interested.

He was faster than those of Three Foot Mountain as he had gradually come to catch up with them.

Still, guided along by their whisk, their two sides had finally arrived at their collective destination!

Detecting that someone had caught up with them, that silhouetted golden crow did not halt as it instead abruptly surged downwards.

Evading the streams of black fog, the golden crow descended into the air above the surface of the sea down below.

The snowy white seawater of the Wilderness Sea was already the most dangerous existence in itself.

If those below the Exalt level dared to tread within, their flesh and bones would be reduced to a pool of blood in mere instants.

Therefore, those who entered the Wilderness Sea would be more willing to face dangers like the Baleful Black Devil and the Heavenly Wilderness Dim Fire than descend to the surface of the sea.

At this moment, however, a massive whirlpool appeared on the surface of the Wilderness Sea whose centre led straight to the bottom of the sea.

There, it was all dark and murky as one would not be able to easily see what was lurking within.

As Yan Zhaoge gazed over, the white line extending from the half-broken whisk he was holding pointed straight towards the darkness at the depths of the whirlpool where nothing was visible.

There was clearly a white line also leading from the silhouetted golden crow to the bottom of the whirlpool.

The golden crow flapped its wings, transforming into a streak of golden light which plunged into the centre of the whirlpool, entering the murky depths.

The all-encompassing golden light was gone in an instant.

Yan Zhaoge was neither panicked nor flustered as he too descended towards those murky depths.

As soon as he entered, Yan Zhaoge felt space and time around him changing as it was like he had walked through some door, thereby entering another world.

“It is like when I was searching for the Profound Sky Purple Gold Furnace...”Even as he pondered, Yan Zhaoge stabilised himself, bringing Ah Hu and Pan-Pan along in traversing that dim darkness.

When the light of day reappeared, it was a rather dilapidated scene that came into view.

The spiritual qi had yet to dissipate completely within that world. Yet, it was chaotic beyond compare as others would be hard pressed to distinguish it.

This world was not large. It was rather similar to the Dim Radiant Mausoleum from back then, being specifically constructed for a cave manor.

Viewing the scenes before them, an extremely long time had indeed already passed as everything no longer possessed their original appearance beneath the flow of time.

From this, it could be confirmed that this was indeed the manor of some long-departed senior, its master having already perished.

Even if he had not perished, he had already left a long time ago, never once having returned.

Yan Zhaoge even suspected that this might be like the foreign dimension where Loose Practitioner He had once resided, having existed in pre-Great Calamity times. While it had not been destroyed completely, the tribulation that was the Great Calamity had left its mark, leaving it looking like this.

Yan Zhaoge surveyed their surroundings and did not see any trace of those of Three Foot Mountain. It looked like they had descended elsewhere.

There were lofty peaks and tall precipices in the distance that were concealed amidst white mist. These appeared rather ephemeral and out of this world. Still, it was hard to tell their background.

It was just that there seemed to be a Daoist temple existing amidst the white fog.

Yan Zhaoge strode forward, heading towards that Daoist temple.

As he walked, he discovered that this place seemed abnormal. As he traversed the white fog, space and time both appeared very strange indeed.

As Yan Zhaoge walked within, he felt as though he was not getting any nearer to the Daoist temple at all as he was just walking around in circles.

He shook his head, red sword-light vaguely flickering within his eyes.

Beneath the sharpness of the Immortal Trapping Sword that could shatter space itself, the white mist before them instantly began to gradually disperse.

The path instantly became smooth. Walking along, Yan Zhaoge soon arrived at the door of that Daoist temple.

Yan Zhaoge halted, seeing a fallen signboard half-buried in dust before the door of the temple.

He blew on it, the dust dispersing as a mottled board was revealed. It read: Clan Origin Temple.

"I don't seem to have any impression of it..." Yan Zhaoge muttered to himself.

Had it been constructed in post-Great Calamity times or did it belong to a hidden practitioner of before the Great Calamity who had never shown himself to the world?

Before the Great Calamity, the Heavenly Court's Divine Palace had virtually had records of all the major powers that ever existed within the whole entire universe.

The sole exception was the direct lineage of the Three Clear lineages. While most of their branches were known to the Heavenly Court's Divine Palace, as new ones opened over the many long years, there would surely be some existences who never showed themselves that no one even knew of.

Yan Zhaoge's heart jolted slightly as he circled about the left of the temple, walking for a distance before gazing down from the top of that mountain.

Close to the centre of the mountain, in this very direction, there was indeed golden light flickering indistinctly amidst the white mist, resembling the rising of the early morning sun.

It was precisely those of Three Foot Mountain.

Their rate of advance was clearly slower than that of Yan Zhaoge who possessed the Immortal Trapping Sword such that he had overtaken them despite arriving later to the scene.

As those of Three Foot Mountain looked up in the direction of the Daoist temple, they too immediately saw Yan Zhaoge and Ah Hu who were currently standing right next to it.

Their expressions instantly changed.

Sadly for them, while the distance between them did not seem

far, beneath the effects of the white mist, it was really like they were realms apart.

HSSB 945: Those who arrive first may not succeed, the able takes all

After glancing at those of Three Foot Mountain, Yan Zhaoge turned, returning to the main entrance of the Daoist temple.

“The trees planted by predecessors give descendants shelter. This Yan will be entering your manor.”

Entering the temple, Yan Zhaoge saw a tree within. It was not huge but was ancient, its leaves and branches long since having wilted.

While there was still some greenness to it, its roots should long since have gone dry.

“Ancestral Mulberry Tree,” Yan Zhaoge slowly nodded.

The leaves of this spiritual tree possessed a special fragrance. As martial practitioners cultivated beneath it, it would nourish their spirits and replenish their qi.

Yan Zhaoge had once heard Mu Jun mentioning that such trees were commonly planted in the current World beyond Worlds.

Still, Yan Zhaoge could basically determine that this Ancestral Mulberry Tree was likely already over ten thousand years old.

The timeflow in this cave manor was much slower than that of the World beyond Worlds itself.

From the looks of it, it was more possible that this Ancestral Mulberry Tree had existed in pre-Great Calamity times.

In that case, this Daoist temple would probably have existed before the Great Calamity as well.

It was just unknown if its master had died as a result of the Great Calamity or for some other reason.

Yan Zhaoge, Ah Hu and Pan-Pan entered the main hall of the

Daoist temple. There, they did not see idols of the founders of the Three Clear lineages as it was instead completely bare within.

After they had entered, variations immediately occurred amidst the space before them.

All-encompassing yellow sand arose within the hall, obscuring the heavens and earth.

The space shockingly formed a world that could project the scenes of myriad things.

While its original owner had long since departed with so many years having passed, it was still able to birth these numerous intricate images. It was truly worthy of admiration indeed.

The yellow sandstorm was not any inferior in power to the Baleful Black Devils from the Wilderness Sea outside that they had experienced earlier.

Each of these specks of sand shone brightly like crystals.

Any single one of them would be sufficient to penetrate through the well-tempered fleshly body of a Martial Saint.

As a sandstorm descended, it would be able to riddle one's body with holes.

It was so terrifying such that even with Yan Zhaoge's strength, he would not forcibly resist this head-on with his body.

"Young Master, the original owner of this place must have had an extremely powerful cultivation base. Where could he have come from?" Ah Hu pulled back the corners of his lips.

Yan Zhaoge flashed the Heaven Swallowing Earth Devouring Box, clapping on the sword box as its lid opened, an ancient bronze sword that flickered with black light flying out from within.

As the Evil Sword Taotie entered his hand, Yan Zhaoge made a hand-seal, the brutal black light instantly transforming into a black hole which devoured the yellow sand before him.

The yellow sand swept over from all directions with mighty gusts of wind, hacking through space as it resisted the suction force of the black hole.

While part of the wind and sand was devoured by the black hole, there was also much of it which broke through the obstruction of the black sword-light, still attacking towards Yan Zhaoge's group.

Yan Zhaoge's expression did not change as all-encompassing golden light slowly arose above his head.

The Extreme Yang Seal appeared, hanging high overhead with streaks of golden light descending as they kept the remnant sandstorm at bay.

Yan Zhaoge brandished the Evil Sword Taotie, the vicious black sword-light switching from defence to offence.

The sword-intent of the Immortal Ending Sword that could extinguish all things was merged within, causing the sharpness of the Evil Sword Taotie to become more fierce and vicious as it hacked apart the sand, opening a path forward.

Yan Zhaoge resumed his advance even as he said, "If I am not wrong, the former owner of this cave manor was at least an expert who had already opened the door to Immortality. As for his cultivation realm, I am unable to ascertain that."

If not for this, it would be impossible that the restrictions here would still be so mighty and effective beneath the corrosive influence of time after so many long years.

Ah Hu's eyes instantly shone, "Young Master, could there be an Immortal Artifact here just like in the Dim Radiant Mausoleum?"

Yan Zhaoge opened a path forward while casually answering, "Unlikely. The original owner did not perish here, instead having left and never returned. Even if he is dead, he would have died outside."

"Generally speaking, people bring along their important

treasures with them.”

The forging of the Evil Sword Taotie by Ancestor Hei was truly coincidental, an extremely rare case.

Ah Hu scratched his head, “Young Master, isn’t it then that there also isn’t much hope of you finding a supreme martial art of the Grand Clear direct lineage here?”

Yan Zhaoge said, “Maybe not. From the looks of the outer courtyard, it was not just one person who lived here. The master of this place should have had disciples to teach too. If we can find where they stayed, we might gain something then.”

“That’s true,” Ah Hu nodded as he could not help but smile as he looked at the yellow sand gradually being cleared away by Yan Zhaoge, “Young Master, with you opening the path, it will be much more convenient for those of Three Foot Mountain when they arrive later.”

Yan Zhaoge said nonchalantly, “It is fine, let them come. Those who arrive first may not succeed, the able takes all. We will all just be relying on our abilities. Since they are not my opponent, what does it matter if I end up making it more convenient for them?”

As he spoke, the sandstorm up ahead suddenly dissipated.

However, a strange river appeared before them. The river water whistled as it surged over towards Yan Zhaoge!

Yan Zhaoge did not cease in his footsteps as he still protected himself with the Extreme Yang Seal, next utilising the Evil Sword Taotie as the river water was devoured where the sword-light passed.

Still, that river water was clearly far from ordinary.

Yan Zhaoge actually felt the Evil Sword Taotie that he was holding becoming denser somewhat.

Also, it was getting heavier and heavier!

“Water of Heavy River?” Yan Zhaoge realised.

There was a river in pre-Great Calamity times known as the Heavy River. As its name suggested, its river water was extremely heavy. Just a single drop of it had the weight of over a hundred thousand kilograms.

The earth could not bear such a weight as it was only able to flow underground.

In pre-Great Calamity times, it had been said, “Starry River in the sky, Heavy River in the earth.”

This referred to the water of the Heavy River.

The master of this Daoist temple had clearly obtained a small branch of water from the Heavy River through his own miraculous means and shifted it to this cave manor.

“While this cannot stop me, I will still have to spend some time on it,” Yan Zhaoge smacked his lips, retracting the sword-light of the Evil Sword Taotie that he held and condensing it at a single point.

That single point became incomparably heavy, even heavier than the water of the Heavy River!

A strand of white light was emitted from the tip of the black sword.

Combined with the sword-intent of the Immortal Ending Sword, the vicious sword-intent forcibly hacked through the river water that blocked Yan Zhaoge’s path, allowing him to continue forward.

Still, this caused Yan Zhaoge’s rate of advance to be much lower.

When he had finished breaking through the great river before him, the scenes before him changed once more as it was golden flames that had now appeared.

These golden flames looked exceptionally tranquil without any feeling of violence or restlessness at all as it was like multiple

golden lotuses were blooming together.

“Miraculous Fire Golden Lotus,” Yan Zhaoge raised his brows slightly, not halting as he continued his advance.

Just as he approached, those golden lotuses that had originally appeared tranquil mightily exploded, transforming into boundless golden flames which sought to devour him.

Yan Zhaoge punched distantly forward, the Extreme Yang Seal above his head no longer serving merely as protection as it forcibly retaliated, colliding head-on with the incoming golden flames.

As the golden fire erupted, it could not harm the Extreme Yang Seal as it was mostly dispelled by it. Still, some remnant fire still surged over towards Yan Zhaoge.

Yan Zhaoge wielded the Evil Sword Taotie now in taking care of this, the black sword-light devouring all things as that fiery golden light was devoured as well.

As he walked, he broke through the multiple lotuses of flame that stood in his path.

Partway through his advance, his heart suddenly jolted.

Turning to look behind him, Yan Zhaoge indeed saw golden sunlight flickering far behind.

A three-footed golden crow entered his field of vision.

HSSB 946: Golden Crow Remnant Soul

The three-footed golden crow appeared, flickering with sunlight.

Its line of vision involuntarily fell on the Extreme Yang Seal hovering above Yan Zhaoge's head.

Beneath the heavens, there were talents abound. It was often not just a single lineage that studied similar martial principles.

In cases like this, there was generally no sense of unity amongst them.

On the contrary, there were clear divisions of power amongst them. Otherwise, they would be unhappy with one another most of the time, believing that only they were of the orthodox path, others all following an evil way. As a result, the relationship between them was usually not good.

As one of the Nine Luminaries and the most commonly seen dazzling sun up in the sky, the Solar Star was naturally studied by many.

Before the Great Calamity, Vast Yang Palace, Golden Crow Valley and the Dim Radiant Sect had all been versed in this.

Comparatively speaking, the Dim Radiant Sect had simultaneously studied the profundities of the sun and the moon primarily to comprehend the intricate principles of radiance within.

Rather than saying that they studied the Solar Star, it was more like they were analysing the true intent of brightness.

The Golden Crow Incinerating World Scripture leaned towards the eternal blazing of the Solar Star when unleashed to the maximum, resulting in terrifying might which could incinerate the heavens and decimate the earth.

Its martial legacies also delved on the essence of fire besides

analysing the yang qi of the Solar Star.

Comparatively speaking, Vast Yang Palace had been the most focused as it had been fully devoted to analysing the variations of the sun.

With the Vast Yang Scripture as its foundation, the Extreme Yang Scripture that had thereafter arisen had been more in depth and more focused.

Before the Great Calamity, things had been disharmonious between Golden Crow Valley and Vast Yang Palace with both sides vehemently refusing to acknowledge the other.

Still, while the current Three Foot Mountain had obtained the legacy of Golden Crow Valley, it greatly desired the Extreme Yang Scripture as well.

This was because of something that the major figure who had helped them to replenish the incomplete Golden Crow World Incinerating Scripture had once coincidentally mentioned.

“The Vast Yang Scripture notwithstanding, the Extreme Yang Scripture and Yang Extremity World Creating Scripture that the Exalted Solar Luminary was acclaimed for would be priceless treasures for you indeed.”

Seeing the Extreme Yang Seal hovering above Yan Zhaoge’s head at this moment, the gazes of those of Three Foot Mountain instantly flickered.

“Chief, from the Young Master’s guidance that year, there should be three tribulations in this cave manor. These golden lotuses are the third tribulation,” Someone sent via sound transmission to the old man in the lead, “There will be no further tribulations thereafter as one will be able to enter the true central region of the temple.”

The old man in the lead with the goatee and a face of pale gold was the current Chief of Three Foot Mountain.

He looked expressionlessly at Yan Zhaoge in the distance, not saying anything.

The person beside him continued, “This person is that Broad Creed Mountain’s Yan Zhaoge. It is said that he is a genius blessed by the heavens, possessing extreme strength. From the looks of it now, it is indeed so.”

“What is worse is that he is even accompanied by the Extreme Yang Seal. I can even tell that while the sword he wields is inferior to the Extreme Yang Seal, it is still an extremely powerful high-grade Sacred Artifact...”

At this point, that old man mildly interjected, “As compared to our sect’s Golden Crow Incinerating Heaven Sabre, that sword is probably superior.”

The Three Foot Mountain martial practitioners present all frowned.

The person who had spoken earlier nodded, continuing, “While we brought the soul flag over this time, it was depleted greatly in the Wilderness Sea earlier. I wish not to raise the morale of others while diminishing our own, but we might not be able to defeat that Yan Zhaoge here.”

As soon as this had been said, those of Three Foot Mountain all felt very uncomfortable indeed.

Yet, seeing Yan Zhaoge moving comfortably forward without obstacle, breaking through all the restrictions here as he acted readily and with disregard with mighty treasures in hand, their rationality attributed a single word to this youth before them.

Terrifying!

“What do you say we do then? Do you mean to say that we should turn back just like this?” Someone asked dissatisfiedly.

Still, this person’s expression quickly changed, “Wait, could it be that you mean to...”

The person who had first spoken said softly, “It is said that this Yan Zhaoge is close with Ingenious Flying Peak’s Red Lotus Fu. Second Young Master is quite unhappy about this.”

“For us, this is precisely a chance to relieve Second Young Master of his worries. Coupled with the treasures in this cave manor, that Extreme Yang Seal and maybe even the Extreme Yang Scripture, this is literally killing four birds with one stone!”

The Three Foot Mountain martial practitioners all felt silent.

Someone said slowly, “Irrevocable death enmity.”

They were not afraid of sowing enmity with others, not being merciful people as well. For example, they had directly exterminated that Listening Thunder Peak’s Xia Family just like that.

The strength that Yan Zhaoge had demonstrated thus far was what really caused them to hesitate.

In failing to overturn the tiger, they might be hurt by the tiger instead.

“It is fine,” The old man with the goatee who had been silent for a long while, the current Chief of Three Foot Mountain, now spoke, “The backup measures that we made earlier can be put to use.”

A sabre appeared in his hand, a magnificent sun on its blade in which the figure of a three-footed golden crow could vaguely be seen.

In the other hand of that Chief of Three Foot Mountain appeared a bright yellow flag.

Another Three Foot Mountain Martial practitioner took the flag from him, waving it as the shrill cry of a crow instantly resounded.

It did not sound as piercing as normal crows. Instead, it sounded rather profound and moving.

As the cry of the crow resounded, it was like the great sun was rising, surging with vitality.

Blazing flames of sunlight now surged which actually seemed no inferior to the Extreme Yang Seal at all in the short term.

As soon as this was taken out, Yan Zhaoge immediately sensed it.

Gazing over, he saw that Three Foot Mountain martial practitioner waving a flag, the silhouette of a golden crow taking form.

Two pupils which resembled suns stared fixatedly at Yan Zhaoge with a piercing gaze that one could not directly look into.

“So it is a soul flag with the remnant soul of a Golden Crow sealed within!” Yan Zhaoge instantly realised, “This Golden Crow must have been extremely powerful when it was alive. It is no wonder that it was able to protect them through the obstructing Baleful Black Devils, entering the depths of the Wilderness Sea.”

Still, this art would cause the spirituality of the remnant soul of the Golden Crow to deteriorate in an irreversible manner, being difficult to recover from as it dwindled unceasingly.

After it had been used for too long and too many times, that final bit of spirituality would dissipate. Its soul would be scattered into the winds for all eternity, never again to recover.

This was Three Foot Mountain’s supreme treasure which they treasured exceptionally greatly. They would not use it lightly.

Thee Foot Mountain had really given it their all in coming to this Daoist temple this time.

As the soul flag was waved, the remnant soul of the Golden Crow flew out, charging towards Yan Zhaoge with a ferocious momentum.

The Chief of Three Foot Mountain roared, clasping that sabre with both hands before he flew up and chopped towards Yan

Zhaoge from up above.

The sabre-light merged with the remnant soul of the Golden Crow, golden flames blazing mightily as they enveloped the entire surrounding area.

In front of this Golden Crow, Chief Luo Zhiyuan of the Radiant Light Sect with the high-grade Sacred Artifact, the Sun Moon Wheels in hand, was just like a minuscule speck of light against the great sun.

Even a ninth level Martial Saint expert would have to temporarily avoid the sharpness of this blow.

Yan Zhaoge could even feel some of the overwhelming might of the Vast Yang Exalt, Pei Hua, within.

“Attacking as soon as you want to. Straightforward indeed,” Yan Zhaoge was trapped amidst the sea of flames of the golden lotuses even as he faced the Golden Crow that bore down on him.

While he faced attacks from both front and back, Yan Zhaoge’s expression held no fear whatsoever.

The Extreme Yang Seal descended, landing on Yan Zhaoge’s palm.

At the same time, the tip of the Evil Sword Taotie drew a circle in mid-air.

The sword-light circulated, transforming into a circle that flickered with black light.

A white glow could vaguely be seen amidst that black light.

HSSB 947: Slaughtering Golden Crow!

Yan Zhaoge had many methods of dealing with things like the remnant soul of the Golden Crow that could not be maintained for long, only temporarily erupting with power.

For example, he could slowly drag it out, grinding down those of Three Foot Mountain.

Yan Zhaoge usually struck swiftly and domineeringly in battles with victory and defeat being decided within a short period of time, either side hence falling into defeat.

If he could obtain victory, he would virtually be crushing his opponent.

If he ended up being defeated, he would have no chance of turning the tables.

Still, this did not entail that he was unable to stably and slowly fight a battle.

While he was still a Seeing Divinity Martial Saint, Yan Zhaoge who cultivated in supreme martial arts like the Peerless Heavenly Scripture, the Cyclic Heavenly Scripture, the Yin Yang Heavenly Scripture and the Taiji Yin Yang Palm had abundant true essence with a qi returning speed that was virtually unrivalled amongst those below the Human Exalt stage.

Yan Zhaoge's personality was such that he disliked such a conservative fighting style.

Still, if the situation required it, he would not mind using such a method.

Currently, it was most beneficial to drag out the battle against these Three Foot Mountain martial practitioners.

Three Foot Mountain's legacy of the Golden Crow World Incinerating Scripture was extremely outstanding and their Chief

possessed remarkable strength too. While not on the level of Long Hanhua and Zeng Mo, he was close to the level of strength of the late Shen Lingzi.

Still, without the remnant soul of the Golden Crow, his combat power would plummet drastically.

It was evident indeed that the remnant soul of the Golden Crow would disappear if too much time went by.

Currently, it had already been depleted greatly just by protecting those of Three Foot Mountain as they entered the Wilderness Sea.

Still, Yan Zhaoge had other thoughts of his own.

He was rather interested in this Golden Crow remnant soul.

As the Evil Sword Taotie drew a circle in mid-air, its target was not that incoming Great Sun Golden Crow.

The black ring of light that flickered with a white glow expanded into the surroundings with Yan Zhaoge as its centre.

Of the golden lotuses of fire which enveloped the area, it was originally the case that only those close to Yan Zhaoge would explode into a sea of flames, those in the distance remaining tranquil.

Yet, swept along by Yan Zhaoge's sword-light, whether they were close by or far away, the golden lotuses of flame all erupted simultaneously!

The violent golden flames transformed into a boundless world of flames at this moment which surrounded Yan Zhaoge and that Great Sun Golden Crow.

Whether it was Yan Zhaoge who was accompanied by the Extreme Yang Seal or that Three-Footed Golden Crow which seemed to have transformed into the great sun, both felt unbearably hot at this moment.

"Is he insane?!" Those of Three Foot Mountain were left gaping

and dazed, “Does he wants to bring them both into death together?”

This would be a very normal choice for those for whom no further hope of surviving remained.

Yet, so long as they still had a chance at life, who would choose such a crazy method?

They had only just begun their battle. Why was this youth choosing this method of no return right from the get-go?

It seemed as if Heaven’s favoured sons like him who had attained their fame at a young age should first resist based on their cultivation bases, only attempting to do this when it was certain that they definitely had no way of surviving?

Yet, from how it looked now, it was as if Yan Zhaoge had specifically waited for them to come before dragging them all into death together with him.

“Bluffing, are you?” Three Foot Mountain’s Chief snorted coldly, “You are still not qualified enough!”

He dispelled all his fears on the puzzlement of this sudden occurrence and the golden sea of flames before him.

His hands that brandished that sabre seemed to be bolstered by an additional force as it attacked towards Yan Zhaoge even more fiercely!

Seeing this, Yan Zhaoge chuckled.

He sheathed the Evil Sword Taotie, also handing the Extreme Yang Seal to Ah Hu beside him.

He brought his hands apart, each individually grasping something.

One was a long, ancient metallic seal that resembled a sword without a blade, its tip having been levelled and engraved with a seal.

The other was a dark green bamboo cane that was seven feet long and had seven segments, faint purple light circulating about its surface as it appeared ordinary and innocuous.

Yan Zhaoge tapped out with that ancient seal in the form of a sword.

Struck by that seal, the Three-footed Golden Crow before him cried out, seemingly fatigued as it folded up its wings, its radiance growing dim. It actually returned to the soul flag now.

Those of Three Foot Mountain were all stunned.

Having lost the power boost by that Golden Crow remnant soul, while the attack of the Chief of Three Foot Mountain was still supremely powerful, it no longer possessed its earlier momentum.

At the same time, Yan Zhaoge raised his dark green bamboo cane, swinging it and bringing it down upon his high-grade Sacred Artifact, the Golden Crow Incinerating Heaven Sabre.

The Golden Crow Incinerating Heaven Sabre instantly trembled as its glow hence dimmed as well.

“What is this thing?” The Chief of Three Foot Mountain was rendered speechless.

Yan Zhaoge rained down numerous consecutive blows with his bamboo cane as his opponent was hard pressed to block them.

That Golden Crow Incinerating Heaven Sabre seemed as though it had a life of its own as it shook unceasingly, emitting a sharp, piercing wail.

The sunlight had dissipated on the surface of the sabre as faint cracks had even appeared on its blade!

The Chief of Three Foot Mountain was enraged to the point of his goatee standing on end, yet all he could do was rather painfully keep that sabre.

Even as he kept his sabre, he was also rapidly retreating.

He had no choice but to retreat!

Unable to use both the Golden Crow remnant soul and his high-grade Sacred Artifact, however powerful he was, faced with these chain exploding golden lotuses, he still dared not resist them.

He did not know if Yan Zhaoge would come out intact if he did not retreat, but he would definitely perish within that golden sea of flames then!

He had originally come to catch Yan Zhaoge in a pincer attack with the help of the golden lotuses of fire.

Never would he have expected that Yan Zhaoge might immediately set off all the exploding lotuses in the surroundings, next even having methods with which he suppressed the supreme treasures of Three Foot Mountain.

As a result, the situation was instantly reversed completely!

“Leave!”

At the command of that old man, the other Three Foot Mountain martial practitioners all hurriedly retreated as well.

The fearsome momentum of that attack was such that just a single move was all it took.

As those of Three Foot Mountain rapidly retreated, they did not feel all that troubled.

The heavens and earth before them were filled with those terrifying golden flames.

While Yan Zhaoge had borrowed them to repel them of Three Foot Mountain into retreat, he himself still had to face the attack of the golden sea of flames.

Yan Zhaoge seemed to be utterly confident regarding this.

He smiled, a new object appearing in his hand even as he kept the Light Yin Sword Seal.

It was a jet-black plume that flickered with golden light.

Seeing that object, the eyelids of those of Three Foot Mountain all twitched madly!

They could not be any more familiar with this object.

Divine Crow's Golden Plume!

It was the plume of a Three-Legged Golden Crow, and not just any ordinary feather as it was one of the three feathers from the top of its head, being the most precious and miraculous.

This was one of Yan Zhaoge's spoils of war from having slaughtered the Sacred Sun Clan back in the Eight Extremities World that year. It originated from the Radiant Light Sect.

He had not found an appropriate use for this all these years, having just kept it in his possession.

He had originally thought that he would use it as a material along with some other precious treasures when forging some treasure.

Yet, Yan Zhaoge found a more appropriate use for it today!

He flicked out with his finger, the Divine Crow Golden Plume that he held transforming into a golden ray of light that shot directly towards those of Three Foot Mountain.

At the same time, Yan Zhaoge inhaled deeply, slowly pointing with the Yin Yang Finger.

This occurred in an unprecedently slow manner as it was unprecedently solemn as well.

This was also an unprecedently powerful Yin Yang Finger, the strongest to be unleashed by Yan Zhaoge ever since he had begun cultivating in the Yin Yang Heavenly Scripture.

Beneath this finger, yin and yang circulated in reverse.

Stimulated by that Divine Crow Golden Plume and Yan Zhaoge's finger, the remnant soul of the Golden Crow that had previously

been induced into a deep slumber by the Light Yin Sword Seal instantly shook again within the soul flag as it awoke once more.

The variations that occurred were indiscernible indeed.

Those of Three Foot Mountain had still yet to rejoice when embers arose amidst the golden sea of fire, transforming into a rain of fire that enveloped the heavens and covered the earth.

Guided by Yan Zhaoge's Yin Yang Finger and the Divine Crow Golden Plume, the golden flames seemingly gained a target as they shot towards those of Three Foot Mountain!

HSSB 948: Who really represents the magnificence of the sun?

Numerous golden lotuses exploded in mid-air, golden flames dancing amidst the air.

Those of Three Foot Mountain wanted to retreat and flee. However, it was too late.

Facing this golden blazing fire, the high-grade Sacred Artifact, the Golden Crow Incinerating Heaven Sabre, could finally be put to use again.

The Chief of Three Foot Mountain dared not hesitate as he hurriedly wielded his sabre to block the ferocious blazing fire.

As the Golden Crow remnant soul within the soul flag faced a threat, it was reawoken as it flew out on its own, blocking the terrifying flames before it.

The golden lotuses of fire exploded. While most of its force was directed towards those of Three Foot Mountain, boundless blazing fire still surrounded Yan Zhaoge.

Yan Zhaoge took back the Extreme Yang Seal from Ah Hu, sunlight illuminating the area as he blocked the attacking flames.

“Obtaining my life it is mine, within beginning fire plants golden lotus,” He shook his head, sighing in admiration, “Easier said than done. These Miraculous Fire Golden Lotuses are indeed ferocious and difficult to control.”

The golden blazing fire erupted with ferocious power. Still, it would leave as soon as it had come.

After Yan Zhaoge had blocked the initial explosion, he raised the Extreme Yang Seal high to protect himself and retrieved the Heaven Earth Reversing Axe to open the way, next charging towards those of Three Foot Mountain!

Since he wanted to obtain that Golden Crow remnant soul, he naturally would not allow it to be depleted amidst the sea of flames just like that.

Struck mightily by the golden blazing fire, both the martial practitioners of Three Foot Mountain and the Golden Crow remnant soul had suffered a great blow to their vitality.

Having originally already been wounded by Yan Zhaoge's dark green bamboo cane, the high-grade Sacred Artifact, the Golden Crow Incinerating Heaven Sabre, was totally riddled with wounds now.

The cracks on its blade that had originally been faint like spiderwebs were all totally obvious now.

This high-grade Sacred Artifact actually seemed like it might break apart at any moment.

They finally managed to tide through the fiercest eruption of the flames. Still, before they could catch their breaths, Yan Zhaoge's follow-up attack immediately arrived.

"Who really represents the magnificence of the sun?" Yan Zhaoge laughed, grasping the Extreme Yang Seal and raising it high above his head, next mightily bringing it down upon the Chief of Three Foot Mountain!

That single strike had the profundities of the Cyclic Heavenly Scripture, Yin Yang Heavenly Scripture, Extreme Yang Scripture and more all merged within.

The world turned illusory before the eyes of Three Foot Mountain's Chief as it was like the great sun in the sky up above was plummeting downwards, bringing along the collapse of the entire stretch of heavens as all the weight was attached to it with the momentum of destroying the heavens and extinguishing the earth!

He helplessly brandished his sabre, bringing his arms up together

in blocking this strike.

As the Extreme Yang Seal descended, the Golden Crow Incinerating Heaven Sabre shook intensely.

The centre of the sabre was smashed into bending as it very nearly broke apart!

The straight blade of the sabre was forcibly smashed into a curved shape!

Succeeding with his strike, Yan Zhaoge did not pursue as his figure instead abruptly flashed backwards.

The Three Foot Mountain martial practitioners attempted to wave the soul flag to help their Chief. Yet, a brutal red light vaguely flashed on Yan Zhaoge's body.

As the red glow flickered, Yan Zhaoge next instantly arrived close to the soul flag!

Three Foot Mountain's Chief was greatly shocked as he tried to stop him. Yet, it was already too late.

Yan Zhaoge substituted sword with finger, piercing straight into the forehead of that Three Foot Mountain martial practitioner.

A Seeing Divinity Martial Saint perished just like that in a completely effortless manner.

Meanwhile, the soul flag that he raised ended up in the hands of Yan Zhaoge.

After Yan Zhaoge had slain him and won the flag, he directly threw the flag into the Myriad Dragon Palace to be suppressed before he turned and raised the Extreme Yang Seal, attacking the Chief of Three Foot Mountain once more.

The dark green bamboo cane reappeared, beating the Golden Crow Incinerating Heaven Sabre out of his hands with a single blow.

The next moment, Yan Zhaoge exerted pressure with his palm,

grasping the Extreme Yang Seal and smashing straight down towards his head.

That old man roared, his eyes opened wide, “Surname Yan, do not get too full of yourself. Young Master will definitely not let you go. This old man will be waiting for you down below...”

Before he had finished speaking, Yan Zhaoge’s Extreme Yang Seal had already smashed downwards!

“Killing you will not make me feel full of myself,” Yan Zhaoge curled his lips, “As for whatever the Young Master that you speak of can do to me, that really is none of your concern.”

His opponent raised his hands to resist. Yet, his hands actually melted beneath the dazzling sunlight.

First were his hands, next his arms, then finally the top of his head.

The final thing he remembered in this life was Yan Zhaoge’s voice, “Right, I still have to thank you people. Without you guys, I might needed to spend a little more time breaking through all these Miraculous Fire Golden Lotuses. Now, you have really saved me a lot of time.”

This old man seemingly melted beneath the terrifying sunlight, being incinerated and devoured by the magnificent sun as he was vaporised completely into thin air!

Yan Zhaoge did not cease in his movements as he slaughtered the remaining Three Foot Mountain without exception.

There were still a few Three Foot Mountain martial practitioners who remained at the foot of the lofty mountain outside of the Daoist temple.

They all gazed dazedly ahead at that small, intricate golden sabre before them which had broken into half.

Originally having flickered with radiance, its blade was already

completely dim and lustreless as it seemed to be covered by a layer of dust.

The Three Foot Mountain martial practitioners all had panicked looks on their faces.

The current appearance of the golden sabre entailed that the Chief of Three Foot Mountain had already perished!

While they were still uncertain as to the fate of the sect's two supreme treasures, the soul flag and the high-grade Sacred Artifact, the Golden Crow Incinerating Heavenly Sabre, the situation should definitely not be optimistic.

The martial practitioners of Three Foot Mountain who had entered the Daoist temple might even have been completely wiped out!

The Three Foot Mountain martial practitioners who had come searching for treasures this time were all peak experts of their sect.

Yet, their number one expert and Chief had now perished. Let alone the fact that it was unlikely that they could still obtain any treasure, Three Foot Mountain had suffered a great blow to its vitality too.

They had failed in their perilous venture this time.

Not only had they gained nothing, they had instead suffered tragic losses that could cause them to plummet right from the top of the clouds, being unable to maintain their high position in the Green Peak High Plains any further.

“What do we do?” They all looked at a middle-aged man.

This middle-aged man was an Immortal Bridge Martial Saint.

An early Immortal Bridge Martial Saint, he was Three Foot Mountain's number two expert who had come this time, having specifically remained here as backup.

He stared in disbelief at the broken golden sabre in his hand,

temporarily falling into a daze though he quickly regained his wits.

“Act according to what Chief instructed before entering just now,” This middle-aged man said in a heavy tone, “Whether they died due to some other treasure seeker or fell to the local restrictions, our sect’s hopes of obtaining the treasures are already incomparably dim now.”

“At this moment, there is just churning the waters turbid which remains our final hope. Even if we are unable to succeed, beneath the chaotic situation, it would also be easier for us to join back up with our brethren who still remain in retreating from this place.”

After saying so, he did not ascend the mountain, instead turning and heading away from it.

The other Three Foot Mountain martial practitioners did not find this any unexpected as they followed after him.

Dense fog arose in the distance, a massive lake clearly concealed amidst it.

These Three Foot Mountain martial practitioners hovered above the lake’s surface. Looking down, they saw the waters of the lake currently roiling non-stop.

The lake did not depict their reflections. Instead, it depicted a series of strange, chaotic images.

This lake water was actually the entrance to a crevice in spacetime as well as it connected this cave manor to another world.

When the cave manor had been opened this time, abnormalities had also been detected on that end as the other side sought to pass through the dimensional passageway, arriving at this Daoist temple.

However, the other side did not each possess a half-broken whisk like Yan Zhaoge and the Three Foot Mountain martial practitioners.

Therefore, despite having found a path, they had lacked a key and the signpost with which to access it, only having been able to circle about outside.

Those of Three Foot Mountain had landed in the vicinity of the lake upon coming to this cave manor, having immediately discovered the situation over here.

If it was before, they would definitely not be happy seeing someone else entering to get a share of the pie.

Yet, being at a complete disadvantage now, they of Three Foot Mountain certainly would not mind finding another competitor for Yan Zhaoge who grasped the upper hand.

Three Foot Mountain's Immortal Bridge Martial Saint Elder who leading the group expressionlessly took out that half of the whisk, throwing it into the lake.

Then, the Three Foot Mountain martial practitioners collectively retreated, heading far away to the mountain where the Daoist temple was at.

The next moment, the lake waters abruptly churned, shooting into the skies!

The clear cry of a phoenix pierced the heavens.

A fiery phoenix was first to charge out of the lake!

HSSB 949: A big mistake

Within the Daoist temple, after taking care of those of Three Foot Mountain, Yan Zhaoge held that soul flag, appraising it.

“It is already rather badly depleted. Still, it is already enough to use,” He smiled, keeping the soul flag.

Without the special technique of Three Foot Mountain suppressing it, that soul flag was rather restless.

Still, placed beside the Dim Radiant Wheel in the Myriad Dragon Palace, it rapidly fell silent.

Now, the golden flames amidst space gradually faded.

At this moment, the three tribulations that guarded this place had temporarily been broken.

The master of this place had had a profound cultivation base as the restrictions that he had left behind possessed extraordinary power.

Still, their power having been diminished over the years, they were still ultimately unable to stand against Yan Zhaoge.

Amidst the illusory space before him, the scenes gradually changed to form an ordinary-looking hall of a Daoist temple.

In the great hall stood three statues. From left to right, these depicted the features of an old man, a middle-aged man and a youth.

Still, gazing over carefully, each one felt like they were young, middle-aged and old at the same time as they could not be defined simply by age.

Of the three statues, one held a treasured fan, one held a treasured orb and one held a jade ornament that signified fortune.

While they were mere statues, from them emanated an abstruse aura of the countless ages.

The expressions of Yan Zhaoge and Ah Hu were both solemn.

Grand Clear lineage's Lord of the Dao and Virtue, Jade Clear lineage's Lord of Primordial Beginning, Prime Clear lineage's Lord of Numinous Treasure.

These were precisely idols of the founders of Daoism's Three Purities.

This great hall was the front hall which collectively worshipped the founders of the Three Purities, this basically being the same as for other lineages of Daoism.

Of course, this definitely would not apply for those of the Immortal Court.

The back hall would then differ according to these individual lineages.

Those of the Jade Clear direct lineage solely worshipped the Lord of Primordial Beginning in their back hall. For the Grand Clear direct lineage, it was the Lord of Dao and Virtue, and for the Prime Clear lineage, it was the Lord of Numinous Treasure.

As for those who were not of the direct lineages of the Three Purities, because the Grand Clear lineage's Lord of the Dao and Virtue had spread the dao, enlightening the world, they all still worshipped him.

This was respect for their origins, traced up to their ultimate source.

Besides the actual Illusory Jade Palace, Tushita Palace and Roving Jade Palace of the past, no one would dare claim that the founders of the Three Clear lineages were the founders of their lineages.

The various ancestors and founders of these normal lineages were worshipped in their ancestral temples and not along with these legendary figures in their great halls.

“The front hall here should be where the restrictions guarding this place are controlled from,” Surveying his surroundings, Yan Zhaoge came to a corner of the great hall.

There was an incense burner table there on which lay a piece of yellow cloth on which some formation patterns were drawn with cinnabar.

After observing it for a moment, Yan Zhaoge’s expression involuntarily turned rather strange, “...Really?”

He looked down at the half-broken whisk that he held, “Really, you kidding me?”

“What is it, Young Master?” Ah Hu walked over and asked him, looking bewildered.

The corners of Yan Zhaoge’s mouth twitched slightly as he looked a little like he knew not whether to laugh or to cry, “Ignore that first. Listen carefully to me.”

He traced the formation diagram drawn of cinnabar with a finger while explaining their profundities to Ah Hu, “Do you get it now?”

While Ah Hu was not as proficient in formations as Xiao Ai was, as Yan Zhaoge’s explanation properly delivered the meaning of these profundities in an easy-to-understand way, he too was able to grasp it with his foundation.

“Got it, Young Master,” Ah Hu silently did some calculations in his head before nodding and replying.

Yan Zhaoge said, “It’s good that you remember it. I will be going in to look for some things now. You stay here and guard over the area.”

“While I broke through the local protective formations in coming here, it will not be long before they regain their vitality.”

Yan Zhaoge explained, “I did not find the other half of the whisk on those of Three Foot Mountain I killed. This means that they

still have people outside.”

“If they know that those people who came in before were killed by me or wait for too long without receiving any word, there is a possibility of them coming in from outside.”

Three Foot Mountain was the hegemon of the Green Peak High Plains as its overall strength was comparable to that of the Grand Xuan Dynasty at its peak.

There would definitely not be many Immortal Bridge Martial Saints. Still, there would not be few Seeing Divinity Martial Saints at all.

Their Chief had come personally, bringing along the all-important Golden Crow Slaughtering Heaven Sabre and the Golden Crow remnant soul to this Daoist temple. Those others who had come along definitely would not be weak.

If there were a great number of foes, Ah Hu and Pan-Pan would be insufficient to fend them off.

Still, it would be a different story altogether with these local restrictions.

Thus, Yan Zhaoge said straightforwardly, “I will be entering to search for stuff. I may need more time for this. If others enter before I come out, you just restart the protective restrictions here. So long as they are not the Exalts of Ten Territories, they will be obstructed without fail. Even if they succeed in breaking in, they would likely be depleted greatly in their efforts.”

“If it really is a Human Exalt who comes, there is no need to guard over this area after restarting the restrictions here. Just go in and look for me.”

Hearing his words, Ah Hu scratched the back of his head, chuckling happily, “Now this is a nice job.”

Leaving behind Ah Hu and Pan-Pan in the front hall, Yan Zhaoge walked towards the back hall.

As he walked, he thought, “I should have seen wrongly, probably...”

In the end, having reached the back hall, glancing at the idol that was being worshipped, Yan Zhaoge instantly sighed.

That statue had young features as he gazed majestically into the distance, seemingly signifying that all things were in a state of ‘being’, everything in the world existing.

Of Daoism’s Three Clear lineages, founder of the Prime Clear lineage, Lord of Numinous Treasure!

He was also known as the Prime Clear Emperor, the Prime Clear Sacred High Grand Daoism Lord. Fully expanded upon, his full title was ‘One Qi Forming Three Purities Prime Clear Residing Yu True Heavenly Ascension Prime Clear Realm Vitality Hence Formed Sun Numinous Treasure Heavenly Lord Infinitely Miraculous Supreme Emperor’.

This Daoist temple did not house a legacy of the Grand Clear lineage in the first place!

Instead, it was a legacy of the Prime Clear lineage!

Upon looking at that yellow talisman in the great hall earlier, Yan Zhaoge had felt like something was off as it had looked increasingly like the style of the Prime Clear lineage.

Having seen who was being worshipped in the back hall, there was no doubt about it.

“What is this then?” Looking at that half-broken whisk he held, Yan Zhaoge knew not if he should laugh or cry, “A gift or spoil of war that the owner of this land obtained from a descendant of the Grand Clear lineage?”

Yan Zhaoge urgently needed a legacy of the Prime Clear direct lineage as well.

Yan Zhaoge still did not understand even now why the Roving

Jade Heavens had randomly given him the Immortal Trapping Sword back then.

Therefore, he had always remained vigilant regarding this.

Still, there was no need to worry about stuff like this when it was not new.

He already possessed the Immortal Ending Sword and Immortal Trapping Sword. He might as well obtain a new supreme martial art rather than worry about the decree of the Earthly Sovereign.

It was just that there truly were few of the Grand Clear direct lineage. In the World beyond Worlds, there was only Ingenious Flying Peak and Golden Court Mountain which originated thus.

“I really don’t know if I should say that I am lucky or unlucky,” Yan Zhaoge could not help but smile, “Still, it’s fine. At least it isn’t of the Jade Clear direct lineage.”

“Cough, am I being rather picky and arrogant in my actions? If those who would be hard pressed to have such a fortuitous encounter learnt of this, might they all rush over to gang up on me and beat me up?”

Amidst his thoughts, Yan Zhaoge bowed towards the statue of the Lord of Numinous Treasure, “Do not misunderstand, o great Heavenly Lord. This disciple is definitely not disdaining you, oh no. Lord of Primordial Beginning up above, this disciple is definitely not disdaining you, too.”

After smiling, Yan Zhaoge ceased in his thoughts, gazing at the idol.

Of the founders of the Three Clear lineages, the Lord of Primordial Beginning signified going from nothingness to being, the Lord of Numinous Treasure signifying going from being to nothingness.

Still, looking at it from another angle, there would first have to be ‘being’ before one could go into ‘nothingness’.

Therefore, the Lord of Numinous Treasure actually also signified the ‘being’ of all things amidst their collective existence.

In comparison, the Lord of Primordial Beginning signified ‘nothingness’, the primordial beginning at the earliest time before which nothing existed.

Therefore, it was said that the Lord of Primordial Beginning signified peerless infinity while the Lord of Numinous Treasure signified Taiji, Grand Ultimate, that came into existence in the manifestation of all things following peerless infinity.

As for the Grand Cosmos Five Manifestations of the Lord of the Dao and Virtue’s direct lineage that consisted of Grand Simplicity, Grand Commencement, Grand Beginning, Grand Plainness as well as Grand Ultimate, they represented the five stages as the heavens and earth went from nothingness to being, similarly depicting the grand dao of earlier heaven, of times before the heavens had been opened.

The Three Purities were all connected in their profundities whilst also possessing unique areas of their own, being miraculous to the extreme.

Yan Zhaoge retracted his gaze, exhaling slowly, “I only hope now that one of your direct lineage legacies still remains here.”

HSSB 950: An ancient legacy

If this back hall of the Daoist temple worshipped the idol of the Lord of the Dao and Virtue, in order to identify whether it was of the Grand Clear direct lineage, one would have to look at that which was being proffered on the incense burner table in worship.

This was because besides those of the Grand Clear direct lineage, ninety percent of all Daoist lineages worshipped the Lord of Dao and Virtue.

Still, as it was the Lord of Numinous Treasure who was being worshipped in the back hall, it went beyond the shadow of a doubt that this Daoist temple was instead of the Prime Clear direct lineage.

Yan Zhaoge moved past the back hall, traversing the Daoist temple.

This place had indeed already deteriorated as it was filled with an abandoned, decaying air.

As Yan Zhaoge walked around within, he saw the skeletal remains of many predecessors.

He sighed, surveying his surroundings, “It is indeed a sect of pre-Great Calamity times.”

The disciples of this Daoist temple who had perished there had not been slain by intruders.

Instead, they had perished when the great thousand worlds of the universe had shattered by the Great Calamity.

The terrifying, frenzied tide had affected many hidden foreign dimensions or cave manors lying all around as well.

While the Daoist temple itself still remained intact, the people within had all been forcibly jolted to death.

The peak experts of this place seemed to have been absent at the

time. As for those with relatively lower cultivation bases, this had hence become their burial ground.

After many long years, those protective restrictions began working again. Yet, those who had died could not be revived.

Situations like these were not rare.

After the Great Calamity, humanity who had regained some vitality had excavated the remains of former inhabited sites, developing once more.

In the process, they had often come across the remains of predecessors.

When Yan Zhaoge had still been a junior disciple of Broad Creed Mountain in the Eight Extremities World, he had once entered some ancient ruins under the leadership of some seniors. He had seen scenes like this then.

“May the deceased rest in peace,” As Yan Zhaoge walked, a massive ancestral temple appeared before him.

As he entered, he saw that there were many ancestral tablets being worshipped within. These should belong to the various ancestors of this Daoist temple.

Right on top, being worshipped alone at a higher level than the rest, was a tablet which read ‘Prime Clear Rising Profound True Descent Founder Origin Peace’.

Seeing the name on this ancestral tablet, Yan Zhaoge raised his brows, “Prime Clear Rising Profound True Descent...this refers to a third generation disciple of the Prime Clear direct lineage, a legitimate descendant of the Lord of Numinous Treasure?”

“But I have never heard of someone known as Daoist Origin Peace or Daolord Origin Peace amongst the third generation disciples of the Prime Clear lineage before? Still, the Lord of Numinous Treasure opened his doors to all and taught countless others, Immortals endlessly flocking to his tutelage. It is not that

certain a thing that he does not have such a descendant, Daoist Origin Peace."

The Three Clear lineages were already extremely distant in history, virtually being stories of legend.

There were many things that people had only come to know about from their later descendants.

Even the veracity of some things that were widely known now could not easily be confirmed.

Yan Zhaoge was not all that concerned about this. Still, browsing some of the textual records within the Daoist temple, his expression involuntarily turned even more strange.

According to these records, Daoist Origin Peace, the founder of this Daoist temple, was a personal disciple of the Lord of Plentiful Treasure.

Lord of Plentiful Treasure, known also as Daoist Plentiful Treasure.

The head of the many disciples of the Lord of Numinous Treasure, the founder of the Prime Clear lineage, he was also the head disciple of the Severing Sect in the legends of the Investiture of the Gods.

In the entire history of Daoism, he was the only person of the Prime Clear lineage besides the Lord of Numinous Treasure himself who was versed in the complete Immortal Exterminating Formation. He had once established the formation on behalf of his Master, thus blocking numerous Immortals of the Jade Clear lineage on his own.

The Lord of Plentiful Treasure was also the first of the three great bigwigs of the sword in the current widespread history of Daoism, reigning above Cultivated Deity Jade Cauldron and the Purple Tenuity Emperor.

It was just that as time passed, news on this peak bigwig of

Daoism had simply gradually faded away.

There were many legends regarding him.

From his memories and novels he had read, Yan Zhaoge remembered a verse on when the Lord of Plentiful Treasure had battled with the head disciple of the Jade Clear lineage, the Lord of Broad Accomplishment. It read: One of board accomplishment and undying immortal body, one with plentiful treasure and worshipping Gautama in the west.

While it did not lay it out for certain, this seemed to imply that the Lord of Numinous Treasure had later become the Gautama Buddha.

Another legend spoke of ‘old man heading west leaving Letter Valley Pass, shaving beard becoming a Buddha’. This referred to the Lord of Plentiful Treasure having entered that western cult, descending into the central Whirling World and developing Buddhism.

There were also many similar legends over here.

Still, there was no way to verify these. Also, Buddhism had naturally never admitted this in the past.

While Yan Zhaoge had been privy to much secret information as he became greatly learned through the many texts he had perused in the Heavenly Court’s Divine Palace, he too was not certain on the whereabouts of the Lord of Plentiful Treasure following the era of the Investiture of the Gods.

It was just that from the texts in this Daoist temple, especially the notes left behind by Daoist Origin Peace, Yan Zhaoge learnt a particular detail.

While it was only mentioned briefly, according to Daoist Origin Peace, he had only come under the tutelage of the Lord of Plentiful Treasure after the era of the Investiture of the Gods.

If what this Daoist Origin Peace knew and had written was true,

this would entail two things.

After the battle from the Investiture of the Gods, the Lord of Plentiful Treasure had not died. At the very least, he had not perished soon after that battle as a result of it.

Moreover, it might not be true here that the Lord of Plentiful Treasure had turned into a Buddha.

It was just that the current fate and possible whereabouts of this great Heavenly Lord of Daoism were totally unknown.

The Lord of Plentiful Treasure had also not been said to have made an appearance during the Great Calamity.

After the battle of the Investiture of the Gods, the Prime Clear lineage had suffered a great blow to their vitality as it was said that of the numerous disciples of the Lord of Numinous Treasure, there was only the Incongruence Divine Mother who had emerged fully intact.

In the many years thereafter, those descended of the Prime Clear direct lineage had basically all come from the lineage of the Incongruence Divine Mother, whether this was before or after the Great Calamity.

Tracing it upwards, the lineage of the Roving Jade Heavens also originated from the Incongruence Divine Mother.

The version of the Immortal Ending Sword that Yan Zhaoge cultivated in which had previously been stored in the Martial Repository of the Heavenly Court's Divine Palace originated from a descendant of the Prime Clear lineage who had pledged allegiance to the Heavenly Court following the battle of the Investiture of the Gods.

“Lord of Plentiful Treasure...” Yan Zhaoge ceased examining the text, pondering as he looked at the many ancestral tablets before him.

After a while, he cupped his hands towards them, walking out of

the ancestral temple and heading elsewhere within this Daoist temple.

The skeletal remains were in the Daoist temple where the disciples here had once cultivated. They were definitely something he should search through carefully.

Yan Zhaoge finally made a discovery in a secluded room there.

That was a jade talisman that was used to transmit arts. Yan Zhaoge was not unfamiliar with this, knowing that martial scriptures could be stored within.

Feeling the brutal sword-intent inside the room, Yan Zhaoge knew that this was where some disciple of this Daoist temple had once cultivated.

Within this jade talisman could likely be found what he was seeking.

“There’s really no hope for the formation diagram of the Immortal Exterminating Formation. I only hope that it is not the Immortal Ending Sword or the Immortal Trapping Sword that I already have.”

Thinking thus, Yan Zhaoge infused his true essence within.

He was not in a rush as he sat cross-legged on the ground, slowly analysing it.

This jade talisman had lasted too long, also having gone through the Great Calamity. If he was not careful, it might be directly destroyed.

Even if it was not destroyed, it would still be a difficult task indeed to retrieve its contents.

Why was it that most legacies unearthed in pre-Great Calamity times were fragmented, being incomplete?

A major reason for this was that most of the bodies that housed the martial arts legacies were damaged or deficient, no longer

being complete.

This was not something that just being careful alone could avoid.

Yan Zhaoge did not want an incomplete version. Thus, he had to analyse the jade talisman slowly, obtaining the contents recorded within.

Added to the remnant aura here which contained the concept of this martial art, there would be a greater hope of success.

Therefore, he could not directly take the jade talisman away from this place.

He had already long since foreseen this. Thus, he had directly instructed Ah Hu to guard the front hall, preparing to hinder any others who might come in at any time.

And as time passed, the leisurely Ah Hu who had nothing to do in the front hall suddenly sensed something as he gazed at the yellow cloth talisman on the incense burner table in front of him, “Someone’s coming in?”

HSSB 951: Major gift from the onset

Staying in the front hall and having to constantly keep an eye on the formation diagram, not being able to cultivate, Ah Hu felt very bored.

Still, while he looked to be an easygoing person, Ah Hu was someone who knew how to weigh the seriousness of the situation.

While he felt bored, he still focused intently on that formation diagram.

After who knew how long, changes suddenly occurred with it which was on the yellow cloth.

The spirit patterns drawn with cinnabar seemed to have come alive as they shook non-stop.

Having been instructed by Yan Zhaoge, identifying the changes in them, Ah Hu understood immediately that someone was attempting to enter the Daoist temple.

While he did not know who it might be, Ah Hu would surely not care to encounter them.

They would definitely not be of Broad Creed Mountain, anyway.

Thus, he smilingly followed Yan Zhaoge's guidance in adjusting the spirit patterns drawn on the yellow cloth.

Amidst their variations, streams of spiritual light flickered, intermingling in mid-air as numerous abstruse profundities were revealed.

While there was outwardly no change within the great hall, real trouble had come for those who were trying to enter it.

Not many had arrived at the Daoist temple after Yan Zhaoge and the martial practitioners of Three Foot Mountain had, but these were all mighty, supreme figures.

The cries of phoenixes resounded as a few fiery phoenixes shot

straight towards the main door of the great hall.

Passing through the main door, the scenes before their eyes immediately changed.

They successively stopped, their true forms being revealed.

Of the two people at their head, one was a middle-aged man who looked to be in his forties while the other appeared to be a youth of around twenty.

The youth was handsome but had a cold, piercing look in his eyes.

It was none other than the son of the Southern Exalt Zhuang Shen, the ‘Phoenix Prince’ Zhuang Chaohui.

Currently, his true essence surged in abundance along with a powerful aura as specks of light seemed to have lit up about his body, resembling the sea of stars in the horizon.

These specks of light actually seemed to be circulating stably with their own unique rhythm.

As the son of the Southern Exalt and a renowned figure of the World beyond Worlds’ younger generation, Zhuang Chaohui had not wasted the years away. Six years ago, when he had come looking for the phoenix bone in the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory’s Royal Reed Sea, he had still been a Seeing Divinity Martial Saint. Now, however, he had already successfully ascended the Immortal Bridge.

When he had been a late Seeing Divinity Martial Saint that year, Zhuang Chaohui had already dared to battle Immortal Bridge Martial Saints head-on.

Now that he himself was an Immortal Bridge Martial Saint too, his power had stably reached a whole new level.

So long as he was not up against figures like Long Hanhua, Shen Lingzi and Zeng Mo, Zhuang Chaohui would be able to clash head-

on against most experts of the mid Immortal Bridge Martial Saint realm.

Zhuang Chaohui looked not much different from six years ago. Still, his gaze was deeper and colder.

His failure to acquire the phoenix bone in the Clear Scenic Region of the Royal Reed Sea back then was one of the few yet massive upheavals that he had experienced in his life.

When the battle had ultimately erupted between the southern Blazing Heaven Territory and the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory, despite having held the upper hand, they had still failed to secure their target in the end as they had been forced to retreat helplessly.

Whether the Phoenix True Form Scripture could reach a whole new level depended greatly on whether the Five Virtues were all present.

This might be a rare opportunity for the Southern Exalt Zhuang Shen to push open the door to Immortality, advancing his cultivation base.

Even if he could not enter the Immortal realm, his strength would still improve by leaps and bounds.

It would be an immense boost to the entire lineage of Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope.

Not only was the Southern Exalt Zhuang Shen concerned about this, Zhuang Chaohui was too.

Still, it would not be easy for them to defeat the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory's Golden Court Mountain. They would have to make plans for this in numerous aspects.

It would naturally be best if they had more forces and treasures aiding in their efforts.

A Wutong Slope disciple muttered to himself, "Grand Clear direct

lineage? Ingenious Flying Peak and Golden Court Mountain seem to be of the Grand Clear direct lineage too.”

Zhuang Chaohui said slowly, “Therefore, this cave manor is even more valuable to us.”

Someone beside him said hatefully, “We will definitely topple that Golden Court Mountain one day.”

“Golden Court Mountain aside, there are also a few other powers of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory that are similarly hateful to the extreme.”

“Especially that Broad Creed Mountain-a mere minor sect from a lower world, and it actually dares to bear the name of the East Peak of Daoism?”

That Wutong Peak disciple exhaled, “It has only survived up till today with the protection of Golden Court Mountain and Ingenious Flying Peak, yet constantly buzzes around like an irritating mosquito, wrecking our important matters time and time again and even daring to kill disciples of our lineage. If they are not decimated, our hatred can never be quelled!”

Hearing his words, Zhuang Chaohui’s gaze turned even colder and sharper than before, “Wanting to decimate Golden Court Mountain would not be easy. Dealing them a heavy blow and forcing them to hand over the phoenix bone would really already be considered a success for us.”

“With Ingenious Flying Peak and Golden Court Mountain unable to stand up for them, it would be easy to decimate that Broad Creed Mountain.”

He recalled an earlier conversation with his father, the Southern Exalt Zhuang Shen.

“Has the Dim Radiant Emperor’s Immortal Artifact become his guardian talisman?” Zhuang Chaohui had felt extremely unhappy.

“Killing that Yan Zhaoge and decimating that Broad Creed

Mountain would be okay. Still, do not take that Immortal Artifact,” Zhuang Shen was calm indeed, “Before that, however, Ingenious Flying Peak and Golden Court Mountain are our primary problem.”

Zhuang Chaohui ceased in his thoughts, a solemn expression appearing on his face as he appraised the Daoist temple before him.

“This half-broken whisk landed in our possession for no rhyme or reason, aiding us in entering. Yet, we do not know who did it,” Another Wutong Slope disciple mused.

The middle-aged man beside Zhuang Chaohui was a longtime Elder of Wutong Slope and the junior apprentice-brother of the Southern Exalt Zhuang Shen as he possessed a cultivation base superior to Zhuang Chaohui’s.

He said mildly, “It is right to raise our vigilance. Still, do not get needlessly flustered.”

“Yes, senior apprentice-uncle,” Zhuang Chaohui and the others followed that middle-aged man in venturing forth together.

Who knew that terrifying yellow sand would suddenly surge amidst space at this time!

A storm of death appeared, devouring all those of Wutong Slope who had just entered the great hall.

It was very normal for people to encounter protective restrictions when adventuring in cave manors.

It was just that this restriction here was exceptionally powerful!

Even as that middle-aged man of the eight level of the Martial Saint realm simultaneously executed the thick earth of meritorious virtue and the blessed purple light of fortuitous virtue, he already felt a little unable to resist it somewhat.

Fortunately, the high-grade Sacred Artifact that he possessed was a defensive one, a set of armour which consolidated the true intent

of the Five Virtues in the Phoenix True Form Scripture. With that, he was still barely able to hold on. Still, he was hard pressed to advance even a single step right now.

While Zhuang Chaohui possessed extraordinary might as well, even he was nearly blown backwards now.

Just in terms of destructive power alone, that terrifying yellow sand was already comparable to the attack power of a ninth level Martial Saint!

Just having encountered this, Zhuang Chaohui was nearly impaled straight through.

His high-grade Sacred Artifact, the Fire Phoenix Bow, was meant wholly for attacking as it was not of much use now. There was only he himself whom he could rely on.

His thick earth of meritorious virtue was pierced through, his blessed purple light of fortuitous virtue shattered. Even his white qi of nether virtue was forced out now.

And still, Zhuang Chaohui very nearly died right there and then.

In the end, tongues of flame abruptly lit up about his body, forming a semi-circular protective shield. Only then was he saved from the fate of death.

This was a supreme treasure that was one of Zhuang Chaohui's trump cards. It was his last defensive method, a life-saving treasure.

Still, it was a consumable and would be depleted after a single time's use.

While he had guessed that the protective restrictions here were strong, Zhuang Chaohui had still not thought that he would very nearly die just upon entering.

The other Wutong Slope martial practitioners present were all in an even more tragic state, only still being alive thanks to the

assistance of Zhuang Chaohui and the middle-aged man who had led them.

That middle-aged man frowned, “It is unexpectedly perilous. Stand back, all of you. I will try to enter alone.”

Immediately afterwards, another noise actually resounded amidst the deafening, howling sandstorm.

It was the roar of a surging, raging river.

HSSB 952: The Phoenix Prince is angered to death

That roaring, surging river was precisely the second tribulation of the protective restrictions here, water of the Heavy River!

It was the heaviest vein of water beneath the heavens besides the rivers of the galaxy themselves.

After passing through the restrictions and entering the great hall of the Daoist temple, Yan Zhaoge had felt greatly fortunate after having carefully analysed the formation diagram on the yellow cloth.

When he had entered, no one had been presiding over and controlling those protective restrictions.

Therefore, the sandstorm, Heavy River and fire lotuses had merely blocked his way one by one.

He had simply needed to break through all of them one by one before being able to pass.

Even so, it had not been an easy task for him.

Still, if there was someone presiding over these protective restrictions, they would be able to simultaneously unleash two, even three of those great tribulations at once!

Having been instructed by Yan Zhaoge, Ah Hu was currently guarding the front hall and presiding over those local restrictions.

Detecting that someone had entered, Ah Hu who was meticulous despite how he looked first kept some things back in reserve as he only activated the first tribulation, that of the divine sand of aged gold.

If these restrictions were depleted all at once, some time would be needed for them to recover.

If their opponents sent in some cannon fodder first, it would surely be a waste if he were to immediately go all-out in unleashing the power of the restrictions.

Still, seeing now that the other side had managed to survive that first tribulation, Ah Hu knew that they were definitely not cannon fodder.

After all, the sandstorm formed of the divine sand of aged gold which was the first tribulation had destructive power that was comparable to that of ninth level Martial Saint experts.

Having been able to survive this, how would their foes be simple?

Seeing this, Ah Hu instantly held nothing back as he smiling unleashed the protective restrictions all at once!

Howling sandstorm and surging water of the Heavy River caught Zhuang Chaohui and the others in a pincer attack, rushing frenziedly towards them.

Other than that, numerous golden lotuses of flame also bloomed amidst space, surrounding they of Wutong Slope.

The pitiful dudes of Wutong Slope had just been about to retreat. Yet, they could not leave even if they wished to now.

Just having been beaten all dizzy by the divine sand of aged gold, the water of the Heavy River and the golden lotuses of miraculous fire simultaneously surged towards them.

With the cultivation base of Zhuang Chaohui and the others, let alone the white qi of nether virtue that left one with a chance at life, even possessing all Five Virtues might not guarantee their safety now!

The fiery lotuses exploded, transforming into a boundless golden sea of flames. Yet, this did not come into conflict with the water of the Heavy River.

The water and fire were merciless yet distinct as they

simultaneously charged towards Zhuang Chaohui and the others.

There was still that sandstorm that they were caught within which was terrifying to the extreme.

Those of Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope who cultivated in the true intent of nether virtue could only watch on helplessly at this moment as that white wisp of qi which indicated their chance at life gradually vanished!

This entailed that the chances of them surviving in this situation was nil!

They were doomed to die!

Even Zhuang Chaohui and the middle-aged man who had already ascended the Immortal Bridge were hard pressed to change things when faced with such a situation.

After the frenzied tide had passed, no bones or corpses remained!

The sandstorm gradually faded while some of the water of the Heavy River and fire lotuses of miraculous fire still remained, hovering amidst space.

Some others entered the temple now in the form of a massive golden crow.

It was precisely those martial practitioners of Three Foot Mountain who had previously been backup, also having assisted Zhuang Chaohui's group in finding their way over here.

With others having died here and depleted the killing power of the protective restrictions, diminishing their fearsomeness, these Three Foot Mountain martial practitioners who had only entered afterwards were still barely able to withstand them.

Still, they felt very bitter indeed, "These protective restrictions have three tribulations in total, but logically speaking, they should be activated one by one. Two are being simultaneously unleashed?"

“Those of Wutong Slope have probably already been completely wiped out?”

Even as they pondered, two clumps of flame suddenly surfaced amidst space.

They were not blazing hot or vicious as they instead emanated an air of vitality.

Each of the two clumps of fire had a silhouette that glowed with a five-coloured light quivering within, seeming like the egg of some sort of fowl or some bird species that had spread its wings.

The flames were illusory, gradually condensing and taking form without any aura leaking such that the remnant river water and fire lotuses did not immediately target them.

Seeing this, those of Three Foot Mountain realised, “This is nirvanic rebirth of the Phoenix True Form Scripture. Two Immortal Bridge Martial Saints of Wutong Slope just fell here.”

The cries of phoenixes resounded from within the two clump of flames.

Finally, two fiery phoenixes that shone with a five-coloured glow were reborn within the flames, next flying out.

Illuminated by the silhouettes of fire phoenixes were none other than Zhuang Chaohui and his senior apprentice-uncle.

Their faces were both ugly to the extreme.

With the exception of the two of them who were Immortal Bridge Martial Saints, the other disciples of Wutong Slope had all perished to the restrictions of this Daoist temple!

Even the two of them had very nearly perished. If not for the miraculous nirvanic rebirth of their Phoenix True Form Scripture, even they would have died for good beneath that fearsome tide.

While the two of them had been reborn now, all their treasures, their high-grade Sacred Artifacts included, had dissipated into the

wind.

“Golden Crow...Golden Crow Incinerating World Scripture, the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory’s Three Foot Mountain?” The two grit their teeth, understanding now that it was likely those of Three Foot Mountain who had given them that half-broken whisk whilst clearly harbouring bad intentions.

Still, now was not the time for them to settle the score with Three Foot Mountain.

The local restrictions were not the strength of an actual person at the end of the day as they lacked consciousness and intelligence.

The remaining water of the Heavy River and golden lotuses of miraculous fire were currently instead playing host to those of Three Foot Mountain.

Having experienced nirvanic rebirth, the two of them were no longer targeted by these restrictions.

Still, the river water and fire lotuses had blocked their path of retreat.

Thing beings how they were, they could only clench their teeth and venture on.

The scenes before them changed as they finally entered the front hall of the Daoist temple. Seeing the statues of the ancestors of the Three Purities, they felt incomparably bitter.

Surveying the area, there was no one else in the front hall, merely a cloth diagram lying in a corner.

Zhuang Chaohui scanned the area, his face turning so dark it was like water might drip down from it, “Someone was just here, controlling those restrictions!”

“If that person ends up in my hands, I’ll definitely teach him a lesson!”

Beside him, the Wutong Slope Elder also had a cold look on his

face, “We pursue!”

Seeing that they had managed to surpass the protective restrictions, the other party had immediately escaped. This meant that they themselves were weak, only being able to rely on utilising the local restrictions to block their path.

While it was unclear how they had managed to surpass the three tribulations and arrive earlier, this definitely showed that they lacked the confidence to face them directly, at least.

Since that was so, the pair from Wutong Slope had no time to waste here.

With things already being like this, they could only venture forward at full speed. Otherwise, their fellow descendants of Wutong Slope would have died for nothing.

Hurrying to the back hall in a wild haste, as the two unconsciously turned to look at the statue that was being worshipped, they were immediately rendered dazed like wooden chickens.

“Lord of Numinous Treasure?! This place is of the Prime Clear direct lineage?!” Zhuang Chaohui was left thunderstruck.

If this place belonged to the Prime Clear direct lineage, why had they spent all that effort trudging in here then?

Even if they obtained supreme martial arts here, they would not be able to use it in front of anyone back in the World beyond Worlds.

It was true that even using it as a reference could be greatly beneficial. It could even be kept as a killer trump card for their enemies.

Yet, the problem was that this was not something that they desperately or definitely needed. There was no need for so many lives of their Wutong Slope to have been sacrificed here for this!

To those of Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope, this Prime Clear direct lineage just entailed nothing, being like flavourless food that could simply be discarded without thinking.

The two of Wutong Slope exchanged looks, their morale instantly plummeting to an all-time low. They felt completely stifled within, so stifled they could just hardly bear it!

HSSB 953: A fight breaking out at once

To Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope, this Daoist temple was virtually like an ultra-massive pit that they had fallen into.

If not for the fact that Three Foot Mountain was also of the World beyond Worlds and had no need for legacies of the Prime Clear lineage as they were also currently struggling desperately in trying to pass through the main hall, Zhuang Chaohui might suspect that they had known of this beforehand.

He might believe that the half-broken whisk had been given to Wutong Slope purely to harm them.

Still, from the looks of it now, Three Foot Mountain probably did not know of the actual background of this Daoist temple too.

Looking at the statue of the Lord of Numinous Treasure before them and thinking of how their two powers had gone all out trying to enter, Zhuang Chaohui and his senior apprentice-uncle both found this utterly laughable and ludicrous as they wanted to smile yet were unable to force that smile out.

So many people had died, so much effort spent. Yet, things had ultimately ended like this.

Zhuang Chaohui dared not think about this any further. Just thinking about it, he already felt so depressed he wanted to vomit blood.

He looked at his senior apprentice-uncle, both of them having similarly gloomy expression on their faces.

"Let us continue. Since we have already arrived here, we cannot just return empty-handed," Zhuang Chaohui inhaled deeply, "Martial arts of the Prime Clear lineage aside, if there are any treasures that remain, we would be able to bring peace to the souls of the deceased up in heaven."

As the other side had needed to rely on the local restrictions to

obstruct their group, having fled after the restrictions had failed to claim their lives, this meant that their abilities must be limited.

“Otherwise, we could also simply return and take care of those of Three Foot Mountain, venting things out on them.”

Zhuang Chaohui had an icy cold expression on his face, “Senior apprentice-uncle, I cannot accept it if we were to do nothing and leave just like that!”

Looking at the idol of the Lord of Numinous Treasure, that middle-aged man sighed slowly towards the heavens, “While that accursed Three Foot Mountain is damnable indeed, it is unknown even if they can make it past the protective restrictions. There is no need to concern ourselves with them.”

“We will advance then. We have got to find out who it was that schemed against us at the very least so that we will be able to wreak vengeance on them in the future.”

Their nirvanic rebirth could only be used once. This chance had already been depleted.

Having lost even their Sacred Artifacts, they had to be even more careful after this.

While their enemy seemed only able to scheme, they dared not be complacent.

Still, if they fled sootily defeated just like this, let alone Zhuang Chaohui, even this middle-aged man would feel unresigned.

They left the great hall with despondent expressions on their faces, heading deeper into the Daoist temple.

Meanwhile, Ah Hu who had originally been guarding the front hall had involuntarily scratched his head upon noticing that someone had passed through the restrictions and entered the great hall, “What fearsome figures are these? Even the simultaneous blast of three tribulations couldn’t kill them?”

He shrunk back his neck, leaping onto Pan-Pan's back. One man, one beast, they traversed the great hall, charging towards the back.

Ah Hu dared not linger this time as he abided by Yan Zhaoge's instructions, quickly retreating once he discovered that he was unable to hold them back.

Enemies who were able to pass through those restrictions without dying were most likely not ones he and Pan-Pan could deal with.

The other side might be heavily injured and in grave peril. Still, if that was not the case, they might also be able to take them down.

"It is just that not knowing their identity, I cannot report it to Young Master," Ah Hu thought as he sat on Pan-Pan, allowing him to run freely.

As Pan-Pan was Yan Zhaoge's steed, there was naturally some sensory connection between them.

Despite the numerous miraculous aspects of this Daoist temple, Pan-Pan still quickly located Yan Zhaoge.

Arriving in that secluded room, peeking inside, Ah Hu leapt up in fright.

Seated cross-legged, Yan Zhaoge held a jade talisman inside the room with one hand even while forming a sword seal with the other.

From Yan Zhaoge's body extended numerous black lines which encompassed the entirety of the room, including its walls, ceiling and roof, as they intersected all about.

Where the black lines passed, the secluded room seemed to have become a world of its own as it became separated from the rest of the Daoist temple.

While Yan Zhaoge was just sitting there, in Ah Hu's perception, it was like he was pressured, condensed into just a single point now.

The numerous black lines in the room all extended outwards from this single point.

Then, they intermingled alongside different dimensions.

There, they simultaneously formed an independent world of their own.

Still, this was not the most frightening aspect of it all.

The most frightening aspect was that from these black lines vaguely seemed to emanate an intent of death and extermination which was terrifying to the extreme. Just looking at them, Ah Hu shivered.

Yan Zhaoge now opened his eyes as he could not help but smack his lips upon seeing Ah Hu and Pan-Pan, “The protective formations were unable to obstruct our foes?”

Regaining his wits, Ah Hu hurriedly said, “Young Master, someone resisted the simultaneous eruption of the three tribulations.”

“That is remarkable indeed,” Yan Zhaoge was rather taken aback, “Go into more detail here.”

Hearing that the other side seemed to have vanished instantly before reappearing later, thus avoiding the remnants of the water of the Heavy River and the fire lotuses of miraculous fire, the corners of Yan Zhaoge’s lips curled, “They should not have forcibly resisted and survived through it then. Instead, they must have borrowed some obscure method.”

“It could even have been a death substitution art of rebirth which they used to avoid death here.”

Ah Hu said, “Afterwards, a second wave of people seems to have entered, being blocked by the remnants of the tribulations. Meanwhile, the first wave successfully overcame the restrictions. Seeing that, I did not continue hindering their path as I came in to look for you, Young Master.”

As they conversed, those black lines were retracted onto Yan Zhaoge's body, next disappearing without a trace.

In this process, however, Ah Hu and Pan-Pan actually felt a little as though their life force was being drawn out of them.

The black lines all vanished. Grasping that jade talisman, Yan Zhaoge stood up from the ground.

Yan Zhaoge cocked his head slightly and listened, "Oh, they are already here...this feels a bit familiar."

Exiting the secluded room, he saw two figures rounding a bend. They were a youth and a middle-aged man.

They were precisely the pair from Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope that included Zhuang Chaohui.

Having discovered traces of someone in the interior of the Daoist temple, they had followed over.

As they were feeling all worked up, a white-clothed, blue-robed youth suddenly appeared before them, smiling cheerily as he waved in greeting, "Long time no see."

As the two sides met, Zhuang Chaohui was stunned slightly, "Yan Zhaoge, it's you?"

Yan Zhaoge smiled, "Enemies really meet on a narrow path indeed."

Immediately afterwards, he strode forward, arriving in front of these two people at once!

The two were stunned momentarily before they simultaneously struck back towards him!

Blazing fire transformed into the terrifying blades of sabres, hacking towards Yan Zhaoge.

There was nothing to be said between the two sides. Their true abilities were thus exhibited at once!

Although Zhuang Chaohui had a deep impression of Yan Zhaoge from having clashed with him in the Clear Scenic Region of the Royal Reed Sea that year, Yan Zhaoge had still been at the Merging Avatar stage back then, primarily having been able to gain an advantage simply because of the black hole at the bottom of the sea there.

Now, however, Zhuang Chaohui was faced with a reality that was difficult for him to accept.

Yan Zhaoge raised a palm, the majestic, tyrannical Extreme Yang Seal resembling the blazing sun rising high into the sky.

The violent aura virtually caused his two foes to feel suffocated.

In an instant, they could only feel as if time had flowed in reverse and they were facing the golden lotus of miraculous fire and other powerful tribulations yet again.

“Even with the Extreme Yang Seal, this power is much too strong!” Zhuang Chaohui’s expression was even uglier than before, “The rumour in the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory that he single-handedly slew an expert of the eighth level of the Martial Saint realm is actually true?!”

HSSB 954: The ambition of Yan Zhaoge

With the combination of the thick earth of meritorious virtue and the blessed purple light of fortuitous virtue, they already possessed shocking defensive power.

As the two Wutong Slope martial practitioners raised their cultivation bases, under normal circumstances, even those of a higher cultivation level than them would be hard pressed to penetrate through their defences.

Yet, Yan Zhaoge had never been someone who could be appraised using normal standards.

First not speaking of the might of the Extreme Yang Seal, as Yan Zhaoge attacked now, beneath his palm was integrated the profundities of the Cyclic Heavenly Scripture, Yin Yang Heavenly Scripture and Extreme Yang Scripture all at once.

The powerful, majestic force was heaviest, biggest, simplest, toughest, most blazing.

The skies circulated in reverse, yin qi no longer existing as only the extremity of yang remained, combined with a power that could flip over the heavens and earth, leading to the collapse of the universe!

The terrifying force was suffocating as it left one in acute despair.

Beneath the great tribulation of the heavens and the earth where all lifeforms were affected, who could be spared? Even if they fled, where could they even flee to?

Even more frightening was the fact that the force of Yan Zhaoge's palm was in perfect harmonisation with the Extreme Yang Seal.

In forging the Extreme Yang Seal, the Exalted Solar Luminary had combined the concepts of the Cyclic Heavenly Scripture, Yin Yang Heavenly Scripture and Extreme Yang Scripture etcetera in an imitation of the legendary Cyclic Heavenly Seal.

Yan Zhaoge had deeply grasped its essence now as he let loose the power of the Extreme Yang Seal.

While he had yet to ascend the Immortal Bridge, being theoretically unable to unleash the full might of the Extreme Yang Seal, at this moment, the Extreme Yang Seal gradually exhibited incomparable power reminiscent of its peak!

Yan Zhaoge's full-powered blow in combination with this mighty treasure-how could his enemies possibly withstand this?

Beneath that single blow, they were swept away!

The thick earth of meritorious virtue that replenished the heavens and extended the dao and the blessed purple light of fortuitous virtue that kept the threat of death away rapidly dissipated, soon vanishing.

Only a tiny wisp remained of the white qi of nether virtue that gave one a lease of life. However, it was ethereal and illusory, seeming almost non-existent as it showed that there was virtually almost no chance of survival at all.

It was like the actual sun was close before them. Zhuang Chaohui could even see the embers of the sun and the dark sunspots.

Pressured beneath the Extreme Yang Seal, the two of Wutong Slope felt as though their innards were being incinerated.

They felt rather unresigned within. Sadly, their accompanying treasures and weapons had all been destroyed by the protective restrictions of the Daoist temple earlier. Otherwise, they would not be totally unable to retaliate like this.

Still, thinking about it, they would not be Yan Zhaoge's match even with these things. These would only be able to assist them in fleeing at most.

Thinking about this, they could not help but despair further.

As the son of the Southern Exalt, Zhuang Chaohui had a

substantial background. He himself was also a Heaven's favoured son, seldom meeting a match amongst similarly-aged martial practitioners from the World beyond Worlds.

He had gotten used to acting overbearingly and doing whatever he wanted. Otherwise, he would not have audaciously trespassed into the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory to search for the phoenix bone that year.

Having suffered a loss at the hands of Yan Zhaoge and Golden Court Mountain back then, it could still be said that he had been at a disadvantage in terms of time, location and personnel.

Yet, Zhuang Chaohui's pride was completely shattered today!

It was not that Zhuang Chaohui had never seen greater geniuses before.

While they had never clashed before, it had long since been widespread in the World beyond Worlds that the Brocade Emperor's only daughter, the Grand Red Lotus Fu Ting, was much younger than he was and a genius who surpassed even him.

While Zhuang Chaohui felt dissatisfied, there was nothing he could do about this.

Still, whatever the case, that was the Brocade Emperor's only daughter, a Heaven's favoured daughter who had an even more substantial background than him.

Yet, the person who had defeated him today was Yan Zhaoge who hailed from a lower world!

Also, despite having yet to attain the Immortal Bridge stage, he was already able to suppress him completely. How could Zhuang Chaohui not feel stifled to the point of wanting to vomit blood at this?

He had still been thinking about how he would completely topple Yan Zhaoge and Broad Creed Mountain earlier. However, who would have thought that it would instead be him about to die

beneath Yan Zhaoge's palm in the blink of an eye!

Moreover, it definitely must have been Yan Zhaoge's lot who had activated the protective restrictions of the Daoist temple and killed a whole bunch of Wutong Slope disciples earlier.

Pressured beneath the Extreme Yang Seal, Zhuang Chaohui was enraged to the point of near insanity.

"Yan Zhaoge, in killing Li Jing, my Wutong Slope might still be able to tolerate you," That middle-aged man roared, "If you kill me and Chaohui, senior apprentice-brother Zhuang will definitely not let it go just like that. Your Broad Creed Mountain and Wutong Slope will be irreconcilable enemies!"

Zhuang Chaohui raged, "What is the point in speaking further, senior apprentice-uncle? Let him bury us all here for good if he thinks he has what it takes!"

Yan Zhaoge chuckled, "No need for threats, no need for reverse psychology, no need for noisy bluster. Whatever you say, I never intended to let you people go in the first place."

While he was smiling, Yan Zhaoge's gaze was exceptionally icy cold.

A chill arose in the hearts of his two foes as they realised something.

They just stared dazedly at Yan Zhaoge, shocked by their own guesses.

"You...could it be..."

Yan Zhaoge curled his lips, "As my Broad Creed Mountain unceasingly improves, we will naturally need a larger space to expand in."

"While the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory is large, the saying goes that one mountain cannot tolerate two tigers. Still, the amicable relationship between Golden Court Mountain and my

Broad Creed Mountain and the care they have shown us over the years is not something this Yan has ever forgotten.”

“Since that is so, expanding elsewhere is naturally our only option.”

Looking at the two, Yan Zhaoge smiled, “Bar any exceptionally great occurrences, our two lineages are destined to be enemies. Therefore, I do not mind killing the two of you here.”

“Whether by a lot or just a little, diminishing the power of your Phoenix Ritual Mountain’s Wutong Slope is something I would be very happy to see.”

“The only things I need to consider is if the time is right and if my sect has already made sufficient preparations.”

Zhuang Chaohui and the middle-aged man both stared on in shock at Yan Zhaoge.

While their guesses had been verified, they only felt even more shocked, finding this even more absurd.

This youth who was speaking leisurely before them was but a late seeing Divinity Martial Saint.

The lineage from which he hailed originated from a lower world, the entire sect containing fewer than ten Martial Saints.

Yet, he had set his target as Phoenix Ritual Mountain’s Wutong Slope!

What place was this?

The lineage of one of the World beyond Worlds’ Ten Exalts, that of the Southern Exalt who ruled over the entire southern Blazing Heaven Territory, being an invincible existence within that area.

Its lineage could be traced back to over a thousand years ago. Even ignoring their Human Exalt, Zhuang Shen, Phoenix Ritual Mountain’s Wutong Slope itself already housed numerous experts.

Wutong Slope had more Immortal Bridge Martial Saints than

Broad Creed Mountain had Martial Saints!

This youngster before them was actually deluded to the point of wanting to compete with Wutong Slope? Was he even sane?

After his shock, Zhuang Chaohui was so angered he laughed, “Just based on you lot? If not for the protection of Ingenious Flying Peak and Golden Court Mountain, this minor lower world power of yours would already have been decimated a hundred times over by my Phoenix Ritual Mountain’s Wutong Slope!”

“It is precisely because of this that I said just now that I have to consider if the time is right, if my sect has made sufficient preparations,” Yan Zhaoge’s smile did not diminish in the least, “At this present time, while the time is still not fully right yet, everything is at least developing in a good direction, right?”

Zhuang Chaohui wanted to break out into curses, but suddenly stopped short.

He stared on in shock at Yan Zhaoge in front of him.

In the Clear Scenic Region of the Royal Reed Sea six years ago, he had been a sixth level Martial Saint and Yan Zhaoge a second level Martial Saint.

Meeting again six years later, he was a seventh level Martial Saint, while...

Yan Zhaoge was a sixth level Martial Saint!

Broad Creed Mountain who had fewer than ten Martial Saints, not even having a single Immortal Bridge Martial Saint...

Had already domineeringly slain an invading expert of the ninth level of the Martial Saint realm!

HSSB 955: Yan Zhaoge's question

Star Plucking Practitioner Guan Lide, late Immortal Bridge Martial Saint.

Shen Lingzi, King Xuancheng, mid Immortal Bridge Martial Saints.

Daoist Shi, Kang Ping, He Dongcheng, Gu Zhang, early Immortal Bridge Martial Saints.

These were all the experts who had perished at the foot of Broad Creed Mountain back then.

Also, they had all been slain by Broad Creed Mountain in the same major battle.

In the eyes of some, some of this information might be inaccurate. Also, the attention of most people had been drawn by news of an Immortal Artifact.

Still, just thinking carefully about it, it was already sufficient to cause one to quake in their boots.

Zhuang Chaohui and the middle-aged man who were currently pressured by Yan Zhaoge with the Extreme Yang Seal felt this especially intensely.

At this moment, they felt that perhaps they should not have placed their attention merely on that rumoured Immortal Artifact which that had not actually even seen.

They should not merely be paying attention to Golden Court Mountain in the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory.

An entity which had once meant nothing to them had already become a full-blown threat now!

Looking at the Extreme Yang Seal and then Yan Zhaoge, Zhuang Chaohui suddenly shivered.

"If this person ascends the Immortal Bridge, he would then be

able to wield the full power of this Extreme Yang Seal!"

The Extreme Yang Seal was totally incomparable to other high-grade Sacred Artifacts.

Could Yan Zhaoge ascend the Immortal Bridge?

While they were enemies, Zhuang Chaohui had to admit that this was virtually a surefire thing!

It was only a matter of time. The real question was: When would Yan Zhaoge ascend the Immortal Bridge?

Still, just thinking about how he had still been a mid Merging Avatar Martial Saint six years ago, Zhuang Chaohui could feel his heart twitching madly.

Actually, Yan Zhaoge had experienced more than six years due to the faster time flow in the Vast Ocean World.

Even so, however, considering his actual age, his rate of cultivation advancement was still shocking.

Thinking about this, the two of Wutong Slope felt increasingly pessimistic.

Moreover, it had also been six years ago that Yan Zhaoge's father, Yan Di, had broken through space to see true Divinity, ascending from the Eight Extremities World to the World beyond Worlds.

Six years later, the last time Yan Di had appeared before the eyes of the world, he had shockingly also already been a late Seeing Divinity Martial Saint!

At this moment, Zhuang Chaohui truly realised that he had overlooked Yan Zhaoge and Broad Creed Mountain too much in the past.

He desperately wished that he could remind his father and the seniors of his lineage about this now.

Even if it meant temporarily setting aside the matter of Golden Court Mountain and the phoenix bone, they should first

concentrate their power and deal with the calamity that was Broad Creed Mountain!

He felt bitter at how let alone the fact that they might not be able to leave this Daoist temple alive today, even if they could, they still might not have a chance to make up for their previous oversight.

His father Zhuang Shen had left the southern Blazing Heaven Territory two years ago, having yet to return even now.

Even worse was the fact that from prior instances, he knew that Zhuang Shen would not return for the next few years.

Of course, Zhuang Shen aside, the Southeastern Exalt Cao Jie and the others were currently away too.

Still, going by how the Star Plucking Practitioner Guan Lide had previously perished before Broad Creed Mountain and referencing the powerful strength displayed by Yan Zhaoge now, if Zhuang Shen of the Human Exalt stage did not make an appearance, would Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope be able to decimate Broad Creed Mountain even launching an all-out assault?

The two of them who were already beginning to take Broad Creed Mountain seriously now were not all that confident of this.

Moreover, the local martial practitioners of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory would not just sit back and do nothing.

Thinking about this, they inevitably felt even more despondent now.

Pressured unceasingly by the Extreme Yang Seal up above, the bones of the two began to creak.

As the magnificent sun blazed, the golden flames seemed about to devour their bodies entirely.

The shadow of death loomed over these two experts of Wutong Slope at this moment.

“How about a trade, Zhuang Chaohui?” Yan Zhaoge asked

smilingly, “If I do not see wrongly, as the son of the Southern Exalt, you should have some sort of mechanism placed on you to save you from unsalvageable crises of death like this one.”

“The Phoenix True Form Scripture that you yourself cultivate in may not be able to secure your life, but your father’s may be able to.”

“I wonder if I am right?”

Zhuang Chaohui’s pupils abruptly dilated.

There was indeed a mechanism left behind by his father, Zhuang Shen, on his body.

After his nirvanic rebirth had been used up, if he met with a death tribulation again, he would be able to borrow the mechanism left behind by Zhuang Shen and obtain a second chance at fleeing.

Also, he would directly revive back home at Phoenix Ritual Mountain’s Wutong Slope.

With that, he would be able to escape whatever the remaining dangers.

This sort of technique depleted one greatly as it extracted a great price as well. There might be immense negative side-effects afterwards.

Still, at a crucial moment of life and death, one’s life was naturally most important.

This matter was top secret as even the middle-aged man beside Zhuang Chaohui had no idea about it. His expression changed slightly as he turned to look at Zhuang Chaohui.

Yan Zhaoge raised the Extreme Yang Seal with one hand, clutching the jade talisman that he had obtained from this Daoist temple with the other.

A strand of black qi vaguely surfaced from the jade talisman,

seeming illusory and indistinct.

Yan Zhaoge smiled, “I will tell you beforehand. If there really is such a method, it might not work against me.”

“The contents of our trade are this. Answer one question of mine, and if you have such a backup mechanism, I will spare your life.”

“Still, if you do not have such a mechanism, sorry, but you will still have to die,” Yan Zhaoge said mildly, “Therefore, you do not have to feel that I definitely want an answer out of you. In truth, I would still be happier to slaughter you.”

As he said this, Yan Zhaoge exerted pressure with his palm.

The Extreme Yang Seal shook, seemingly expanding in its entirety as it transformed into an actual sun.

The fleshly bodies of Zhuang Chaohui and that middle-aged man were incinerated as they began falling apart together!

They transformed into two phoenixes and struggled desperately in resistance. However, it was useless.

The two simultaneously emitted a furious roar and agonised wail, going from high to low before finally dissipating.

Gazing carefully over, Yan Zhaoge indeed saw the fiery phoenix formed of that middle-aged man being completely extinguished, no trace of it left whatsoever as his soul dissipated into the winds.

However, after being extinguished, a clump of flames actually reappeared amidst the air from the fiery phoenix formed of Zhuang Chaohui.

That clump of flames broke through space, seeking to escape far off into the distance.

Where the flame was, time and space seemed to have completely broken away from the world of the Daoist temple at this moment, forming a world of its own as even the Extreme Yang Seal was unable to interfere with it at this instant.

“Now, now, you’re going nowhere,” Yan Zhaoge chuckled, extending his palm as the phenomenon of chaos vaguely appeared within.

Where the chaos passed, the clump of flames was actually forcibly sucked in place!

Some fluctuations of thoughts vaguely seemed to emanate from amidst the flames.

Zhuang Chaohui’s features gradually surfaced within, staring in shock at Yan Zhaoge.

Yan Zhaoge said leisurely, “Very good. Looks like there is room for a trade between us. It is just—are you willing?”

“Back in the Clear Scenic Region of the Royal Reed Sea, you took away a girl named Meng Wan when you left. I hear that there is a senior of your sect called Liu Xianting. If I am not wrong, they should be mother and daughter?”

Yan Zhaoge gazed at Zhuang Chaohui, “My question is—who is Meng Wan’s father?”

HSSB 956: Breaking the phoenix

Hearing Yan Zhaoge's question, Zhuang Chaohui was clearly stunned momentarily.

Regaining his wits, his expression turned rather strange.

He looked at Yan Zhaoge for a moment before appearing both angered and amused at once, "I remember now. That Meng Wan comes from the same lower world at you but another lineage, which was destroyed by your Broad Creed Mountain, right?"

"Who is her father, who is her father...ha! Who is her father?"

Zhuang Chaohui suddenly laughed loudly, "You wouldn't want to know this."

"Still, you will know about it very soon!"

His smile was filled with mockery, "Very soon!"

Zhuang Chaohui stared at Yan Zhaoge, "I really want to see your expression when you learn of this. Still, it would not be so entertaining if I were to tell you about it now."

"Oh?" Hearing his words, Yan Zhaoge was not angered, "Since that is so, die with regrets now then."

With that, he grabbed towards that clump of flames, closing his fist as he pinched down upon it!

Zhuang Chaohui's face gradually dissipated amidst the flames.

Still, there was still triumph on his face as he howled, "Yan Zhaoge, I will be waiting for you down below! That day is not far! Soon, very soon!"

"While you had nothing to tell me, I could basically understand that Meng Wan is safe after being taken away by you," The corners of Yan Zhaoge's lips arched lightly upwards, "And actually, that is already enough."

Zhuang Chaohui yelled severely, “Surnamed Yan, I’d like to see how you die!”

“That isn’t anything for you to be concerned about,” Yan Zhaoge chuckled, exerting greater force with his fingers as he thoroughly crushed that clump of flames into nothingness.

The flourishing vitality was quelled at this moment, Zhuang Chaohui’s life force extinguished for good.

Yan Zhaoge retrieved that jade talisman, looking at it, “Killing these martial practitioners with a stronger vitality who cultivate in special techniques are indeed more troublesome.”

Still, the jade talisman did not react whatsoever this time.

Zhuang Chaohui had already used up his nirvanic rebirth, the backup method which his father Zhuang Shen had set on him having been dispelled too.

However powerful Zhuang Chaohui’s vitality was, he would be going to see King Yama now.

Zhuang Chaohui having been slain here, this indicated that the enmity between Yan Zhaoge’s Broad Creed Mountain and the Southern Exalt Zhuang Shen had reached a whole new level.

Yan Zhaoge looked very calm, without joy or sorrow as he kept the Extreme Yang Seal and the jade talisman, turning to look at Ah Hu and Pan-Pan, smiling, “We can leave after searching through this Daoist temple one last time.”

While they had not clashed for long as Yan Zhaoge had taken care of Zhuang Chaohui and the other guy, the power he had drawn on was not low at all.

The battle had affected the entirety of the Daoist temple which appeared on the brink of collapse.

After all, this place had been decrepit for many years, not being as sturdy as it had formerly been.

Many treasures and medicinal pills were still stored within the Daoist temple.

Still, having undergone a great tribulation that year, coupled with the passing of time, most of these goods had already decayed.

Even so, however, there were still quite a few valuable treasures amongst all that remained.

Some of these things were ordinary and innocuous in the eyes of most, being of limited worth.

In the eyes of Yan Zhaoge, however, there were ways they could become miraculous treasures.

After sorting out the things there which caught his eye, Yan Zhaoge brought Ah Hu and Pan-Pan along in leaving the Daoist temple.

After bowing to the statues of the ancestors of the Three Purities again, Yan Zhaoge came before the incense burner table, looking at the spirit patterns drawn of cinnabar on the yellow cloth.

“Oh, they are leaving?”

Because those of Wutong Slope had already first received the assault of the simultaneous activation of the three tribulations, the second batch of people from Three Foot Mountain in the back hall had it much easier than them.

While the simultaneous three tribulations were terrifying indeed, unleashing them would decrease the duration for which they could be sustained.

Still, after seeing the nirvanic rebirth of the pair from Wutong Slope which they had inadvertently used to get past the restrictions, a warning bell instead tolled in the heart of those of Three Foot Mountain.

While the other experts of Wutong Slope had all perished, their two Immortal Bridge Martial Saints who had fortunately survived

possessed remarkable strength.

There were already two groups of people who had beaten them in entering, both of them also being extremely powerful.

The first batch of Three Foot Mountain martial practitioners that included their Chief had most likely perished. After a bit of hesitation, the second batch ultimately chose to give up as they tried to leave this cave manor which had caused them to suffer catastrophic losses.

The weakened protective restrictions in this place allowed them to successfully extricate themselves.

Yan Zhaoge smiled, shaking his head as he led Ah Hu and Pan-Pan along in leaving the great hall.

Feeling the local spiritual qi flow, Yan Zhaoge could not help but raise his brows lightly, “Someone opened another door. It looks like Zhuang Chaohui’s lot entered from a new door. It is just that...”

It was just that this way, the door that he and the Three Foot Mountain martial practitioners had entered from in the Wilderness Sea had been closed as a result. It would be difficult to reopen it.

This entailed that Yan Zhaoge or those of Three Foot Mountain would have to enter the path that Zhuang Chaohui’s group had entered from in order to return to the World beyond Worlds.

It did not have to be asked for it to be known that the other end of the passageway most likely led within the domain of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory.

Yan Zhaoge could not help but smile as he left the Daoist temple, identifying their general direction before heading in the direction of the big lake that those of Wutong Slope had entered from earlier.

Arriving by the lake, they saw a few figures who were also about

to enter the lake. From the way they were dressed and their martial arts, they were Three Foot Mountain martial practitioners.

Seeing Yan Zhaoge appear, their expressions all changed slightly.

They wondered what exactly had transpired within the Daoist temple.

Yan Zhaoge did not stand on ceremony as he directly strode before those of Three Foot Mountain, raising his palm as he struck out with a Cyclic Heavenly Seal!

“You...” The leading Elder of Three Foot Mountain had just been about to speak when a gust of wind blew over, forcing him to shut his mouth.

While he was an early Immortal Bridge Martial Saint, he was hard pressed to deal with the peerless might of Yan Zhaoge’s Cyclic Heavenly Seal as he was left vomiting blood with a single strike.

Yan Zhaoge continued striking forth with his palm, pressuring downwards as it was like the sky was collapsing.

The entire heavens and earth here distorted along with Yan Zhaoge’s palm, concaving towards the centre of the lake.

The Three Foot Mountain martial practitioners dared not block this as they hurriedly fled towards the dimensional passageway at the bottom of the lake.

Still, many people were directly clapped dead beneath Yan Zhaoge’s palm!

There were only two people who spat out blood, being gravely wounded as they just barely managed to preserve their lives, hurriedly scrambling off into the dimensional passageway.

Yan Zhaoge’s expression was leisurely as he sat on Pan-Pan’s back.

Pan-Pan moved off on all four paws, following them into the dimensional passageway neither hurriedly nor slowly.

Those two Three Foot Mountain Elders were shocked and afraid as they saw this, “This is that Yan Zhaoge? Vicious indeed! Chief and the rest have all already been killed by him?”

Passing through the dimensional passageway, they arrived on the other side.

There, they found someone blocking their way.

These were people of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory's Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope.

After Zhuang Chaohui and the others left for the Daoist temple, there had been fellow disciples watching over the entrance for them over here.

Seeing those two Elders of Three Foot Mountain appear, the expressions of the Wutong Slope martial practitioners who were guarding the area all changed, “Who are you people?”

“Away! Away!” The two Three Foot Mountain Elders simultaneously yelled and fled like crazy.

Still, they were gravely wounded and had difficulty moving. Blocked by the martial practitioners of Wutong Slope, the two's eyes turned bloodshot, “Move aside if you do not want to die!”

The Wutong Slope martial practitioners flew into a rage upon hearing this, “What gall!”

Blazing fire transformed into an all-encompassing rain of blades, hacking towards the two.

The two Three Foot Mountain wanted to cry but lacked the tears for such. Behind them, that terrifying aura could indistinctly be felt as it got closer and closer to them!

HSSB 957: Entering the southern Blazing Heaven Territory

Sitting on Pan-Pan's back, Yan Zhaoge exited the dimensional passageway. Seeing the environment that he had walked into, he could not help but laugh.

A few Wutong Slope martial practitioners were currently encircling and ferociously attacking those two Elders of Three Foot Mountain.

While the Wutong Slope martial practitioners were all Seeing Divinity Martial Saints, being greatly proficient in their martial arts with the two Three Foot Mountain Elders also having suffered some grave injuries at the hands of Yan Zhaoge beforehand, they now held the upper hand in this battle.

Still, after Yan Zhaoge appeared, the two sides ceased to battle.

The Wutong Slope martial practitioners looked over at Yan Zhaoge in astonishment.

While they were full of themselves like Zhuang Chaohui, only viewing Ingenious Flying Peak and Golden Court Mountain as of any significance as they secretly looked down on Yan Zhaoge and Broad Creed Mountain, with Yan Zhaoge having slain their fellow disciple, they had long since memorised how he looked like as they would never mistake him for anyone else.

With Zhuang Chaohui's group not having exited the cave manor as it was instead Yan Zhaoge who had emerged, these Wutong Slope martial practitioners all felt shocked and doubtful too.

They were momentarily stunned before they all attacked Yan Zhaoge together!

The Southern Exalt Zhuang Shen had set down a strict decree long ago.

If Yan Zhaoge dared to enter the lands of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory, he was to be slain without mercy. All martial practitioners of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory could act against him.

Let alone the other experts of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory, as descendants of Zhuang Shen's lineage, Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope would certainly abide rigorously by this decree, acting unceremoniously against him.

Yan Zhaoge sat cross-legged on Pan-Pan's back, not shifting even an inch as he just extended his left hand.

With a flip of his palm, the heavens and earth were instantly overturned in the eyes of those Wutong Slope martial practitioners!

Where the majestic, immeasurable palm force of the Cyclic Heavenly Seal passed, it swept through the entire surrounding area.

"An endless mountain range, with many Spiritual Bright Trees growing all around, filling numerous mountain peaks. This place seems to be the Endless Mountain Range of the northern region of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory," Yan Zhaoge surveyed the surroundings even as he attacked.

He had always treated information reports with great importance. Having long since made an enemy out of the Southern Exalt and his lineage, he had naturally made more preparations for this.

He had collected various information reports from all around. Who knew that they would turn out to be of use today?

While this was the first time Yan Zhaoge had been in person to the southern Blazing Heaven Territory, he had already long since learnt from various channels about the more important landmarks here.

Observing the special features of the local geography now, while he could not say this for sure, he thought that this was someplace in the northern regions of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory.

Despite having landed within the southern Blazing Heaven Territory, Yan Zhaoge was not panicked.

He first raised a hand and took care of these disciples of Wutong Slope.

While he was not a hardcore killer, he had already long since gotten used to killing when necessary.

These Wutong Slope martial practitioners subconsciously feared Yan Zhaoge. Still, they just rushed over without thinking further.

When they discovered that things were not simple as they had thought, it was already too late for regrets.

Instead, it was those two Three Foot Mountain Elders who focused fully on running away, making use of when Yan Zhaoge was taking care of the Wutong Slope martial practitioners to flee into the distance.

The two split up, fleeing in different directions as they hoped that they could survive this tribulation.

Yan Zhaoge smiled and patted Pan-Pan's head before soaring into the air, chasing after the Immortal Bridge Martial Saint of Three Foot Mountain.

Pan-Pan carried Ah Hu, pursuing the other opponent of the Seeing Divinity Martial Saint realm.

The other party was already heavily injured. Whether in fighting or running, he was no match for Pan-Pan.

That Immortal Bridge Martial Saint Elder of Three Foot Mountain felt a terrifying aura approaching from behind. Looking back, he was instantly shocked.

"Yan Zhaoge, if you harm my Three Foot Mountain, know

that..."

Before he had finished speaking, he was already interrupted by Yan Zhaoge, "I am well aware who the person who stands behind you is. Still, this does not affect me in any way."

"Your sect's Chief and many others are waiting for you down below. You will not be lonely in death."

With that, he struck down with a palm!

The other party's eyes looked on the brink of imploding as he blurted disbelievingly, "You actually..."

Partway through his words, the crown of his head was shattered by Yan Zhaoge's palm, his brain fluids splattering.

After killing his foe, Yan Zhaoge did not linger as he calmly turned and headed off elsewhere.

Still, he caught up very soon, seeing the back figure of Ah Hu as he sat on Pan-Pan's back.

"It's already dealt with?" Yan Zhaoge landed soundlessly on Pan-Pan's back, "There is no blood stench. You didn't kill him?"

Ah Hu answered with a rather strange expression on his face, "Young Master, something unexpected happened."

He pointed towards the distance.

Actually, without him having to point, surveying the surroundings after discovering that Pan-Pan had not slain the other party, Yan Zhaoge was already gazing in that direction.

There, two people were currently clashing.

Looking over, Yan Zhaoge saw that one of them was that Three Foot Mountain Elder while the other was a youth.

That youth looked around twenty from the outside. He was dressed in red and was swift as booming thunder.

Yan Zhaoge saw that his actual age was higher than twenty. Still,

as compared to others of the same cultivation level, he was still extremely young, so much so that most would be shocked by it.

Such a young first level Martial Saint was extremely rare even in the entire World beyond Worlds.

He could be called handsome if not for the tragic wound that ran across his face, destroying his left eye.

Still, this youth cared not about the wound on his face at all as he was fixated on fiercely attacking that Three Foot Mountain martial practitioner.

Attacking at full force, he paid no attention to his own wounds such that the right side of his face was stained in fresh blood.

That Three Foot Mountain Elder had long since already broke through space to see true Divinity. Still, having been heavily injured by Yan Zhaoge, he was simply unable to exert his true abilities.

Fearing that Yan Zhaoge might soon catch up, he was totally focused on fleeing from this place.

Yet, the less he desired to do battle, the greater a loss he suffered as he was locked down by an opponent whose cultivation base was much weaker than his.

Still, after glancing over, Yan Zhaoge felt interested, “Oh, that’s something.”

While his opponent was hard pressed to exert his usual strength due to certain reasons, it was also true that the strength of that red-clothed youth far surpassed that of ordinary martial practitioners of the same cultivation level.

Let alone first level Martial Saint opponents, even most martial practitioners of the second level of the Martial Saint realm should be no match for this red-clothed youth.

While he wielded no weapon, brandishing his palm like a sabre,

each sabre caused thunder light to surge to the heavens.

That thunder light was crimson like blood, terrifying and mournful.

Beneath that raging chain thunder, the Three Foot Mountain martial practitioner who emitted the golden radiance of the great sun seemed to be enveloped by a layer of blood.

The thunder-light and the sabre-light merged, stirring the winds and clouds of the surrounding area with a momentum that shocked the heavens and earth as the golden glow of the sun was shattered non-stop.

The red-clothed youth had a savage expression on his face, his roars loud as booming thunder as he seemed not to care for his life in the least, putting it on the line in frenziedly attacking his opponent.

“Speaking of this, it felt just now like that person of Three Foot Mountain had a living person stored in his Shadow Shrinking Pouch,” Yan Zhaoge stroked his lower chin, “At the time, I thought it was a fellow disciple with a lower cultivation base.”

“From the looks of it now, it was actually a captive?”

Ah Hu nodded, “That’s right. Not long after Pan-Pan and I started chasing him, that person’s sleeve suddenly broke apart with a streak of bloodred thunder light shooting out to attack him.”

“He is probably injured too badly such that he was no longer able to continue imprisoning him as a captive in the Shadow Shrinking Pouch.”

He scratched his head, “In the end, without us even doing anything, the two of them began fighting.”

HSSB 958: Thunderbolt Blood

Looking at that red-clothed youth who seemed crazed like a devil, Ah Hu pulled back the corners of his lips, “Young Master, doesn’t the sabre arts he uses look like...”

“That of the decimated Xia Family from the Consecutive Drum Mountain Range of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory?” Yan Zhaoge replied.

Ah Hu nodded.

They had not interacted with the Listening Thunder Peak’s Xia Family.

Still, the martial practitioners of the Consecutive Drum Mountain Range who had mentioned the terrible incident to them back then had still provided some information regarding the Xia Family.

At this moment, Yan Zhaoge and Ah Hu saw that the attacks of the red-clothed youth somewhat resembled the Booming Thunder Sabre of the lineage of the Listening Thunder Peak’s Xia Family.

It was just that the Booming Thunder Sabre they had heard of did not possess such extraordinary might.

The Listening Thunder Peak’s Xia Family was apparently from a lower world. Despite having come to successfully stand stably in the World beyond Worlds, let alone being comparable to most peak lineages, they were not all that remarkable even in the Consecutive Drum Mountain Range.

Therefore, Ah Hu felt rather uncertain about this as he looked hesitantly at Yan Zhaoge.

“The legacies of the Listening Thunder Peak’s Xia Family consist not just of their martial arts but also one of the Five Elements Creation Thunder, the Aged Gold Supreme Thunderbolts of the gold element,” Yan Zhaoge said, “They temper their lungs with the

thunder, their breathing resembling thunder as it is sharp and piercing as gold. Merged with sabre arts, their power rises greatly.”

“Actually, all weapons can benefit from this, in truth.”

Yan Zhaoge possessed the Burning Flames Blazing Thunder of the fire attribute of the Five Elements Creation Thunder, both of these being closely related as it was easy for him to detect the unordinary aspects of this red-clothed youth.

Still, this was not the core reason for the red-clothed youth’s outstanding strength.

“Look closely at his body,” Yan Zhaoge got straight to the crux of the matter.

Ah Hu had a lower cultivation base than the two combatants as it was more difficult for him to grasp the details of their battle.

Still, reminded by Yan Zhaoge, as Ah Hu gazed over carefully, he saw that on the exposed skin of the youth’s body that was not concealed by his red clothes, some tattoos could actually be seen on him.

Those tattoos were crimson as blood as they resembled thunder and flashing lightning, making for a shocking sight.

Due to the clothes he was wearing, only a small portion of that tattooed image was currently visible.

Yet, as they battled, the youth unceasingly drew out his potential as the tattoos could visibly be seen extending on his body!

Soon, that image which resembled thunderbolts of blood had already enveloped his arms and neck as it extended towards his face.

It looked just like tragic wounds had been opened up on his body’s exterior as they all crisscrossed.

It was wild, primal, tyrannical, terrifying.

Accompanied by the extension of these bloodred thunderbolt patterns, that youth became increasingly violent and vicious in his attacks, only attacking as he totally ignored defence.

He was actually becoming stronger and stronger as well, his strength rising unceasingly!

Herein was the frenzied resolution of one burning the rest of their life force as no further path was available to them.

It gave off the feeling that he was already at the end of his tether, this being a moment of strength and clarity that came at the end before all strength was lost.

It was as though if just a bit of time passed, without any external influence, he would already have run completely out of steam and vitality, perishing on the spot.

Yet, his power was simply rising and rising just like that as there seemed to be no end to this at all.

That injured Three Foot Mountain Elder whose mind was not completely in this was actually left at a disadvantage by the merciless momentum of the red-clothed youth, going all out in forcibly trading his life for his opponent's.

The glorious sun hung amidst the horizon. Yet, bloodred thunder flickered unceasingly within the golden sun, carving out numerous cracks on it.

“Young Master, that...what exactly is it...” Ah Hu swallowed his saliva.

Observing their battle, Yan Zhaoge casually replied, “A strange physique is recorded in the ancient texts, known as Thunderbolt Blood.”

“Those who bear Thunderbolt Blood have extremely vigorous qi and blood which is like fire and thunder, being violent to the extreme. This would give them an exceptional advantage if they cultivate in martial arts.”

First not speaking of advantage in cultivation speed, one would be extremely powerful in actual fights as each of their blows would contain explosive power that far surpassed that of their peers.

Still, there were disadvantages to this as well. If they were careless in their cultivation, they would instead bring harm upon themselves.

“After the Great Calamity, there has been almost no news of those bearing Thunderbolt Blood. This guy whom we are witnessing in person may very well be the first,” Yan Zhaoge pointed at that red-clothed youth, “These blood-coloured thunderbolt patterns are not visible all the time. Usually, he would look no different from the average person.”

“His qi returning rate is high and his explosive power high when he usually fights. Still, it would not be as fearsome as he is now. This is because he executed the Blood Thunderbolt Ritual.”

Yan Zhaoge smacked his lips, “I had only heard of this before. I never thought that I would witness this in person today.”

“Blood Thunderbolt Ritual?” Ah Hu repeated, “Seeing the tattoos appearing on his body, he makes me remember that Ye Jing with his reforged Flame Devil body that year.”

“It is just that Ye Jing had tattoos of flame, whereas his are of thunderbolts.”

Observing that red-clothed youth, Yan Zhaoge said nonchalantly, “They are intrinsically different. Ye Jing reforged a Flame Devil body using the legacy of the Heavenly Fire Scripture, his tattoos being condensed of the concept within the scripture as a long-term existence which would not change according to his own will.”

“The Blood Thunderbolt Ritual is a secret art that a martial practitioner can stop by their own will.”

“Also, because Ye Jing’s cultivation base was too low and his mind unstable back then, the external influence of the Flame Devil

body was able to influence his soul as well as personality.”

“As for this guy here, his temperament is probably inborn, being unrelated to the Thunderbolt Blood he bears.”

Yan Zhaoge said, “The Blood Thunderbolt Ritual is a secret art that does not have to be taught. All martial practitioners who bear Thunderbolt Blood will slowly comprehend it themselves and merge this into those martial arts they are cultivating in. It is only they who can comprehend and utilise it.”

This secret art would draw out the explosive power of the Thunderbolt Blood greatly, leading to an immense boost in strength for a limited amount of time.

Still, this was like pulling up the shoots to make them grow faster as they would surpass their actual limits. Their longevity would be harmed as a result.

Still, the unleashed power was mighty indeed.

As a first level Martial Saint, that red-clothed youth was now able to properly battle an expert of the third level of the Martial Saint realm.

As he fought like a crazed tiger, only attacking and not defending at all, most third level Martial Saint experts would have to go on the defensive and avoid his sharpness for the time being.

“From the looks of it, Young Master, this person should be someone of the Listening Thunder Peak’s Xia Family?” Ah Hu scratched his head, “Perhaps it is because he is unique that the people of Three Foot Mountain did not kill him, simply capturing him alive?”

Yan Zhaoge shrugged, “It would be impossible for him to enter a sect who decimated his family. It should be that they have some other use for him.”

Ah Hu felt curious, “Young Master, logically speaking, with his outstanding talent as he is even a Martial Saint already, how is it

possible that we have never heard of him before?"

While he had just entered the Martial Saint realm, the potential and strength displayed by this red-clothed youth was virtually already no inferior to that of the son of the Southern Exalt, the Phoenix Prince Zhuang Chaohui.

This was even when he simply cultivated in martial arts of the Listening Thunder Peak's Xia Family that could not be considered all that high-level in the World beyond Worlds.

If he had the background and environment of the likes of Fu Ting, Gao Qing, Long Hanhua, Zeng Mo and Zhuang Chaohui, how would he be like now?

"Well, we can only ask him that in person," Yan Zhaoge chuckled, stroking his lower chin.

Ah Hu was too familiar with his Young Master.

Seeing Yan Zhaoge's smile, he shivered inwardly as he began to give mentally give early condolences to this yet unnamed red-clothed youth.

HSSB 959: Giving early condolences

This trouble that had suddenly sprung out of nowhere was not the worst thing for that Three Foot Mountain Elder.

He was still most worried about and feared Yan Zhaoge catching up to him the most.

He had been exceptionally nervous in fleeing earlier, having devoted all his energies to escaping.

As a result, he had even forgotten that he had captured someone back in the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory's Consecutive Drum Mountain Range.

At that time, he had decimated the Consecutive Drum Mountain Range's Listening Thunder Peak's Xia Family along with the other experts of Three Foot Mountain, obtaining that half-broken whisk and hence gaining the ability to enter that cave manor.

Listening Thunder Peak's Xia Family had been totally destroyed with only this youngster, Xia Guang, left alive. Due to his unique physique, he had been spared and merely captured.

Having been ordered to keep an eye on him, he had originally not been much concerned about this at all.

Who knew that drastic changes would come to the situation thereafter, his Three Foot Mountain virtually being totally wiped out in the Daoist temple as he too had hastily fled, gravely wounded.

In the end, Xia Guang had actually managed to escape.

If this was usually, however unique Xia Guang was, this Three Foot Mountain Elder would still not mind it.

The difference in their cultivation bases was just so great, after all.

At this crucial juncture, however, this might truly claim his old

life.

“If I wasn’t injured by Yan Zhaoge earlier, how could this brat act so audaciously?”

Having been entangled by Xia Guang for so long, that Three Foot Mountain Elder grew vicious.

He went all out against Xia Guang, seeking to slay him and free himself up from being delayed.

Without this crazed red-clothed youth hounding him, he would be able to focus completely on fleeing. Otherwise, he dared not imagine how he might end up when Yan Zhaoge caught up.

While his opponent had been heavily injured, his strength decreasing greatly, Xia Guang still immediately felt pressured as he now went all out in his attacks.

Still, he did not take this to heart in the least.

There was only one thought in his mind now.

Either his enemy would perish, or he would die!

“Let’s see who dies first!” He roared wildly, resembling the explosion of thunder over flat land.

Xia Guang maintained the Blood Thunderbolt Ritual, sacrificing his longevity as he unceasingly blazed his Thunderbolt Blood.

The wild, severe thunder patterns filled his entire body now, flickering with a dark red light as they simultaneously emitted a thunderous roar which was so loud it caused one to wish they were deaf.

The violent power was stimulated non-stop, transforming into numerous streaks of bloodred light that resembled electricity whilst also sharp blades, unrelentingly, dauntlessly attacking his enemy.

That Three Foot Mountain Elder sent fresh blood spurting from Xia Guang’s body with a single palm.

Xia Guang's sabres were blocked by him. Still, as their might collided, the earlier injury inflicted upon him by Yan Zhaoge acted up once more.

The Three Foot Mountain Elder immediately vomited a mouthful of blood as well.

"No, I can't go on like this," He wiped the bloodstains off the corners of his mouth, feeling harried.

Seeing Xia Guang clenching his teeth and attacking again with utter disregard for his injuries, the gaze of this Three Foot Mountain Elder flickered as he simultaneously raised his palms, pushing forward horizontally.

Boundless golden sunlight illuminated the world, two Great Sun Golden Crows simultaneously appearing as they flew towards Xia Guang!

"Since you seek death, little beast, this old man will send you down to reunite with your family!"

That Three Foot Mountain Elder yelled severely as he attacked with full force, seeking to slay Xia Guang with a single palm.

Xia Guang's gaze never wavered as he dauntlessly came to meet that attack of his head-on.

In the ensuing collision, it was actually that Three Foot Mountain Elder who was sent flying backwards in retreat, losing out in that exchange.

Yet, Xia Guang's expression changed as he felt that the other party had not merely been aiming for power in that clash, instead having employed subtlety in his techniques.

As that Three Foot Mountain Elder fell back now, he had actually borrowed Xia Guang's strength to retreat from the area.

Xia Guang wanted to pursue him. Yet, his opponent's subtle force kept him where he was. Exerting strength to dispel this, he was

inevitably delayed.

“You accursed scum!” Xia Guang yelled, hurriedly going after him.

Yet, the other party was not slower than him, also having a greater foundation than him. Now that this chance had been lost, how could he possibly still manage to catch up with him?

As the distance between them increased non-stop, that red-clothed youth was thoroughly enraged as his good eye was completely bloodshot.

Finally, the fleeing figure of that Elder of Three Foot Mountain vanished before his eyes.

Xia Guang was unwilling to give up just like this as he pursued him for a while longer. Still, he soon lost track of him completely.

Those Three Foot Mountain martial practitioners cultivated in the Golden Crow Incinerating World Scripture as where they passed, their auras would be completely incinerated and vaporised with no trace of any fire qi remaining.

Xia Guang howled madly as he hacked down onto the great earth, cleaving out a deep valley amidst a mountain.

He was despondent and enraged as he hacked down unceasingly, chopping and riddling a mountain range with deep gouges all around.

“Father, mother, grandfather, grandmother, granduncle, uncle, aunt, second brother, young sister, second sister, youngest sister...” The rage gradually faded from Xia Guang’s face as it was replaced by sorrow, “I’m useless! I couldn’t even manage to kill an enemy who was already heavily injured, failing to take revenge for you all.”

After his rage had faded, the pain from his wounds and a sense of intense weakness assaulted him all at once.

Those bloodred patterns of thunderbolts gradually faded from the surface of his body, retracting as they finally ended up on his back, condensing into a bloodred, lightning-shaped tattoo.

Xia Guang descended to the ground with his hand over his right eye that was stained completely in blood as anger reappeared on his face.

That eye had been blinded by those of Three Foot Mountain back when he had been captured and had refused to cower and lower his head.

“Three Foot Mountain, Three Foot Mountain...Three Foot Mountain!” Xia Guang ground his teeth, “The monks can run, but the temple cannot! Three Foot Mountain, the one hundred and twenty-seven lives of my Xia Family will definitely not go unavenged!”

“If this enmity is not repaid, Xia Guang fails as a person!”

Collapsing into a sitting position within the valley due to his weakened body, he suddenly realised that his hair was had already turned white.

Xia Guang was not taken aback by this. He knew full well the price he would have to pay for invoking his Blood Thunderbolt Ritual.

Even without using a mirror, he already knew that he must currently look a lot older than before.

While he had not used the Blood Thunderbolt Ritual for that long a time earlier, his longevity had already dropped drastically as a result.

If he were to repeat the intensity of his earlier experience, he would probably run out of longevity?

Xia Guang clenched his fists.

The Three Foot Mountain Elder had been a Seeing Divinity

Martial Saint.

Three Foot Mountain had not just a single Immortal Bridge Martial Saint.

While they had dispatched numerous experts to the cave manor this time, they would definitely have left sufficient forces to guard their headquarters.

He was unable to kill even a heavily injured Seeing Divinity Martial Saint. This being so, just how difficult would it be for him to exact his full vengeance?

Xia Guang did not fear hardship or the enemy's strength.

What he felt troubled about was that he might not have enough time...

"Eldest brother and eldest sister..." Xia Guang abruptly realised, "I wonder how the two of them are doing now. They are out adventuring. Would they have received news of what happened to our Family? I should try to find a way to contact them lest Three Foot Mountain viciously attacks."

Xia Guang scanned his surroundings rather blankly, "We are far from the Consecutive Drum Mountain Range now, but just where is this place? And how should I search for eldest brother and eldest sister?"

With his state of mind being rather chaotic, he suddenly remembered the person that Three Foot Mountain Elder had mentioned earlier, "Yan Zhaoge...I seem to have heard someone of our family mentioning this name before. Although his age is similar to mine, he is apparently already a Seeing Divinity Martial Saint. It is said that he is a heaven-defying genius."

"That scum just now was a late Seeing Divinity Martial Saint, but was injured by that Yan Zhaoge, thus giving me a chance."

Xia Guang could not help but wonder now, "What sort of person is he?"

Amidst the cloud layer up above, Yan Zhaoge sat on Pan-Pan's back, grabbing the neck of that escaped Three Foot Mountain Elder with a hand as he looked rather interestedly at Xia Guang.

HSSB 960: Great Sun Glorious Heavenly Thunder

While grabbing onto that Three Foot Mountain Elder, Yan Zhaoge smiled, asking him, “This is the sole survivor of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory’s Consecutive Drum Mountain Range’s Listening Heaven Peak’s Xia Family, right?”

The other party’s face was deadly ashen as he nodded numbly.

“Did you keep him alive just for his unique Thunderbolt Blood?” Yan Zhaoge asked, “Logically speaking, such an outstanding talent should not be totally unknown.”

The power of the Listening Thunder Peak’s Xia Family was not to the extent that it would hide its geniuses for them to shockingly rise to prominence in a single go thereafter.

What they should be doing was solidify their foundation and attain greater fame, finding allies or seeking a backer.

That Three Foot Mountain Elder said disinterestedly, “This brat was living in a secluded courtyard that was locked down by restrictions. If we had not levelled the Xia Family’s manor, we would not even have been able to discover him.”

“So after you discovered him, you captured him alive?” Yan Zhaoge laughed, “Well, it is no wonder. You might not care much about the Thunderbolt Blood, and it is also impossible that someone with such great enmity with you would enter your sect.”

“Still, the Great Sun Glorious Heavenly Thunder holds great allure for you, right?”

This Three Foot Mountain Elder appeared rather taken aback as he looked at Yan Zhaoge, “You...”

Yan Zhaoge shrugged, “I what?”

The other party regained his wits, his face turning deadly ashen

once more as he spoke no longer.

The Great Sun Glorious Heavenly Thunder was ranked eighth amongst the Nine Heavenly Immortal Thunders.

Thunderbolts were the greatest manifestation of yang existing between the heavens and the earth.

As for the Great Sun Glorious Heavenly Thunder, it was at the supreme peak of yang amongst the transformations of two extremities where yin and yang intermingled.

At the opposing end was the Great Yin Wilderness Thunder that was ranked seventh amongst the Nine Heavenly Immortal Thunders as the supreme manifestation of yin that had great profundities.

It had commonly been said before the Great Calamity that those who bore Thunderbolt Blood were conducive for gaining control over Great Sun Glorious Heavenly Thunder.

This was not a mere guess as it was confirmed by actual experimentation.

While the martial arts of Three Foot Mountain were unrelated to thunderbolts, they saw this tough, hot power of the Great Sun Glorious Heavenly Thunder as something that could really benefit them.

This was the reason they had left Xia Guang alive.

While they had no inkling of where to find Great Sun Glorious Heavenly Thunder, it was better to be prepared in case they did find it, right?

This news was extremely hard to come by as few people knew of it. It was not mentioned within the legacies of Three Foot Mountain. Instead, it had inadvertently been mentioned by that bigwig who had once restored their Golden Crow Incinerating World Scripture that year, having always been remembered by them thereafter.

Therefore, this Three Foot Mountain Elder was rather astonished by this.

It was not surprising that Yan Zhaoge knew of Great Sun Glorious Heavenly Thunder.

Yet, those who knew the relationship between this thunder and Thunderbolt Blood were rare indeed.

As a result, this Three Foot Mountain Elder could not help but speculate that Yan Zhaoge might really be related to the Exalted Solar Luminary of legend.

Yan Zhaoge was unconcerned about his suspicion as he felt more interested in how Three Foot Mountain was so clear on such an obscure piece of information.

Although they had obtained a legacy of pre-Great Calamity times, the Golden Crow Incinerating World Scripture that their founder had obtained had been incomplete.

They should have learnt of such an obscure piece of information elsewhere.

Yan Zhaoge grew increasingly curious about the backer of Three Foot Mountain.

Even as he pondered, Yan Zhaoge's gaze remained on Xia Guang down below.

"Do we not head on down now, Young Master?" Ah Hu asked him curiously.

Yan Zhaoge shook his head, looking rather interestedly at Xia Guang, "No rush. Let us first see what he intends to do next."

Xia Guang tore off his clothes, bandaging his wounds simply before circulating his profound arts and moderating his condition.

"These injuries are very serious. The external ones are bad enough, but the internal ones are worse," Xia Guang was rather troubled after he had done so.

For his external injuries, he was naturally worst injured at his right eye, having been rendered blind.

He could only be a ‘one-eyed-dragon’ from here on out.

Thinking of this, fury surged in Xia Guang’s heart again as he wished that he could immediately rush to slaughter Three Foot Mountain, exterminating his foes.

His internal injuries were even worse, however, all these having been left behind by that battle with that Elder of Three Foot Mountain earlier.

Executing the Blood Thunderbolt Ritual itself already depleted his vitality. He had also put his life on the line in ignoring defence and concentrating only on offence. It was only natural that he was badly injured.

As a result, he was currently fatigued and gravely injured as he felt devoid of energy, also hurting all over.

“I should first treat my injuries. My body is currently very weak from overexertion. If I do not treat myself fast, my foundation may be damaged for good. Let alone improving my strength, I may even topple back into the Martial Grandmaster realm.”

Xia Guang was not someone who was good at planning things out long term. He could only make an easy decision on what he was going to do next.

He would first get his wounds treated before looking for his sole remaining kin, his brother and sister who had been away when the family had been decimated. Afterwards, they would think of a way to exact revenge together.

Thinking of his family members who had died, sorrow overcame Xia Guang yet again.

He bore Thunderbolt Blood, his talent and comprehension abilities in the martial dao being extremely outstanding.

The family originally had high hopes of him, not even having intended for him to succeed their martial arts as they had instead tried to get him inside a major sect.

Back then, the Listening Thunder Peak's Xia Family had been subordinate to a major power of the Consecutive Drum Mountain Range which had been their backer.

Sadly, Xia Guang had a bad, fierce temper. Before even having entered the sect, he had caused some major trouble, hence causing everything to fall through.

Not only that, in order to avoid trouble, the Xia Family had announced to those of the outside world that he had died young.

A supreme genius who had yet to truly shine vanished in the eyes of the outside world just like that.

Xia Guang had almost never been able to leave the family after that as he was effectively confined.

Xia Guang too had been dissatisfied about this in the past. Still, thinking about it now, he felt that that was also a form of protection by his family towards him.

His mother's painstaking efforts in raising him and his father's sadness that iron could not turn into steel was currently deeply imprinted within his mind. Thinking about it, tears uncontrollably trickled down his face.

"What are you crying for! What use is there in crying!" After crying for a while, Xia Guang suddenly slapped himself twice, "Can you take revenge for everyone by crying?"

He wiped his face, forcibly raising his spirits as he forced himself to get up.

"Where exactly am I now?" Xia Guang gazed around blankly.

In the end, he randomly chose a direction and went to look for a populated area.

When he learnt that he was in the southern Blazing Heaven Territory, Xia Guang had a rather foolish look on his face.

He thought for a moment before deciding that it was still best to focus on getting his injuries treated first.

Injuries like these could not be treated by ordinary doctors.

There were only martial practitioners who were proficient in alchemy who might have a remedy.

While Xia Guang was rather knowledgeable, also being a Martial Saint, there was little that he knew about alchemy.

There was an old adage that medicine and martial arts were inseparable. The more powerful a martial practitioner, the better the grasp they had over the intricacies of their bodies.

Still, there was still a big difference between the two at the end of the day.

First not speaking of how Xia Guang did not have a pill furnace on hand, even if he had, he would only be able to try refining some ordinary medicinal pills. However, he would really have no way of concocting some which could cure his current serious injuries.

Maybe he was lucky, for not far away in the Endless Mountain Range of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory up ahead of him, there just happened to be a sect known as Bright Origin Pavilion.

While their Pavilion Lord here was not all that outstanding in terms of martial arts within this Endless Mountain Range, he was rather skilful in the area of alchemy.

It was said that Bright Origin Pavilion's Clear Radiance Pill was greatly efficacious in treating internal injuries of one's qi and blood.

After ascertaining how to get there, Xia Guang headed for Bright Origin Pavilion, seeking to obtain medicine.

HSSB 961: One-eyed dragon

While he was injured, Xia Guang still clenched his teeth and soldiered on till he found Bright Origin Pavilion.

He sought to obtain medicine, yet was left greatly disappointed in the end.

“Leave! First not speaking of how Clear Radiance Pills are incomparably valuable with even our sect only having a small reserve of these, not having enough for ourselves, even if we had many, there is still no way we would give any to you at all!”

Xia Guang lowered his head, saying, “I know that it is rude of me to come here like this.”

“I have nothing on me that I could trade with you. Still, I have cultivated in martial arts for many years, at least, having Transcended Mortality and entered Sainthood. If there is anything that I can help you with, you can feel free to ask me.”

The Bright Origin Pavilion martial practitioner yelled loudly, “I’ve already said that this is impossible! You martial practitioner of the southeast!”

Both the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory and the southern Blazing Heaven Territory were vast, possessing huge, broad swarths of land.

Even within the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory itself, those of the Royal Reed Sea and those of the Consecutive Drum Mountain Range had different accents.

Still, on the whole, the accents of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory were generally all similar.

Comparatively speaking, besides those border areas, the difference in accents between the martial practitioners of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory and southern Blazing Heaven Territory was even more pronounced.

Xia Guang did not have to introduce himself or display his martial arts as just opening his mouth to speak, those of Bright Origin Pavilion already knew that he was from the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory.

The current relationship between the two Territories was terrible indeed.

The source of the conflict was their highest overlords, Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope and Golden Court Mountain.

Not just the disciples of the two Exalts but many of those martial practitioners of the southeast and south themselves had also fought in the earlier great war between them.

Some peak experts of the Endless Mountain Range had previously fought in this very war.

While Bright Origin Pavilion had not done so, they lived and thrived in this area at the end of the day.

While they might not actually hate martial practitioners of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory so much, their stance had to be solid.

Otherwise, if major figures of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory learnt that they had once aided someone of the southeast and felt dissatisfied, they might find some major tribulation descending to decimate them one day.

Xia Guang had been residing in his home before this, seldom coming into contact with the outside world.

If there was new information in the outside world, his family members would still tell him about it.

Still, most of this information was related to the Consecutive Drum Mountain Range.

With the position of the Listening Thunder Peak's Xia Family, events within the Consecutive Drum Mountain Range were of the

most import to them.

While events of a higher level might affect their life whether overtly or covertly, there was no use worrying about these things.

Xia Guang knew little information which was unrelated to the Consecutive Drum Mountain Range.

While he had heard of the great battle between the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory and the southern Blazing Heaven Territory, he had not really taken this to heart.

Xia Guang did not understand why the Bright Origin Pavilion martial practitioner was treating him like a scourge, feeling rather humiliated because of this.

If it were some other time, he would directly flick his sleeves and leave.

Yet, he was gravely wounded and his condition would get worse the longer this dragged on. There were also no other powers famed for alchemy in the vicinity besides Bright Origin Pavilion.

Thinking about how he would only be able to cultivate to seek vengeance after he had treated his injuries, Xia Guang tolerated it as he lowered his head and spoke, “This brother, please give me a chance. So long as it is something that I can do, anything would be fine...”

That Bright Origin Pavilion martial practitioner roared, “This one-eyed dragon! Do you believe that I will blind even your other eye if you go on jabbering like this!”

Xia Guang’s expression abruptly changed as he was enraged upon hearing this.

His right eye which had been blinded by those of Three Foot Mountain was his reverse scale now. If someone just kept on staring at his right eye, even that would make him feel angry.

Now, an old man appeared, walking over to that Bright Origin

Pavilion martial practitioner, rebuking him, “Do not speak of the disabilities of others.”

That Bright Origin Pavilion martial practitioner hurriedly said, “Yes, Master. I went overboard.”

This old man was none other than the Pavilion Lord of Bright Origin Pavilion who now said as he looked at Xia Guang, “My disciple was impolite and offended you. Please forgive his unruly ways.”

Seeing the other party apologise, Xia Guang snorted, suppressing the flames of fury in his heart.

Still, the Pavilion Lord continued, “Still, my disciple spoke rightly earlier. My sect’s Clear Radiance Pills are not to be circulated outside. Please leave.”

That it was not circulated outside was fake for sure. Still, it was definite that it was not circulated towards those of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory.

“I just need one pill...” Xia Guang made a final attempt.

The Pavilion Lord’s hands were behind his back as he looked in another direction, not saying a word.

The martial practitioner beside him yelled, “We don’t even have a single one! Hurry up and leave! Do not refuse the toast and drink a forfeit, or we will send you packing and things will not be good for anyone!”

This time, the old man did not rebuke his disciple.

Other disciples of Bright Origin Mountain walked out, looking vigilantly at Xia Guang.

Radiance flickered as countless spirit patterns intermingled, forming a grand formation in the air above the headquarters of Bright Origin Mountain. The grand formation circulated as a piercing, sharp aura was directed towards Xia Guang’s head.

A chill instantly rose up Xia Guang's back as he sensed killing intent.

If he did not retreat, the other party's grand formation would mightily assault him.

Xia Guang was instantly greatly enraged as he could suppress his temper no longer.

The bloodred patterns on his back swiftly extended, encompassing his whole body.

Beneath the activation of the Blood Thunderbolt Ritual, temperamental blood roiled throughout his entire body as a powerful force erupted from his injured self.

Xia Guang hacked out with a sabre, bloodred thunderbolts transforming into a terrifying sabre which instantly extended tens of thousands of feet, condensing into a massive sabre which seemed able to cleave the heavens and split the earth apart as it hacked down towards Bright Origin Pavilion!

As he brandished his sabre, Xia Guang suddenly hesitated.

"If I rely on strength to rob after failing to obtain medicine, bullying the weak as the strong, wouldn't that be a joke?"

With a thought on his part, Xia Guang diverted his sabre, not bringing it down on the headquarters of Bright Origin Pavilion.

The terrifying sabre cleaved right through the guardian grand formation of Bright Origin Pavilion, landing on a nearby mountain.

Where the sabre-light passed, the mountain was directly reduced to a deep abyss!

The terrifying light of thunder continued leaping unceasingly within the air, resembling numerous thick crimson snakes of electricity which were savage and terrifying as they did not dissipate for a long time.

Everyone of Bright Origin Pavilion leapt up in fright, their faces all turning solemn as they looked at Xia Guang.

Despite being able to tell that Xia Guang had already attained the Martial Saint realm, they had not been worried about this.

Firstly, Xia Guang was obviously heavily injured.

Secondly, their Pavilion Lord was himself a first level Martial Saint too, also being bolstered by their guardian grand formation.

Even if they went to blows, they were sufficiently confident of dealing with Xia Guang.

Still, everyone felt a chill within their hearts as they saw this sabre of Xia Guang's.

That old man's expression was especially solemn.

Even with the help of the guardian grand formation, he might not be able to receive that sabre-light of thunderbolts which seemed able to cleave through the sky itself.

This white-haired, red-clothed person who only had one eye remaining was able to defeat him even while heavily injured!

If he were not injured, how terrifying would he be?

The more he thought about this, though, the less he dared to give Xia Guang a Clear Radiance Pill.

If bigwigs of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory or the Endless Mountain Range looked for him because of this matter in the future, it would be terrible. They were even less able to offend them.

As those of Bright Origin Pavilion were caught between a rock and a hard place, this scourge who was giving them a headache actually turned and left.

"Wasn't he expressing his dominance with that sabre?" They were all stunned, "Could it be that he only has the ability to unleash a single sabre? But it doesn't seem like it! His aura is still

so powerful.”

Xia Guang glanced back, spitting hatefully on the ground before resuming his footsteps and leaving. He left behind those of Bright Origin Pavilion who were all shocked, fearful and cautious as they did not dare to pursue him.

Seeing this from the sky above, Yan Zhaoge could not help but smile, “Oh? Arrogant towards those above but does not bully those beneath? Interesting...”

HSSB 962: Already slaughtered by me

Sitting on Pan-Pan's back like Yan Zhaoge, Ah Hu too was gazing down at the departing Xia Guang.

"He's leaving just like that? The other side clearly isn't his match! He just struck a blow and left, even worsening his injuries."

Ah Hu wondered, "Isn't he hell-bent on getting his revenge? So it seems that abiding by his principles is still more important than taking revenge for his kin in his heart?"

"Maybe not," Yan Zhaoge crossed his arms, "He still has not reached the point where all hope ceases to exist. While no other powers besides Bright Origin Pavilion that are proficient in alchemy are to be found here, it does not mean that there is totally no hope at all."

"When people have not felt true despair, many of their principles will not truly waver. While one can say that they possess a firm will, you can also say that they still hold blind faith."

Yan Zhaoge's expression was as per usual, "Only at the true final juncture does one go against their own initial bottom line. It can seem very easy sometimes. Also, things like bottom lines are only sturdiest at the start. After they have been broken through once, it generally happens again."

Scratching his head, Ah Hu asked, "What do we do now then, Young Master? Continue observing?"

"No need," Yan Zhaoge shook his head, "I have only observed him to gain an understanding of him. After all, I did not know him before."

In the world of mortals, meeting with disasters and wars with life being hard and despair setting in, there would be incidents even like people selling their children, or maybe resorting to cannibalism.

Still, it was not a usual situation for normal people to be fully plunged into despair in the first place.

For those to whom this naturally happened, that was something one could really do nothing about.

Still, intentionally forcing someone into a dead end and still demanding for them to retain their full humanity, principles and beliefs would itself be quite unethical.

Under such circumstances, while those who would rather die than go against their principles and stood firm were to be respected, those who had intentionally created this kind of situation would have done the equivalent of cruelly robbing them of their lives.

While Yan Zhaoge did not mind claiming the lives of others, he had no intention of killing Xia Guang.

Ah Hu gave a simple and honest smile, “I can see that one definitely shouldn’t speak of his one eye, or even a benefactor could turn into an enemy.”

Xia Guang was currently like a loaded cannon which could be fired at any moment.

Let alone the fact that he would immediately blow up if someone mocked him for his one eye, if the Pavilion Lord of Bright Origin Pavilion had not apologised earlier, Xia Guang would probably not have shown them mercy with that sabre at the end.

Even if he had not harmed the others and not deigned to forcibly wrest the Clear Radiance Pill, Xia Guang would still have slaughtered the Bright Origin Pavilion martial practitioner who had mocked him for only having one eye before leaving nonetheless.

While Xia Guang had left Bright Origin Pavilion now, he was in a bad temper like a provoked lion.

Standing in the dense forests of the Endless Mountain Range and

gazing at the vast lands visible in the distance, his aggravated mood finally eased somewhat.

Calming down, Xia Guang could not help but smile bitterly, “I still failed to get a pill in the end. What do I do now?”

Wiping the fresh blood which was again leaking from a corner of his mouth, he felt frustrated within, “I cannot even settle my own matters and preserve my life now. How can I still go about looking for Elder Brother and Elder Sister, taking revenge for everyone?”

He had met with opposition at the very first stage of his simple three-step plan.

Feeling stifled, Xia Guang glanced unconsciously back in the direction of Bright Origin Pavilion but immediately shook his head quickly, resuming his journey.

He intended to continue walking for some time more before looking for someone and asking them if there were any other efficacious pills that could be used to treat his injuries in the vicinity.

After walking a little, Xia Guang suddenly heard a tragic cry emitted from above.

Gazing upwards, he immediately stared wide-eyed.

That Three Foot Mountain Elder who had escaped from him earlier had shockingly appeared within the sky.

Even more shocking was how a sword-light flashed, that Three Foot Mountain Elder instantly being decapitated as his head flew into the sky.

Hurriedly gazing at the source of the sword-light, he saw a giant panda with black and white fur and two dark eye circles standing on all fours within the air, hovering amidst the horizon.

On the back of this rare beast, a white-clothed, blue-robed youth had a single hand extended, his middle and index finger aligned

into a sword with a sharp sword-glow flickering on his fingertips.

Seeing the scene before him, it was not triumph and joy at revenge having been exacted that Xia Guang felt. Instead, he felt somewhat lost.

The enemy whom he had been engaged in heated battle with and had still managed to flee despite him going all out had died so simply at the hands of another...

He unconsciously leaned forward, now seeing the headless corpse of that Three Foot Mountain Elder plummeting from the sky.

When normal people fall from so great a height, they would probably be smashed into smithereens.

Yet, the body of that Three Foot Mountain Elder was extremely sturdy despite being heavily injured.

Currently, falling with no vitality remaining, it was not broken as it just rolled on the earth's surface.

On his face could still be seen a shocked, panicked expression as he died with unresolved grievances.

Xia Guang stared unflinchingly at that head, suddenly starting to laugh loudly after a while, so much so that he bent over.

Still, after laughing, he instead began weeping loudly.

Yan Zhaoge lightly patted Pan-Pan's head. Pan-Pan descended to the ground below.

Xia Guang was startled as he gradually ceased to weep and looked up at Yan Zhaoge, "You...you are..."

Yan Zhaoge answered calmly, "I am surnamed Yan, Yan Zhaoge."

"Broad Creed Mountain's Yan Zhaoge?" Xia Guang was shocked as he was rendered dazed for a moment before he suddenly bowed respectfully to Yan Zhaoge, "I am surnamed Xia, Xia Guang, being of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory as well, as a disciple of the Consecutive Drum Mountain Range's Listening Thunder

Peak's Xia Family."

"These people from Three Foot Mountain decimated my entire family. I wish to seek revenge but lack the strength to do so. I thank Young Master Yan for helping me in repaying this great enmity!"

Yan Zhaoge appraised Xia Guang all over.

Due to that previous battle, he had already turned from a youth to a white-haired person who was already about to enter old age.

Unlike many martial practitioners whose outer appearances changed as they liked, the changes in Xia Guang's appearance reflected the changes in his longevity.

The first time Yan Zhaoge had seen him, Xia Guang had been extremely young for a Martial Saint, really being like a youth considering his longevity.

Now, relative to his longevity, he was truly about to reach old age.

"While I was on the way to a cave manor, I previously passed by the Consecutive Drum Mountain Range. I have heard about your family's matter," Yan Zhaoge said candidly, "I just did not know at the time that someone of the Xia Family still lives on in this world."

Hearing this, thinking of his deceased family members, sorrow arose in Xia Guang's heart once more.

"I encountered quite a number of Three Foot Mountain martial practitioners in that cave manor. This is only one of them," Yan Zhaoge scanned the corpse of the decapitated Elder of Three Foot Mountain, "They must be the ones who decimated your Xia Family?"

Xia Guang ground his teeth, "Definitely so! Back then, the Chief of Three Foot Mountain personally led them in slaughtering everyone of my Xia Family!"

“They have all already been slaughtered by me,” Yan Zhaoge said mildly.

Xia Guang was instantly stunned.

Yan Zhaoge continued, “Still, there is no need for you to thank me. I only killed them because they were competing with me over the treasures in the cave manor.”

“That...even so, I still have to thank you!” Xia Guang regained his wits, exclaiming rather emotionally.

His hands behind his back, Yan Zhaoge looked at Xia Guang, “What are you planning to do next? It is not just those who decimated your Xia Family and entered the cave manor who compose the entirety of Three Foot Mountain. They still have many disciples in the Green Peak High Plains.”

HSSB 963: Upper Exalt

Their Chief included, a great many of Three Foot Mountain's peak experts had been slain by Yan Zhaoge.

Their two major treasures, the soul flag containing the remnant soul of a Golden Crow and the high-grade Sacred Artifact, the Golden Crow Incinerating Heaven Sabre, had both fallen into Yan Zhaoge's hands as well.

Having suffered a great blow to their vitality, that Three Foot Mountain's strength would drastically plummet was already virtually set in stone.

Still, they were not all that easy to take down even now. Three Foot Mountain still had quite a few experts.

With their forces who had entered the Daoist temple having been completely wiped out, no longer would Three Foot Mountain reign supreme in the Green Peak High Plains like before.

Even so, Three Foot Mountain would still be a renowned major sect of the Green Peak High Plains or the Consecutive Drum Mountain Range.

It was still a massive entity to Xia Guang.

The Three Foot Mountain martial practitioners who had decimated the Xia Family were actually that batch who had entered the cave manor that was the Daoist temple.

While Xia Guang had not personally taken revenge, with that final Three Foot Mountain Elder having had his head separated from his body in front of him, the killers from back then could be considered completely exterminated.

It was just that he still had his rage over his destroyed eye which had not diminished in the slightest.

Glaring savagely at the Golden Crow Incinerating Heaven Sabre

and soul flag that Yan Zhaoge took out, Xia Guang declared with pent-up fury, “Their Three Foot Mountain decimated my entire family, not leaving anyone else alive besides me at Listening Thunder Peak that day. After I have seen some accomplishments in the martial arts in the future, I must definitely decimate Three Foot Mountain!”

“Only when one side between my Xia Family and their Three Foot Mountain has died out can this matter be considered over!”

Yan Zhaoge asked in a neutral tone, neither affirming nor refuting him, “Oh? You’re so determined?”

Xia Guang nodded vehemently in response.

Still, looking at Yan Zhaoge, he suddenly felt rather embarrassed.

It was rather laughable, how he was currently unable to even preserve his own life for sure yet was vowing in front of someone else that he would make sure an entire major sect paid for their deeds.

This was especially so when the person before him was really a benefactor who had helped him to slay many of his enemies.

“I know that this will be very difficult,” Xia Guang calmed greatly, yet spoke even more resolutely, “Still, I definitely won’t give up.”

“A hundred and twenty-seven people died at my Xia Family. I want Three Foot Mountain to pay a hundred and twenty-seven lives at the very least!”

Looking at Xia Guang’s resolved, brutal face from the side, Ah Hu thought, “With his temperament, he definitely would not target those weaklings. He definitely would not just casually look for some younger disciples of Three Foot Mountain with weaker cultivation bases to fill up these numbers.”

Xia Guang’s targets would definitely be the higher echelon experts of Three Foot Mountain.

To him, his greatest desire would really be to decimate Three Foot Mountain entirely.

Ah Hu was very calm despite this. While exterminating entire lineages might seem rather brutal to ordinary people, it was very common in the world of martial practitioners.

“The courage when the blood rushes to your head is not true courage. Ignorant courage is also not true fearlessness,” Yan Zhaoge said mildly, “Three Foot Mountain is also not as simple as you think.”

“Even if you have the ability to defeat the combined forces of everyone of Three Foot Mountain, it does not mean that you can really decimate Three Foot Mountain.”

Smiling, Yan Zhaoge said, “Also, if you decimate Three Foot Mountain and complete your revenge, things might still not end just like that.”

Xia Guang was rather dazed upon hearing this, “Mist...Mister Yan...”

“How much do you know about Three Foot Mountain?” Yan Zhaoge asked.

Looking at the soul flag and Golden Crow Incinerating Heaven Sabre before him, Xia Guang said a bit awkwardly, “I only know that they are from the Green Peak High Plains, having several Immortal Bridge Martial Saints and a high-grade Sacred Artifact, the martial art they cultivate in being comprehended from the great sun, the Solar Star, and the profundities of the Three Footed Golden Crow.”

While he was temperamental and unwavering, he was not a real fool as he reacted somewhat upon hearing Yan Zhaoge’s words, “Mister Yan, do you mean that Three Foot Mountain has even stronger experts as their backer?”

“You are not wrong. Three Foot Mountain’s martial arts indeed

involve the profundities of the great sun, the Solar Star, their direct lineage supreme martial art being the Golden Crow Incinerating World Scripture,” Yan Zhaoge said, “Still, the scripture which Three Foot Mountain’s founder obtained after the Great Calamity was fragmented and incomplete.”

“Therefore, while Three Foot Mountain was also unordinary a century ago, it had far from as high a status in the Green Peak High Plains as it has now.”

“Besides the hard work of its experts, the glory that Three Foot Mountain enjoys today is attributed to a great extent to someone having helped them to restore the originally incomplete Golden Crow Incinerating World Scripture.”

Yan Zhaoge smacked his lips, “The complete version of that scripture is still rather remarkable.”

Xia Guang fully understood now, “That person who restored it is the backer behind them?”

“Who is it? Is it the Southeastern Exalt?”

Yan Zhaoge looked rather interestedly at Xia Guang.

The peak expert that Xia Guang was most familiar with was obviously the Lord of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory, the Southeastern Exalt Cao Jie.

Still, despite asking this, Xia Guang did not look afraid.

While he seemed even more solemn, the gaze in his only remaining eye was resolute, not wavering or containing any fear in the least.

“It is not the Southeastern Exalt,” Yan Zhaoge shook his head, pausing for a moment before smiling, “He is someone who is even stronger than the Southeastern Exalt.”

As he said so, Yan Zhaoge pointed upwards.

Xia Guang was taken aback, “Up...Upper Exalt?”

“Precisely so,” Yan Zhaoge said neither swiftly nor slowly, “The strongest of the ten.”

The peak existences of the World beyond Worlds were collectively acclaimed as Three Sovereigns Five Emperors, Exalts of Ten Territories.

The famed Three Sovereigns and Five Emperors aside, the Ten Exalts represented the eight cardinal directions and upper and lower, the two Exalts of Kunlun Mountain.

Upper and lower were superior to the directional ones here.

The Lower Exalt was the Earth Exalt Wang Zhengcheng.

He was the Lord of the central Jun Heaven Territory and of the direct lineage of the head of the Three Sovereigns, the Earthly Sovereign, having already been a Human Exalt a few millennia ago.

It was widely believed that if not for the heavy injuries he had sustained that year, he would long since have opened the door to Immortality, gaining an Emperor title.

Yet, this longtime Human Exalt of the World beyond Worlds with the highest seniority was inferior to one person amongst all those of the Martial Saint realm there.

He was the Earth Exalt not because it was similar to the title of the Earthly Sovereign who was his Master.

Instead, it was because he could not be the Upper Exalt!

There was someone who was even stronger than him!

The publicly acclaimed current number one Martial Saint of the World beyond Worlds.

Someone who was far younger than the Earth Exalt Wang Zhengcheng and even younger than the Southeastern Exalt and the Southern Exalt Zhuang Shen too, being younger than all the other Exalts as he was even younger than many other martial

practitioners whose cultivation bases were inferior to his.

Someone who was so young it was crazy.

At the present time, he had only lived for merely a bit over a century.

Relative to the longevity of Exalts, he was so young it was like he was still a mere infant.

He was publicly acclaimed as being the closest to Immortality amongst those of the World beyond Worlds.

“Two centuries ago Little Sword God, one century ago Heavenly Young Master,” Yan Zhaoge said smilingly, “The ‘Heavenly Young Master’ here refers to none other than him.”

“The former Heavenly Young Master and the current Upper Exalt-he is the one who helped Three Foot Mountain to restore their Golden Crow Incinerating World Scripture that year.”

HSSB 964: Two centuries ago Little Sword God, one century ago Heavenly Young Master

Two centuries ago Little Sword God, one century ago Heavenly Young Master.

This was a widespread phrase in the World beyond Worlds. While not as deeply embedded within their minds as Three Sovereigns Five Emperors, Exalts of Ten Territories, it was still widely known.

The former half, ‘Little Sword God’, referred naturally to Long Xueji who had appeared for a time and shocked the world that year.

Of course, everyone in the World beyond Worlds believed his name to be Qian Xueji.

While he had not been active for a long time in the World beyond Worlds, having only been a Seeing Divinity Martial Saint then, Long Xueji had still earned quite a reputation for himself.

It was difficult for outsiders to determine the cultivation speed of Long Xueji whose origins were unclear.

Still, he had only been in thirties back then, so young it was unthinkable relative to what his cultivation base had been like.

Also, another reason for his great fame besides his youth and arrogance was that truly domineering might of his.

Traversing the world with his lone sword, he had beat all those of a similar age and cultivation level within the World beyond Worlds into submission.

Besides that well-known legend of how he had battled the Northern Exalt who had suppressed his cultivation base that year, when fighting those of the same cultivation level, Long Xueji had

always ended the battle within three swords.

It was said that Long Xueji had set a marker for later geniuses of the World beyond Worlds which was truly difficult to surpass.

After he had mysteriously appeared and mysteriously disappeared again, a figure like him had not appeared in the World beyond Worlds for a long time.

It was until a hundred years later.

Around a century later, another monstrous genius had finally appeared in the World beyond Worlds.

Heavenly Young Master, Chen Qianhua.

He was a shocking talent, another Heaven's favoured son who had shaken the entire World beyond Worlds at a young age.

Unlike Long Xueji's short-lived reign, the Heavenly Young Master had been active throughout in the World beyond Worlds, having left behind many legends.

Eventually, he had become the youngest Human Exalt in the history of the World beyond Worlds.

He was well deserving of the title of the youngest legend of the past century in the World beyond Worlds.

Even more notable was how the young him had surpassed numerous predecessors within an extremely short period of time, even having surpassed the Earth Exalt Wang Zhengcheng.

While he fell short in front of Mars Halberd, Wang Zhengcheng who had already been an Exalt several thousand years ago was no weakling.

It depended on who he was pitted against.

Mars Halberd was an Immortal Artifact who had once roamed the vast universe alongside the Exalted Fire Luminary several thousand years ago as well.

The Brocade Emperor was famed throughout the world yet still could not defeat Mars Halberd bare-handed.

Wang Zhengcheng was an absolute expert in the Martial Saint realm. Still, there were peak experts even amongst peak experts.

The Upper Exalt Chen Qianhua was that strongest person who had attained heights that most would eternally be unable to reach throughout their entire lives within a short period of time.

The strongest of the Ten Exalts.

This was everyone's recognition of his abilities.

At the same time, virtually no one doubted that he would definitely push open the door to Immortality, becoming a True Immortal.

The question, really, was when he would get that Emperor title.

In truth, in the eyes of many, let alone an Emperor title, even a Sovereign title was virtually assured for him.

Still, this Upper Exalt's movements were hard to predict and he possessed a strange temperament.

Even the Three Sovereigns and Five Emperors could not easily discern and follow his thoughts.

Xie Guang did not really know much about this major figure who was too distant to him.

There was one thing he did know, however.

The peak expert whom he had been geographically closest to in the past, the Southeastern Exalt, was inferior to this Upper Exalt.

"I, I'm not afraid," Xia Guang pursed his lips, exhaling slowly after a while, "I am just afraid that I might not be able to wreak vengeance on Three Foot Mountain. I mind not even if I end up dying immediately afterwards."

He suddenly regained his wits, looking like he had something to

say to Yan Zhaoge yet not saying it.

Yan Zhaoge knew what he was thinking, “Yes, there is a bit of a relationship between the Upper Exalt and Three Foot Mountain. Still, Three Foot Mountain is not where he comes from in the first place. It is Three Foot Mountain that owes him, not he who owes Three Foot Mountain. So, he may not stand up for Three Foot Mountain for sure.”

“More importantly, a whole bunch of Three Foot Mountain fellas was killed by me as I can be said to have crippled over half their sect.”

Yan Zhaoge smiled as he said, “If the Upper Exalt really wants someone to pay for this, I will be the first one he looks for.”

Xia Guang said resolutely, “I will definitely not leak the news.”

He had never even considered that Yan Zhaoge might silence him.

He was determined to protect Yan Zhaoge because he was his Xia Family’s benefactor, having slain a great many experts of Three Foot Mountain.

His hands behind his back, Yan Zhaoge appraised Xia Guang for a moment before smiling and asking, “And if someone said that they would help you to deal with your remaining enemies in exchange for selling me out?”

Xia Guang was taken aback for a moment before he shook his head, “I would not do so even then.”

“As you said earlier, Young Master Yan, Three Foot Mountain has been greatly crippled by you. If I succeed in my revenge, a great amount of it would still be thanks to you having acted against them.”

Yan Zhaoge smiled, shaking his head, “Fate can be said to have brought us together. You look heavily injured. I have some medicinal pills here that can aid in your recovery. If your injuries

go untreated for too long, they will accumulate and be hard to cure, ending up harming your very foundation.”

Now, a small porcelain bottle floated over to Xia Guang.

Xia Guang dazedly took it. Opening the porcelain bottle, a medicinal fragrance instantly wafted out from it which did not give off an intense feeling, instead feeling distant.

Just inhaling that medicinal fragrance, Xia Guang already felt much more comfortable.

He was shocked by this. Even the Clear Radiance Pill that he had sought so desperately was probably less efficacious than this, according to what he had heard about it.

“Thank...thank you,” Xia Guang said slowly.

The debt he owed Yan Zhaoge was becoming greater and greater to the extent that he knew not how he should repay him.

Thinking about it, there seemed to be no way that he could be of any use to Yan Zhaoge.

After all, Yan Zhaoge’s cultivation base was already so much higher than his.

While it was rather hard to accept, Xia Guang felt that even his steed seemed stronger than he was...

Yan Zhaoge asked nonchalantly, “So, what are your plans now?”

“Plans?” Xia Guang recalled the second stage of his simple three-step plan, “I need to find a way to get back to the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory.”

Now that fortune had literally fallen from the sky and he already had medicine to treat his injuries, the first stage of his plan was already a success. That was one worry gone.

After this, he would find a way to reunite with his remaining kin and find Three Foot Mountain for revenge.

Still, how was he to go about it, exactly?

Where was he to look for his Eldest Brother and Eldest Sister?

Also, how could he raise his strength as quickly as possible, becoming stronger than his hated foes?

Xia Guang felt somewhat at a loss regarding this for a time.

His hope of revenge was especially ephemeral considering how a major figure like the Upper Exalt stood behind Three Foot Mountain.

His enemies would not remain stagnant, waiting for him to surpass them and exact his vengeance.

Even as he strove to improve himself, his enemies would be improving too.

Just when would he be able to take his revenge then?

Looking at Yan Zhaoge, Xia Guang's heart suddenly jolted as he blurted out, "Young Master Yan, can I..."

Partway through his words, he stopped.

A moment ago, he had wondered: Could he become a disciple of Broad Creed Mountain?

The power that Xia Guang had the best impression of beneath all the heavens was none other than Yan Zhaoge's Broad Creed Mountain.

Still, thinking carefully about it, he felt it absurd.

With Yan Zhaoge having killed so many people of Three Foot Mountain, it seemed like they shared a common enemy.

Still, if the news was not leaked, Yan Zhaoge might not become a target of Three Foot Mountain and the Upper Exalt.

If he pleaded to enter Broad Creed Mountain's lineage and he really decimated Three Foot Mountain and succeeded in his revenge in the future, the Upper Exalt might take it out on Broad

Creed Mountain then.

That being so, would Broad Creed Mountain still take him in?

HSSB 965: Here's lesson number one

Looking at Xia Guang, Yan Zhaoge smiled, “Can you what?”

“I...” Xia Guang hemmed and hawed, unable to say it, “I...”

Yan Zhaoge looked rather interestedly at Xia Guang, “Do you insist on taking revenge by your own hand, not borrowing the strength of others, or do you not mind getting help from others?”

Xia Guang did not hesitate at this, “It would be naturally be best if it were by my own hand. Still, being able to succeed in my revenge is the most important.”

He paused for a moment before saying softly, “My family encountered a great disaster, being thoroughly slaughtered by the Three Foot Mountain dogs. Still, I am not the sole survivor.”

“Oh?” Yan Zhaoge was rather taken aback, not having previously been aware of this.

Xia Guang explained, “I have an older brother and an older sister who were out adventuring at the time. They were away from Listening Thunder Peak when the incident occurred.”

A worried look appeared on his face, “When they learn what happened to our family, they will definitely hurry back. Still, it is hard to say what will happen then.”

“I hope that nothing will happen to them. If Three Foot Mountain can be destroyed quickly, I mind it not even if it is not done by my own hand.”

Xia Guang’s gaze swept across that soul flag and the Golden Crow Incinerating Heaven Sabre as he forced a smile, “I initially thought that with Three Foot Mountain having been terribly crippled by you, Young Master Yan, suffering a great blow to their vitality, the other powers of the Green Peak High Plains might turn into a ferocious pack of wolves, ripping apart that sick tiger together. I would have a chance that way.”

Xia Guang seldom ventured into the outside world and was inexperienced, being a straightforward person too.

Still, when casually chatting with him, his family members had often talked about the conflicts occurring between the peak major powers of the Consecutive Drum Mountain Range.

Xia Guang was usually disinterested in this, treating it like a story at most.

Still, he had to force himself to think about such things now.

He was still able to consider the most basic things.

If one of the peak powers of the Consecutive Drum Mountain Range were to receive a huge injury from an accident outside, everyone else would definitely surge over, trampling on them completely.

The same principle had originally also applied for Three Foot Mountain and the other peak powers of the Green Peak High Plains.

Still, after learning about the relationship between Three Foot Mountain and the Upper Exalt from Yan Zhaoge, Xia Guang knew that that would be very difficult.

Who knew if the Upper Exalt might become enraged over Three Foot Mountain.

Under such circumstances, while there would be hidden pressures exerted on Three Foot Mountain, people might not be willing to unrelentingly go in for the kill upfront.

With that, it would be very difficult for Xia Guang to fish in turbid waters.

In wanting to seek revenge, besides diligently cultivating, he could only hope.

If he could become a disciple of a powerful sect, his hopes would naturally be boosted greatly.

Yet, who would be willing to offend Three Foot Mountain and the Upper Exalt for the sake of a newly entered disciple?

Yan Zhaoge said, “If you are looking for a backer, I could introduce you to people from Ingenious Flying Peak. Still, I cannot say for sure that they will accept you a disciple.”

“Ingenious Flying Peak...” Xia Guang was rather troubled.

Beside him, Ah Hu now said, “Central Jun Heaven Territory’s Ingenious Flying Peak is the lineage of the Brocade Emperor of the Three Sovereigns and Five Emperors.”

Xia Guang opened his mouth wide in surprise.

Yan Zhaoge continued nonchalantly, “Besides Ingenious Flying Peak, I can also introduce you to the northeastern Sky Heaven Territory’s Green Sky Mountain’s Grave Thunder Palace, the Northeastern Exalt’s lineage.”

“Still, I can only pave you a path, and cannot guarantee that they will definitely accept you. Whether you can become their disciple would still depend on yourself.”

“I have heard of your Xia Family’s martial arts, which are related to thunder and electricity. If you are talented, there would be a greater probability of Grave Thunder Palace accepting you.”

Hearing Yan Zhaoge’s words, Xia Guang was rendered dazed as he was totally stunned.

Never would he have thought that Yan Zhaoge’s network of acquaintances had actually already long since extended to beyond the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory, with those people all being very extraordinary as well.

“You said earlier that you want to return to the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory to look for your kin? That is only understandable,” Yan Zhaoge said, “If it is the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory, I cannot say for other lineages, but my Broad Creed Mountain can still accept you, as long as you can pass our

entrance trials.”

Xia Guang was greatly shocked, “I...really?”

Yan Zhaoge cocked his head slightly, “Why not? I said earlier that if the Upper Exalt wishes to find trouble because of Three Foot Mountain, it would be me that he first looks for.”

“I definitely won’t leak the news!” Xia Guang hurriedly said.

Yan Zhaoge smiled, pointing at the Golden Crow Incinerating Heaven Sabre and that soul flag, “I believe you. Still, with these in my possession, it is probably simply a matter of time before they connect things to me.”

“Of course, besides my Broad Creed Mountain, if you wish to look for them in the vicinity of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory, I am also very familiar with the lineage of the Southeastern Exalt at Golden Court Mountain. Still, just like Ingenious Flying Peak and Grave Thunder Palace, I could only introduce you as I cannot say for sure that they would definitely accept you...”

Xia Guang interjected, “No, I am willing to enter Broad Creed Mountain! So long as Broad Creed Mountain is willing to accept me, I can accept whatever trials are given!”

Interrupting people while they were speaking was very impolite.

Still, Xia Guang bowed very deeply even as he did so, his attitude sincere to the extreme with a pleasantly shocked expression on his face.

“Oh?” Yan Zhaoge smiled, “While the Southeastern Exalt may be inferior to the Upper Exalt, as one of the Ten Exalts, he has much greater face to use than my Broad Creed Mountain. Are you worried that Golden Court Mountain wouldn’t be willing to accept you?”

Xia Guang replied resolutely, “No. Even if Golden Court Mountain were willing to accept me, I would still want to enter

Broad Creed Mountain.”

Yan Zhaoge and Ah Hu exchanged a look.

They had already gained a basic understanding of Xia Guang as they could generally grasp his mind.

First not considering if they could resist the pressure from the Upper Exalt, Broad Creed Mountain was definitely stronger than Three Foot Mountain.

They possessed unordinary strength as even if they did not act against Three Foot Mountain, as Xia Guang received tutelage there, he would also improve much more quickly than if he were a solitary practitioner. Thus, he would have a higher chance of exacting vengeance alone.

Broad Creed Mountain had his benefactor, Yan Zhaoge.

Broad Creed Mountain likely shared a common enemy with him.

As a result, Xia Guang just felt a strong sense of belonging towards them.

This sense of belonging held just too great an allure to he who had just suffered the loss of almost all his kin, having died in great numbers before his very eyes.

If it were a cooler, more rational person, they might weigh the pros and cons.

Still, Xia Guang was heavily influenced by his emotions in making his decisions.

He had hoped to enter Broad Creed Mountain in the first place, only having been worried that they might not accept him.

Now that he knew that this was not the case, Xia Guang was literally overjoyed.

Looking at Xia Guang, Yan Zhaoge suddenly smiled, “We do not know who your Master might be if you can enter my Broad Creed Mountain. Here, I will teach you a first lesson on their behalf.”

Xia Guang was instantly left dazed.

Yan Zhaoge gazed towards the horizon. Xia Guang gazed over in the same direction. A moment later, radiance suddenly flickered over there, displaying how experts of the martial dao were approaching.

HSSB 966: Yan Zhaoge's lesson number two

From their trajectory, it seemed like those martial practitioners were headed in their exact direction.

While they were still a long distance away, Xia Guang's hairs stood on end as he could sense a clear killing intent.

"They..." Thoughts flashed through Xia Guang's mind, but he was unable to quite grasp them.

Yan Zhaoge said casually, "The one leading them is a late Merging Avatar Martial Saint. With such a cultivation base, they could only be targeting you, and definitely not me."

"They are targeting me..." Xia Guang pondered.

Yan Zhaoge asked, "Have you entered a conflict with anyone in the vicinity? After the conflict, there were people left alive who revealed your movements."

"Huh?" Hearing his words, Xia Guang was rendered dazed.

After regaining his wits, he looked rather disturbed, "I..."

Yan Zhaoge patted Pan-Pan's head.

Pan-Pan yawned, lazily extending his claws and walking towards the incoming martial practitioners.

Leaving Pan-Pan to handle it, Yan Zhaoge no longer paid them any attention as he continued looking at Xia Guang, "So there really was something?"

"Wanting to treat my wounds back then, I learnt that there is a Bright Origin Pavilion in the vicinity which has an efficacious pill known as the Clear Radiance Pill. I originally wanted to plead for their medicine," Xia Guang explained, "I failed."

Yan Zhaoge asked, "Did a battle ensue?"

Xia Guang nodded.

“I’m guessing you won then,” Yan Zhaoge smiled.

Xia Guang was rather taken aback, “How did you know?”

Yan Zhaoge said, “You may have heard of it, but aren’t clear on how badly the relationship between the southern Blazing Heaven Territory and the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory has deteriorated these past few years.”

“Your accent is clearly of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory. These people of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory need only hear it once to know that you are from the southeast.”

Hearing Yan Zhaoge say so, Xia Guang came to a sudden realisation, “No wonder...”

“As you are of the southeast, even if you have no enmity with them, they may capture or kill you. It will be fine if they do nothing, but if they attack, it definitely will not be to the point of just sparring,” Yan Zhaoge continued, “Since you were able to leave in one piece, you naturally could defeat them.”

Xia Guang pressed his lips together, “I was not going to rob them.”

“Yes,” Yan Zhaoge simply said, “Since you are stronger than that sect and they cannot do anything to you, they will naturally contact other martial practitioners of the south in the vicinity in surrounding and attacking you together.”

Gazing in the distance at that bunch of martial practitioners who had been intercepted by Pan-Pan, Xia Guang gradually came to the realisation, “These guys were called by that Bright Origin Pavilion.”

Rage surfaced on his face, “And to think I even showed them mercy!”

Yan Zhaoge smiled, “So what? They did not know where you come from, also having no way to be sure that you will not make a comeback and make things difficult for them due to this matter in

the future. In contrast, killing you would not be a mistake, and might even earn them the commendation of major figures of the south.”

“If I had known...” Xia Guang was so mad he was trembling in his entirety, a baleful look surfacing in his sole remaining eye.

Yan Zhaoge glanced at him, saying neither hurriedly nor slowly, “You do not understand much about the hostility those of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory have towards martial practitioners of the southeast. Therefore, it was only natural that you acted according to what you thought was right.”

“Still, you have to know that since you are heavily injured, with your movements having been leaked now, there may be not just a single wave of enemies coming over to look for you, kicking you during your moment of weakness.”

“The first lesson I am giving you is this. When you are in a worrying predicament, you have to be exceptionally careful, especially when you don’t know who may suddenly become your enemy.”

Xia Guang pursed his lips as he was silent, though a vicious light flickered within that left eye.

“You want to go back and settle things with that Bright Origin Pavilion?” Looking at Xia Guang, Yan Zhaoge understood what he was thinking about.

Xia Guang did not deny this as he answered very frankly, “Yes.”

When there was no enmity between them, he did not like bullying the weak as the strong.

Still, this gunpowder barrel that was Xia Guang was really ignited as he learnt that they had called other martial practitioners over to encircle and attack him.

Besides fury, his current vexation also contained some embarrassment at his earlier failures.

Just having been promised by Yan Zhaoge that he would have a chance to enter Broad Creed Mountain, before he had even officially entered, he had already brought about some trouble.

As he was closer to them now, Xia Guang could basically distinguish the cultivation bases of those enemies.

The southern Blazing Heaven Territory martial practitioner leading them was a late Merging Avatar Martial Saint of the third level of the Martial Saint realm.

Besides him, there were also many other experts.

These were all martial practitioners of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory who were active in the region of the Endless Mountains close to Bright Origin Pavilion.

The one leading them was an Elder of a major power here.

If such a bunch of people was to murderously pursue and surround the gravely wounded Xia Guang, he would truly be unable to withstand them. The chances of him escaping alive would be very low.

Now that he was with Yan Zhaoge's group, safety was naturally not a problem. Still, Xia Guang felt rather embarrassed due to this.

Left terribly destitute after having suffered a great disaster, besides his lofty goal of taking revenge for his family which completely presided over his personal self-esteem, this was precisely the time when Xia Guang was feeling the most self-abased regarding other matters.

Off in the distance, Pan-Pan sufficiently verified Xia Guang's earlier guess.

As Yan Zhaoge's steed, he smoothly dealt with that group of southern Blazing Heaven Territory martial practitioners in a matter of seconds before leisurely plucking off some bamboo leaves, throwing them into his mouth.

Xia Guang stared on in shock as those southern Blazing Heaven Territory martial practitioners were totally dumbfounded as well.

Pan-Pan left someone alive and brought him back for interrogation. These people had indeed come for Xia Guang after receiving news from Bright Origin Pavilion.

Also, it was not just this group of people who had come after him. There were a few other batches who had gone off searching in other directions.

Their group had just happened to find Xia Guang's tracks, hence having pursued him straight over.

"Senior ap...Young Master Yan, please wait a moment. I will be right back," Xia Guang clenched his teeth, intending to head back.

Yan Zhaoge waved a hand dismissively, "Didn't you hear him? There isn't just a single group of them who have all split up looking for you. If you return to Bright Origin Pavilion now, if it does not all go well and you run into others who have come together to kill you, wouldn't you be a lamb for the slaughter then?"

"With your great enmity yet to be settled, could it be that you would be willing to take that risk just to drag those people of Bright Origin Pavilion down into death with you?"

Hearing his words, Xia Guang abruptly halted.

Yan Zhaoge glanced at him, "Lesson number two. Fury can be a powerful force much of the time. There is no need for us to reject this force. Rather, we should make use of it. Still, the precondition is that we are not blinded by it. Such would only make one die even faster."

If he was being lectured like this by anyone else, Xia Guang might not be able to accept it even if the other party made sense.

Still, he gradually calmed down now.

He did not have the high ground to plead with Yan Zhaoge to bring him back to settle his grudges with Bright Origin Pavilion.

“It’s just too bad I can’t get at them,” Xia Guang said hatefully.

Yan Zhaoge casually struck the captive martial practitioner dead with a palm, “Since you mean to seek your kin, we should return to the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory as soon as possible.”

Xia Guang’s spirits rose, “How will we return?”

He knew now that this southern Blazing Heaven Territory was full of enemies for him and Yan Zhaoge who hailed from the southeast.

HSSB 967: Rampaging all the way back!

Yan Zhaoge looked at Xia Guang with a bemused expression on his face, “How will we go back? We head east, of course.”

“Um...” Xia Guang coughed before smiling bitterly, “Young Master Yan, didn’t you say just now that with my movements having been leaked, there will be several batches of enemies coming endlessly over to find trouble?”

“To we martial practitioners of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory, this southern Blazing Heaven Territory is filled with enemies everywhere...”

Hearing his words, Yan Zhaoge smiled, “This would certainly be the case if you were travelling alone. Still, aren’t you returning to the southeast with me?”

Xia Guang was rendered dazed. Opening his mouth, he was unable to utter even a sound now.

“Including the Southern Exalt, the Ten Exalts have all headed to the central Jun Heaven Territory by invitation,” Yan Zhaoge said, “Going by prior incidents, this is virtually equivalent to them being in a state of seclusion. Even if martial practitioners of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory here wish to send any news to him, the Southern Exalt will not receive it.”

Other things aside, news of Zhuang Chaohui’s death would be sufficient for Zhuang Shen to set aside his matters on hand, returning to the southern Blazing Heaven Territory as soon as possible.

Yan Zhaoge spread his hands apart, smiling, “They all say that ‘When the tiger is away from the mountain, the monkey proclaims himself king’. With the Southern Exalt, this tiger, absent, while acting unbridled as I like in the southern Blazing Heaven Territory might be rather difficult for me, this monkey, it would not be

tough if I were fully focused on leaving.”

Xia Guang swallowed his saliva upon hearing this.

While Yan Zhaoge had spoken in a carefree tone with a bit of derision contained within, the meaning of his words caused him to tremble.

These mere few words clearly expressed that with the southern Blazing Heaven Territory not having their Exalt, he would be able to enter and leave entirely as he liked.

If it were a late Immortal Bridge Martial Saint saying this, Xia Guang would not find this unexpected.

Still, the problem was that the current Yan Zhaoge had still yet to attain the Immortal Bridge stage...

The southern Blazing Heaven Territory was naturally ruled by the Southern Exalt Zhuang Shen who presided over the numerous heroes there.

Still, there were not just a mere few late Immortal Bridge Martial Saints beneath Zhuang Shen.

Any single one of them had lived for many long years as peak experts who were renowned throughout the entire World beyond Worlds.

Besides them, there were also numerous Immortal Bridge experts who were all important bigwigs.

Even if they were not Chiefs of sects, they would still be longtime Elders.

Under normal circumstances, any single one of these people would be able to casually slay a Seeing Divinity Martial Saint.

Descendants of renowned lineages like Zhuang Chaohui, Long Hanhua and Zeng Mo would be helpless facing opponents whose cultivation bases just exceeded theirs too greatly too.

Even famed geniuses of a generation like Fu Ting dared not claim

to be able to traverse the southern Blazing Heaven Territory freely just based on their own strength alone.

They were able to suppress most martial practitioners of the same cultivation level, challenging early Immortal Bridge Martial Saints as late Seeing Divinity Martial Saints.

The problem was that their enemies would likely be of the eighth or ninth level of the Martial Saint realm.

It would also not just be one of them, far from it in fact.

“Young Master Yan...” Xia Guang asked in a slightly disbelieving tone, “What you mean is that if anyone stands in our way, we will just rampage all the way back through them?”

Hearing this, an expression of solemn thought appeared on Yan Zhaoge’s face before he answered, “Rampage all the way back? Right, not facing more than one late Immortal Bridge Martial Saint at a time, even if someone hinders us, it would be fine to go rampaging all the way back, yes.”

While Yan Zhaoge looked like he was considering this in great earnest, the words he had said would still cause many to think that he was either boasting or a madman.

Looking at Xia Guang, he smiled, “While I like taking risks once in a while, I will not joke around with my own life.”

“What, have I scared you? Are you still willing to make this trip with me?”

Seeing Yan Zhaoge’s calm, peaceful look, a feeling of guilt suddenly arose in Xia Guang’s heart.

Being a hot-blooded, fearless person by nature, he immediately declared loudly, “It would be my honour to make this trip with you, Young Master Yan. How would I be unwilling?”

Xia Guang had been residing at home all along before this. While his family members had indeed told him some news about the

outside world, the news he received was still limited.

Still, he had heard of Yan Zhaoge before.

This person was a Heaven's favoured son who had drawn the most attention in the whole of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory in recent years.

Xia Guang was a temperamental person and a proud one too.

Still, he still rather admired someone who was of a similar age to him yet had already long since attained the Seeing Divinity Martial Saint realm.

He had doubted it at first. Still, when Yan Zhaoge's fame had filled the entire southeastern Yang Heaven Territory, it would have been impossible to still not believe it.

Xia Guang would naturally be filled with curiosity towards such a peer.

He had still felt slightly repressed earlier even as he had taken Yan Zhaoge's teachings to heart.

Hearing Yan Zhaoge's words now, Xia Guang felt like he really liked how this person did things.

He currently only hated that he lacked sufficient strength. Otherwise, if he could be like Yan Zhaoge in going wherever he wanted and sweeping through all enemies who blocked his path, rampaging all the way back to the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory, how joyful a thing would that be?

Although Xia Guang had managed to survive the decimation of his family and escaped successfully, he had ended up suffering several setbacks afterwards.

He felt incomparably furious regarding this and somewhat stifled within.

Only now did he feel rather comfortable, like this could finally be vented.

“Let us speak of this after we return to that Bright Origin Pavilion,” Yan Zhaoge smiled, “Still, I will not provide you with any assistance. It will all have to depend on your own capabilities.”

Xia Guang was both startled and overjoyed.

.....

The disturbances within the Endless Mountain Range soon came to the attention of the peak experts there.

There were martial practitioners of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory active in the domain of the Endless Mountain Range. Also, they were extremely powerful.

They had not thought much of this at first, just forming groups with others to encircle and kill them.

While most felt curious as to why martial practitioners of the southeast would have appeared in the Endless Mountain Range which was in the north of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory, they had not paid this much heed since those disturbances were not great.

Yet, they soon found out that things were not as they had seemed.

They had actually lost all contact with those martial practitioners of the south who had first grouped up and set off to apprehend them!

With that, the local experts of the Endless Mountain Range grew vigilant, longtime experts of all the peak powers springing into action.

Yet, a bunch of Seeing Divinity Martial Saints actually vanished without a trace just like that as well.

The entire Endless Mountain Range blew up completely with that.

Experts of the Immortal Bridge stage were finally dispatched.

While they did not wish for others to intervene in the matters of the Endless Mountain Range, some who were more alert had already realised the severity of the situation at this time as they hurriedly sent people over to contact Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope.

In the end, even before Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope had given a reply, terrible news was heard in the Endless Mountain Range.

Treating this with the utmost priority and not letting any clues go, the martial practitioners of the south finally ascertained the identity of that trespassing martial practitioner of the southeast.

Broad Creed Mountain, Yan Zhaoge!

Yan Zhaoge did not slaughter wantonly and was also not really concerned about whether his identity was leaked. While he did not flaunt, he did not conceal his identity as well as he would not slay those he met who were not his enemies.

Therefore, when the news spread, the entire Endless Mountain Range erupted in an uproar.

Soon, yet more news returned.

The Immortal Bridge Martial Saints who had been sent to apprehend him had all been slain!

HSSB 968: Great Ape King

Yan Zhaoge had self-derisively mocked that when the tiger was not in the mountain, the monkey would proclaim himself king.

In truth, however, while the current southern Blazing Heaven Territory might not have a tiger, it was still filled with ferocious beasts as it was far from a situation where a monkey could claim the throne.

If one was really to say that a monkey was rampaging about there, it could only be an incomparably terrifying great ape.

Thus, tragedy successively struck the martial practitioners of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory in the Endless Mountain Range.

When Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope heard the news, Yan Zhaoge had already killed his way out of the Endless Mountain Range.

Blazing fire surged to the heavens as a massive fiery phoenix soared high, swiftly passing over the great earth of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory.

Enveloped by the flames was a massive flying divine vessel, riding the winds of the nine heavens, breaking the waves of the ocean of clouds for ten thousand li.

At this moment, on the Riding Wind Heavenly Vessel of the Southern Exalt, the group of martial practitioners of Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope who was led by a middle-aged man all appeared solemn indeed.

The locals of the Endless Mountain Range were mostly not in the know. Still, those of Wutong Slope were clear on one thing.

Some fellow disciples of theirs had previously found a mysterious cave manor after obtaining some clues. These clues had ultimately led to the Endless Mountain Range.

Amongst them had also been the son of the Southern Exalt Zhuang Shen and the most outstanding figure of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory's younger generation, Zhuang Chaohui.

Previously, they had arrived at an entrance yet lacked the treasure with which to enter. As a result, Zhuang Chaohui and the others had only been able to sigh in melancholy.

Still, they had inadvertently obtained the key afterwards. Zhuang Chaohui's group had been greatly overjoyed at this. Even as they had entered the cave manor, they had left some people behind there to guard the entrance and dispatched people back to their headquarters with the news as well.

Yet, no news had been heard of them ever since.

Thinking of how Yan Zhaoge had suddenly mysteriously appeared in the region of the Endless Mountain Range, those of Wutong Slope were immediately overcome by an ominous feeling.

That middle-aged man's face was sunken as water as he spoke not a single word.

His name was Peng He as he was a peak expert of the late Immortal Bridge stage.

He was called 'Blazing King' as he was a junior apprentice-brother of the Southern Exalt Zhuang Shen, being a peak expert of Wutong Slope's lineage under Zhuang Shen.

He was one of the strongest experts of Wutong Slope's lineage besides the Human Exalt Zhuang Shen.

Within the domain of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory, Peng He was one of the peak existences in terms of personal strength not considering Exalts.

He was an expert who had been famed for many years in the entire World beyond Worlds.

It was worth mentioning too that the daughter of Peng He was

the wife of Zhuang Chaohui.

Behind him, a Wutong Slope martial practitioner said in a low tone, “Master, a few corpses of our fellow disciples were found close to the entrance of the cave manor. Still, senior apprentice-brother Zhuang’s and senior apprentice-uncle Wang’s were not amongst them.”

“That cave manor has already vanished. We are unable to enter it to determine the whereabouts of senior apprentice-brother Zhuang and senior apprentice-brother Wang.”

Hearing his words, Peng He did not speak.

Not having seen his corpse, it might mean that Zhuang Chaohui had not perished, still being alive.

Yet, Peng He was already filled with an ominous premonition.

At his current cultivation level, premonitions like these were generally not baseless.

“We must find that Yan Zhaoge. I want him alive, and we definitely cannot let him flee back into the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory,” Peng He said slowly.

As soon as he thought of Yan Zhaoge, Peng He’s temples instantly throbbed terribly.

This youngster who had risen to prominence within the last ten years was deeply hated by the entire southern Blazing Heaven Territory.

He possessed outstanding talent and remarkable strength. Still, his cultivation base was low at the end of the day although he had had many fortuitous encounters, being in possession of numerous extraordinary treasures.

This was generally how martial practitioners of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory saw Yan Zhaoge.

While most of them believed that Yan Zhaoge’s fame mainly

stemmed from Ingenious Flying Peak and Golden Court Mountain protecting him, allowing him to run amok, their hatred towards him was no less than their hatred of Golden Court Mountain in the slightest.

And now, Yan Zhaoge actually dared to trespass on the lands of the south. As the rulers of the south, how could Wutong Slope not feel angered by this?

“Is it confirmed that there are no other martial practitioners of the southeast besides that fellow surnamed Yan?” Peng He asked after pondering for a moment, “This old man refers to martial practitioners of the southeast who are at least of the eight level of the Martial Saint realm.”

Someone replied, “We cannot know for sure. Still, there are only Yan Zhaoge’s tracks.”

Having received a negative response here, Peng He fell silent once more.

Someone answered beside him, “Senior apprentice-brother Peng, with you personally leaving to deal with a Seeing Divinity Martial Saint this time, you will definitely capture him.”

Who knew that Peng He would shake his head, “I’m afraid that it’s not so simple.”

The other Wutong Slope martial practitioners were stunned.

“First not speaking of how Chaohui has already ascended the Immortal Bridge, even if he is arrogant in his youth and does not handle matters properly, a mistake hence occurring, there would still be junior apprentice-brother Wang there,” Peng He’s tone grew more solemn, “Junior apprentice-brother Wang is a mid Immortal Bridge Martial Saint, but we have lost full contact with even him. This is definitely not normal!”

Hearing this, a look of deep thought appeared on the faces of the others beside him.

While they still could not ascertain the deaths of the two, the situation was clearly not optimistic.

Someone murmured aloud, “There was once a rumour in the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory that as a Seeing Divinity Martial Saint, Yan Zhaoge single-handedly defeated an expert of the mid Immortal Bridge Martial Saint realm, pursuing him all the way from the south to the west of the Royal Reed Sea before killing him. Could that actually be true?”

A deep silence descended on the Riding Wind Heavenly Vessel.

“Guan Lide, a ninth level Martial Saint, perished at Broad Creed Mountain,” Someone broke the silence after a while, “Everyone speculates this to be because of the Immortal Artifact. Still, as I see it, things are probably not that simple...”

The person beside him rebutted, “If not for an Immortal Artifact, even if Broad Creed Mountain has treasures like the Extreme Yang Seal and Extreme Yin Crown, they will be unable to wield the full power of these high-grade Sacred Artifacts without Immortal Bridge Martial Saints. With such a great difference in their cultivation bases, how could they have slain Guan Lide? Moreover, Guan Lide was not the only enemy attacking Broad Creed Mountain then. There were other Immortal Bridge Martial Saints there too.”

While they felt that someone not of the Immortal Bridge Martial Saint realm being able to wield an Immortal Artifact was inconceivable, Immortal Artifacts were mysterious and hard to predict at the end of the day. Perhaps it had some special function.

The other party said slowly, “Currently, there have already been two early Immortal Bridge Martial Saints of the Endless Mountain Range who have died at that Yan Zhaoge’s hands.”

“We were acquainted with those two before. While inferior to our lineage, their legacies were not weak.”

“Still, from the environment where they fought, victory was decided very quickly as it seemed to have been effortless on their opponent’s part!”

The person who had rebutted him earlier no longer spoke.

The results of actual battle were always most convincing at any time.

Thinking of Zhuang Chaohui and the others who had all vanished, the expressions of the Wutong Slope martial practitioners present all changed slightly.

The various signs indicated that their current target could definitely not be thought of as a normal Seeing Divinity Martial Saint.

It was even to the extent that the other party was even more terrifying than the likes of Zhuang Chaohui, Long Hanhua, Zeng Mo and Fu Ting as a Seeing Divinity Martial Saint.

They could no longer go on underestimating Yan Zhaoge.

Otherwise, they might very well suffer a loss!

Peng He did not speak as he just gazed fixatedly into the distance, chasing north inside the Riding Wind Heavenly Vessel, enveloped by the fiery phoenix.

Now, his expression suddenly changed as he got the Riding Wind Heavenly Vessel to stop.

The figure of a man appeared in the distance. He wore a yellow Daoist robe and was thin.

“Daoist Leading Mist?” Peng He identified.

This was the personal disciple of the Heaven Emperor of the Five Emperors.

HSSB 969: The Yan Zhaoge who goes against the usual flow

Before this, the Heaven Emperor had not been much acquainted with the Southern Exalt.

Still, they had become closer in recent years due to sharing a common enemy.

Not just the two of them, their disciples had become closer too.

Those of Wutong Slope had tried to learn about the reason behind the deterioration of relations between the Heaven Emperor and the Southeastern Exalt.

The reason was not very convincing.

It was said that the Heaven Emperor wanted to revenge due to someone of the southeast wrecking his plans.

News of the destruction of the Heaven Bearing Efficacy Formation in the Royal Reed Sea and the Heaven Emperor looking for the whereabouts of the Earth Queen had been spread too.

The entire World beyond Worlds speculated greatly about this in private.

The Heaven Emperor seemed to have been enraged as he saw Golden Court Mountain and Broad Creed Mountain as enemies as a result.

It was just that if he really did not wish for this to be known by everyone, taking such revenge so overtly would seem very abnormal.

Especially noteworthy was how the others of the Three Sovereigns, Five Emperors and Ten Exalts had not expressed any stance.

Even the Brocade Emperor who had assisted the Southeastern

Exalt had only done so due to their close relationship, never having mentioned the matter of the Heaven Bearing Efficacy Formation.

While all of Wutong Slope was uncertain about this, the enemy of an enemy was clearly a friend. Recently, the relationship between the two sides had thus improved greatly.

Peng He was not taken aback upon seeing Daoist Leading Mist.

“Why have you come here, Fellow Daoist Leading Mist?” Peng He asked politely.

First not speaking of how this Daoist Leading Mist was a mid Immortal Bridge Martial Saint, he was also a personal disciple of the Heaven Emperor.

Unlike the likes of King Xuanwen, Shen Lingzi and Daoist Shi who had merely listened to the Heaven Emperor as he expounded on the dao and run errands for him, with few people knowing about the relationship between them, Daoist Leading Mist was widely known throughout the World beyond Worlds as being of the orthodox direct lineage of the Heaven Emperor.

The Heaven Emperor had few personal disciples, but all of them were correspondingly outstanding, being unordinary as they had achieved great fame in the World beyond Worlds.

“I greet the Blazing King,” That thin man in Daoist robes boarded the Rising Wind Heavenly Vessel and greeted him before saying, “This humble Daoist had originally been heading to Phoenix Ritual Mountain’s Wutong Slope to discuss some matters with your lineage.”

“Still, on the way there, I heard that things have not been peaceful in your southern lands recently.”

Hearing his words, Peng He’s expression did not change, “Some unsightly clowns have been making a fool of themselves here. In truth, this old man is on his way to deal with them right now.”

Hearing this, Daoist Leading Mist got straight to the point, “I

hear that it is that Yan Zhaoge who hails from a lower world?"

"Yes, it is precisely him," Peng He did not mention the matter of Zhuang Chaohui's group, "He might have returned directly to the World beyond Worlds from extradimensional space and ended up in our southern Blazing Heaven Territory. He can count himself unlucky. We will not be letting him return this time."

Daoist Leading Mist pondered for a moment, "This humble Daoist heard that he appeared in the region of the Endless Mountain Range."

"That's right," Peng He nodded.

"If it is the Endless Mountain Range that is in the north of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory, heading on north and crossing the Region of Thousand Lakes, it would be the central Jun Heaven Territory that they end up in," Daoist Leading Mist said.

Hearing this, Peng He's gaze turned somewhat heavier.

This was exactly the thing he was most worried about.

While it was rumoured that Yan Zhaoge possessed an Immortal Artifact, while Guan Lide of the ninth level of the Martial Saint realm had perished at Broad Creed Mountain, while Yan Zhaoge's strength likely surpassed all his previous estimates, this was not what Peng He was the most worried about.

This was the basic self-confidence and pride that he possessed as a descendant of Wutong Slope's lineage and a late Immortal Bridge Martial Saint who had reigned in the World beyond Worlds for many years.

Peng He was not afraid of battling with Yan Zhaoge.

Still, as Daoist Leading Mist had said, the Endless Mountain Range was already in the north of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory. Heading further north, one would be able to quickly leave the southern Blazing Heaven Territory, arriving in the central Jun Heaven Territory.

In the eyes of all the martial practitioners of the south, there was only one way for Yan Zhaoge to safely flee from the southern Blazing Heaven Territory.

That was heading north and reaching the central Jun Heaven Territory before switching direction and returning to the southeast.

Peng He and the others would not dare to act rampantly within the central Jun Heaven Territory.

It was not that the martial practitioners of the south could not go to the central Jun Heaven Territory. Still, it would definitely be less advantageous for them than in their own territory.

This was especially so when Yan Zhaoge did have connections in the central Jun Heaven Territory.

It was said that he was on rather friendly terms with Ingenious Flying Peak's Red Lotus Cliff of the Brocade Emperor's lineage.

If Ingenious Flying Peak received news of this and sent someone to pick Yan Zhaoge up, it would inevitably be much more difficult for Peng He's lot to make a move on him.

The Heaven Emperor could obstruct the Brocade Emperor, and the Southern Exalt could resist the Southeastern Exalt. Still, the Southern Exalt would definitely be unwilling to enter a head-on conflict with the Brocade Emperor unless there was really no other option available.

With that in mind, Peng He looked at Daoist Leading Mist, "If that rascal flees into the central Jun Heaven Territory, it would naturally be disadvantageous for us to capture him. Sadly, our lineage does not have any experts active in the Region of Thousand Lakes. Just those local powers alone would probably be insufficient to block him."

"I have to admit that while the rascal is damnable, his martial arts are powerful indeed. Even though there were Immortal Bridge

Martial Saints in the Endless Mountain Range, they were unable to stop him from acting wantonly and uninhibitedly.”

Hearing Peng He’s words, Daoist Leading Mist nodded, “This humble Daoist’s eldest apprentice-brother is currently not far away from the Region of Thousand Lakes. If your lineage minds it not, this humble Daoist can contact him and invite him to hurry and guard over the Region of Thousand Lakes, blocking that Yan Zhaoge’s path north lest he escapes into the central Jun Heaven Territory.”

“Qing Shuzi?” Peng He’s eyes lit up, “That would be best. I only fear that he cannot make it in time.”

Daoist Leading Mist took out a bamboo flute, saying, “It is fine. Contacting my eldest apprentice-brother with this treasure, he will immediately be able to receive the news. If he sets off at once, there should not be a problem.”

This bamboo flute was a rare one-time use treasure which even Daoist Leading Mist did not have many of.

Still, to obstruct Yan Zhaoge who had wrecked the plans of his Master, Daoist Leading Mist used it unreservedly now.

“Fellow Daoist Leading Mist, is there something that you came to visit my Wutong Slope for?” After communication had been established and their plans had been set, Peng He casually asked as they continued travelling forth in the Riding Wind Heavenly Vessel.

Daoist Leading Mist said, “Yes. I just want to confirm the progress of the matter that your lineage previously mentioned. How is it going? You previously said that this was seventy percent certain.”

A rare smile appeared on Peng He’s face, “If we were seventy percent certain of success earlier, it has reached eighty percent, even ninety now.”

“Oh? Virtually definite, how rare,” Daoist Leading Wind did not inquire further on this as he nodded, “Since that is so, we need only await the return of Master and your Southern Exalt.”

Peng He said, “That’s right. But before that, let us first take care of that Yan Zhaoge!”

They accelerated, the fiery phoenix streaking across the horizon, passing by mountains and rivers for millions of kilometres as they headed north.

When they arrived at the northernmost region of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory, the Region of Thousand Lakes, they received word from those who had been preparing to obstruct Yan Zhaoge. They had all seen not a single trace of him.

Everyone was instantly rendered dazed.

Meanwhile, Yan Zhaoge was heading east at a leisurely pace back towards the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory.

As he travelled, Yan Zhaoge would look back from time to time, “While the Southern Exalt Zhuang Shen isn’t here, could it be that all the other martial practitioners of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory have all died out too? There should logically be some peak experts coming to chase me. Could it be that that the martial practitioners of the south are all so slow-witted and dull?”

HSSB 970: Audacity rivalling the heavens

As Yan Zhaoge headed east, while local martial practitioners of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory did block his way, they were lacking in experts.

He even suspected that he had previously had too high an opinion of himself.

Could it be that he was actually not all that important in the eyes of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory and the Wutong Slope martial practitioners?

Or had he drawn less hatred than he had believed?

As a result, even though he was overtly and conspicuously returning to the southeast through the southern Blazing Heaven Territory, the other side couldn't even be bothered to pay it any attention.

Yan Zhaoge did not know if he should laugh or cry at this.

Meanwhile, as he travelled east, his newest location was quickly transmitted by those of the south to the ‘Blazing King’ Peng He and the others who were in the midst of heading north at full speed.

Upon receiving the news, the lot of them exchanged looks, all rendered completely speechless.

Never would they have thought that Yan Zhaoge would actually not head north for the central Jun Heaven Territory, never having contacted those of Ingenious Flying Peak to move to reinforce him.

A Seeing Divinity Martial Saint was swaggering back east just like that, heading straight for the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory.

“Well! What a Yan Zhaoge!” A furious Peng He laughed, “Audacious, yes, and dumb enough too!”

Heading east was naturally the quickest way to return to the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory.

Yet, Peng He and the others had dismissed this possibility at once at first.

Why was that so?

In order to guard against martial practitioners of the southeast, the southern Blazing Heaven Territory had numerous experts guarding over this eastern region where the two Territories bordered each other.

The relationship between them was bad and their Exalts were also away. Thus, there were frequently clashes between them.

Whether it was the western region of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory where the Royal Reed Sea was or the eastern region of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory, these were always defended by countless experts.

Besides those local experts, Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope always had peak experts active in the region to guard against experts of the southeast at any time.

This was not like that northern region of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory which bordered the central Jun Heaven Territory as it was filled with perils for any martial practitioner of the southeast.

Therefore, Peng He and the others had never thought that Yan Zhaoge might actually head east.

That would be equivalent to him walking straight into the encirclement of numerous experts.

If he headed north, Peng He would still need Daoist Leading Mist to contact experts of the Heaven Emperor's lineage to obstruct him.

If he headed east, as Peng He saw it, even if he and the others did not pursue, Yan Zhaoge had no real chance of fleeing successfully.

"It could mean something," Daoist Leading Mist now said,

“Perhaps he has a way to contact some people from the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory’s Golden Court Mountain in aiding his return.”

Hearing his words, Peng He pondered deeply.

First not speaking of how Yan Zhaoge’s base was in the westernmost part of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory, the Royal Reed Sea which was bordered to the southern Blazing Heaven Territory, there was a large amount of experts from the southeast in the border areas as well.”

If Yan Zhaoge was really held in extremely high regard by Golden Court Mountain and had a way of contacting them, the martial practitioners of the southeast and Yan Zhaoge could attack from the exterior and the interior simultaneously, catching the martial practitioners of the south between them.

With that, Yan Zhaoge might really be able to flee back to the southeast, inflicting a huge loss on the martial practitioners of the south in the border areas.

While he thought that Yan Zhaoge’s choice was very foolish, Peng He still dared not underestimate his personal combat power now.

Perhaps this was the reason behind Yan Zhaoge heading east?

“Fellow Daoist Leading Mist’s words make sense,” Peng He nodded, “Let us speedily chase after that Yan Zhaoge. It would be best if we can take care of him on the spot.”

“If a battle really erupts in the border areas, we can reinforce the border and counterattack those of Golden Court Mountain.”

Now, a green-robed man on the Riding Wind Heavenly Vessel who had not spoken a word previously said, “We also have to guard against him bringing false attention to that front and drawing the tiger away from the mountain.”

He was worried that Yan Zhaoge had guessed that he would

surely be obstructed if he headed north, thus having made a feint by first moving towards the east.

When his group's attentions turned to the east, Yan Zhaoge would instead head north and flee into the central Jun Heaven Territory.

After all, it was still unknown whether he would receive the assistance of experts of the southeast even if he headed east.

Even if he received their assistance, there would definitely be a major battle in which victory and defeat was hard to determine.

Wars were dangerous and battles perilous. Even if the southeastern side won, it was still unknown if Yan Zhaoge who was all alone in the southern Blazing Heaven Territory might be able to kill his way back to the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory alive.

It was not at all impossible for the southeast to win but Yan Zhaoge to end up dying in the process.

Heading back to the southeast after travelling north to the central Jun Heaven Territory was still the safest option at the end of the day.

Peng He said, "Fellow Daoist Qingshu speaks rightly. Still, there are still other disciples of my lineage. If that Yan Zhaoge really thinks to draw the tiger away from the mountain and head east afterwards, we will still be able to intercept him."

Hearing his words, the green-robed man nodded, not longer speaking as he fell silent once more.

While he was a man of few words, it was not just Daoist Leading Mist who was extremely respectful towards him. Peng He and the others too dared not show him any disrespect in the least.

He seemed to be very young on the outside, no older than twenty. Still, like Peng He, this green-robed man was already a late

Immortal Bridge Martial Saint.

His actual age was naturally far greater than his outer appearance showed. Still, he was much younger than Peng He.

His title was Qing Shuzi as he was the head disciple of the Heaven Emperor, being even more powerful as well as well-known in the World beyond Worlds than Peng He.

He was viewed as one of those most likely to soon reach the Human Exalt stage of all the World beyond Worlds' current ninth level Martial Saints.

“We definitely have to capture that Yan Zhaoge this time,” Peng He controlled the Riding Wind Heavenly Vessel to head east, chasing Yan Zhaoge.

There had been no news of Zhuang Chaohui and the others at all. As a result, Peng He and the other martial practitioners of Wutong Slope were feeling increasingly stifled as they desperately wished to capture Yan Zhaoge and get to the bottom of this matter.

Meanwhile, the martial practitioners of the south all learnt that Yan Zhaoge was attempting to head east, hence directly returning to the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory.

Everyone was shocked whilst also enraged by Yan Zhaoge's audacity that rivalled the heavens.

“Scum of the southeast, give yourself up...”

Presently, a loud roar reverberated in the air above the Broad Dong Mound Plains in the eastern region of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory.

A few streaks of light simultaneously shot towards a massive black and white beast within the air, targeting that youth who sat on its back.

Still, before those words had even been finished, their voices halted right there and then.

The figures within the streaks of light seemed to have slammed straight into a wall.

One the back of the massive beast, the white-clothed, blue-robed youth extended a palm, pushing it horizontally forward. His palm was like a wall as the attackers all injured themselves in that collision.

Then, that palm flipped over, descending towards the ground.

The attackers were directly clapped dead on the great earth of the Broad Dong Mound Plains.

“Young Master, according to the martial practitioners of the south here, Phoenix Ritual Mountain’s Wutong Slope has a ninth level Martial Saint expert guarding the area,” A big man beside the youth seemed totally unflustered as he scratched his head, “Apart from him, the southern Blazing Heaven Territory also has other experts here.”

The concentration of peak experts in the eastern region of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory was nearly comparable to that at Phoenix Ritual Mountain itself.

That big man was naturally Ah Hu, “Have they shown any intention of taking the initiative to come look for us?”

HSSB 971: Let this Yan see how many heroic figures there are here!

After clapping those people who blocked his path dead, hearing Ah Hu's query now, Yan Zhaoge smiled, "He can stay calm, being a person who can remain stable and weigh the importance of matters. This is because there are experts of the southeast guarding over their borders too."

The Southern Exalt Zhuang Shen was far away in the central Jun Heaven Territory and unable to receive news as he would not be able to return easily.

To be safe, Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope had dispatched a longtime Elder here, this being the 'Treasured Branch Suppressing Peak' Zhang Shuren who was renowned for his caution.

If he were to take the initiative to look for Yan Zhaoge now and the southeast found a flaw in their defences, they might directly charge into the southern Blazing Heaven Territory then.

If Yan Zhaoge were to coordinate with them from within, the defences of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory at their border would directly collapse.

Zhang Shuren was staying stable and making no move now, facing all possible variations with an unchanging stance. While this might appear conservative and weak-looking, it would prevent any potentially grave mistakes from occurring for sure.

As he guarded the border, wherever Yan Zhaoge was, he would have to collide with him sooner or later if he wished to return to the southeast.

Not just the south and southeast, the borders of the nine Territories of the World beyond Worlds were actually all very long, so long that ordinary people would be hard pressed to even

imagine it.

Still, numerous obstacles existed between two different Territories. Let alone normal people, even Martial Saint experts would be hard pressed to pass through them.

There were only those mere few locations through which people could go from one side to another.

Between the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory and the southern Blazing Heaven Territory, there was a place where access was convenient lying between the Royal Reed Sea of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory and the Circumference Mountain of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory.

While the border was still very long, Zhang Shuren of the ninth level of the Martial Saint realm was enough to look after it.

Wherever Yan Zhaoge went, he would still be in time to intercept him.

While blocking Yan Zhaoge's path, he would also block the martial practitioners of the southeast from entering the southern Blazing Heaven Territory.

When Peng He and the rest arrived, Yan Zhaoge would be completely trapped. At the same time, there would still be no problem in him continuing to keep the experts of the southeast at bay.

"I heard that this old man is a stubborn person who gives many headaches at Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope and the southern Blazing Heaven Territory," Yan Zhaoge smiled, "Still, I never intended to avoid him in the first place."

Now, Yan Zhaoge patted Pan-Pan's head. Pan-Pan yawned lazily, brandishing his claws and continuing to advance within the sky.

As they travelled, the scenes up ahead changed.

The silhouette of a large mountain gradually appeared in the

distant horizon.

Heading forward, the originally flat plains soon became uneven land and rugged peaks.

Yan Zhaoge knew that he had reached the Announcing Peace Mountain Range in the east of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory.

Leaving the Broad Dong Mound Plains and entering the Announcing Peace Mountain Range, next passing through it, one would have arrived at Circumference Mountain at the easternmost part of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory that led straight to the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory.

The Announcing Peace Mountain Range was similarly extremely vast. While slightly smaller than the Endless Mountain Range, it was not inferior in size to the Royal Reed Sea or Setting Sun Archipelago of the southeast.

In terms of size, the Announcing Peace Mountain Range even surpassed lower worlds like the Eight Extremities World and the Floating Life World.

It had even more dangerous terrain than the Endless Mountain Range.

To ordinary people, the environment here was bad and not well suited for living. Few people had been living in the area ever since time immemorial.

Still, there had gradually been experts of the martial dao who had established their lineages here which had gradually come to thrive.

Mighty powers had unceasingly modified the local terrain to enhance their development. More people had come here to live, gradually filling this perilous Announcing Peace Mountain Range.

Still, there were only more people at the areas close to where powerful martial lineages lived.

Elsewhere, there were still just lofty mountains and perilous precipices few could be found.

In the Royal Reed Sea, people had mostly settled down on large isles or small continents. Still, more of it was composed of the sea where people were unable to live.

The numerous perilous mountains of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range were actually not that much different from the great sea.

There was an old adage: Meagre mountains and vicious waters produce unreasonable citizens.

First not mentioning if this was too much, it was true that the more terrible the conditions were somewhere, the easier it was for courageous, vicious people to be produced.

As soon as trouble was caused, they would hide inside the mountains and it would be very difficult for their foes to find them.

Zhang Shuren of Wutong Slope had not sent people to capture Yan Zhaoge because of the southeast, and also because the local environment of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range was too complex.

In theory, this could be the most suitable place for Yan Zhaoge to hide himself throughout the entire southern Blazing Heaven Territory.

If he went inside and hid, even ninth level Martial Saints would be hard pressed to locate him within.

Still, in that case, as he was surrounded here and more and more experts of the south gathered, it would become increasingly difficult for him to leave the Announcing Peace Mountain Range.

According to the guesses of those of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory, Yan Zhaoge most likely wished to hide in the Announcing Peace Mountain Range and wait for a chance to act.

When experts of the southeast were rampantly attacking Circumference Mountain, Yan Zhaoge would make use of that chance to rush out of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range, receiving assistance from them in fleeing back to the southeast.

As such, the experts of the south were trying to think up countermeasures for this.

Not long after Yan Zhaoge entered the Announcing Peace Mountain Range and intercepted a local martial practitioner, he learnt a piece of news from him.

“The peak experts of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range have organised an alliance meet at the main peak at the north, Vast Spirit Mountain, coming together to discuss countermeasures against me?” Yan Zhaoge looked amusedly at that martial practitioner of the south, “Peak experts from not just the Announcing Peace Mountain Range, but also other places surrounding it will all be coming?”

While Zhang Shuren had not left Circumference Mountain, many other experts of the south were enraged by Yan Zhaoge’s actions as they wished to teach this arrogant junior of the southeast a lesson.

Many experts from the surroundings of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range, Circumference Mountain included, wished to attend the alliance meet at Vast Spirit Mountain after which they would move to surround and attack Yan Zhaoge together.

Zhang Shuren had given this his tacit permission.

His job was mainly still to block the experts of the southeast on the other side of the border.

If the volatile internal factor that was Yan Zhaoge could be removed from the equation, Zhang Shuren would naturally be happy to see it happen.

That martial practitioner of the south said with a severe look on his face, “Surnamed Yan, do not be arrogant. While the geography

of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range is complex, many past generations of ancestors have built up a flourishing infrastructure here over countless years.”

“Even people from elsewhere in the southern Blazing Heaven Territory would not be able to navigate after entering the mountain. Yet, we would be completely certain of our bearings.”

“As long as all the sects move together, spreading out a net, we will be able to find you very quickly!”

Hearing his words, Yan Zhaoge stroked his lower chin, smiling, “Why make it so troublesome?”

That martial practitioner of the south was bemused.

“Since you are a local of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range, you should definitely be the clearest on how to get to the main peak at the north, this Vast Spirit Mountain?”

The other party instantly looked like he had bitten his tongue, “You...what are you intending?”

“Why does it have to be so troublesome, you people searching for me?” Yan Zhaoge asked nonchalantly, “Lead the way. This Yan will simply make a trip to this Vast Spirit Mountain.”

That martial practitioner of the south was dumbfounded, “...Are you nuts?!”

“I should be thanking you lot for saving me the trouble,” Yan Zhaoge laughed loudly, “From the Endless Mountain Range up to this point, it has been rather boring. Now, let me see how many heroic figures there are here.”

HSSB 972: Voice quaking Vast Spirit Mountain!

Yan Zhaoge had a leisurely look on his face. Yet, that martial practitioner of the south looked like he was looking at a madman.

“You...you...” Recovering after a long while, the other party was so furious he laughed, “Do you even know what you are saying?”

“First not speaking of the high strength of the Lord of Vast Spirit Mountain, Daoist East Spring who is a longtime Immortal Bridge Martial Saint expert, and how Vast Spirit Mountain has as many experts as there are clouds, most of the experts of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range have gathered here this time for the alliance meet,” That martial practitioner of the south smiled coldly, “Even excluding the Announcing Peace Mountain Range, a great many experts of the eastern region of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory have accepted the invitation and come too!”

“First not speaking of how you are just a Seeing Divinity Martial Saint and would have to be careful for any random Immortal Bridge Martial Saint, besides the great many experts gathered on Vast Spirit Mountain now, Daoist East Spring and the others also hold the geographical advantage!”

Hearing this, Yan Zhaoge felt amused, “Since that is so, shouldn’t you hope that I go there and send myself to my death? Having revealed the background and strength of the current number atop Vast Spirit Mountain, what will you do if I don’t go there anymore?”

That martial practitioner of the south was rendered speechless.

Only now did he realise that he had actually just done a very foolish thing.

Even if he did not scare Yan Zhaoge off and Yan Zhaoge still decided on going, he would be able to make preparations in

advance for his trip now with his knowledge on the experts gathered at Vast Spirit Mountain.

What he had just done was literally boost his enemy's strength.

He was actually able to understand this principle. Still, upon seeing how arrogant Yan Zhaoge was, he had inevitably been angered as he wished to strike a blow at Yan Zhaoge's flames of arrogance.

As he regained his wits now, this person immediately shut up and spoke no further, just that he still could not help but feel stifled within.

"Just lead the way, yes? I don't mind slaughtering you before looking for someone else," Yan Zhaoge said in a totally nonchalant manner, "Since Vast Spirit Mountain is the northern main peak of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range, I believe there should be many who know the way there."

Hearing his words, a chill arose within the heart of that martial practitioner of the south.

He thought viciously, "Since you are so arrogant and know not how to restrain yourself, knowing not the height of the heavens and the boundlessness of the earth, I will take you to Vast Spirit Mountain and watch how you are taken care of by the experts there!"

Thinking of this, he forcibly raised his spirits, "Follow me then, if you dare."

Yan Zhaoge kicked him rolling as he smiled, "All bark and no bite. Shut up."

While Yan Zhaoge did not have a deep understanding of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory, he had still heard of it before.

It had two main peaks, one at the north and one at the south.

The southern main peak was called Light Mist Mountain while the northern main peak was called Vast Spirit Mountain.

The former was the headquarters of the Night Magnificence Sect while the latter was known as Vast Spirit Mountain after the mountain itself.

The Night Magnificence Sect and Vast Spirit Mountain were the two hegemons of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range. One mountain did not allow for two tigers, and there were often conflicts between them. It was just that neither was able to do anything to the other.

These past few years, even though the south and southeast had clashed, the conflict between the Night Magnificence Sect and Vast Spirit Mountain which were both close to the border at Circumference Mountain had not quelled.

As the news that Yan Zhaoge had appeared in the eastern region of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory and would probably enter the Announcing Peace Mountain Range was transmitted over, Vast Spirit Mountain instantly thought to make use of it.

They had organised an alliance meet to deal with Yan Zhaoge on one hand and to make use of this chance to expand their influence on the other, gathering and winning over the other sects of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range and wresting the leadership position, thus suppressing and isolating the Night Magnificence Sect.

Besides the experts active within the Announcing Peace Mountain Range, experts of other areas, including Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope, had also come this time.

If their alliance was a success, even if they did not capture Yan Zhaoge in the end, the influence of Vast Spirit Mountain would still expand greatly as their image improved in front of Wutong Slope.

As soon as they obtained Wutong Slope's support, Vast Spirit Mountain would have the possibility of suppressing the Night Magnificence Sect.

Yan Zhaoge was able to easily understand this underlying rationale.

“Is the Chief of the Night Magnificence Sect away from the Announcing Peace Mountain Range or in secluded cultivation at the moment?” Yan Zhaoge asked as they walked.

A panicked look flashed on the face of that martial practitioner of the south as he wanted to deny it.

However, Yan Zhaoge smiled, “Otherwise, the alliance meet would definitely have been organised at a neutral location. How would they have allowed Vast Spirit Mountain to preside over them?”

“Ahem...” The other party opened his mouth, forcing a smile after a moment.

The Chief of the Night Magnificence Sect, the sect’s number one expert, indeed happened to be in secluded cultivation at the moment.

In the end, the other martial practitioners of the sect were only able to helplessly watch on as their longtime enemy, Vast Spirit Mountain, made use of this chance and snatched an advantage.

Yan Zhaoge looked slightly disappointed, “I heard that the Night Magnificence Sect has a set of sabre arts known as the Dark Night Magnificence Lotus, having well inherited some of the true legacy from pre-Great Calamity times as it is comparatively complete. I still thought I would have a chance to see it.”

Looking at Yan Zhaoge, that martial practitioner of the south secretly ground his teeth, feeling stifled though all he could do was simply lead the way.

He had originally thought that Yan Zhaoge’s movements would

quickly be exposed while on the way to Vast Spirit Mountain.

Yet, no one at all was actually alerted throughout their journey.

As they arrived close to the northern main peak of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range, Vast Spirit Mountain, the place was still totally calm.

This so-called calmness was not actual calmness. It just meant that everything was as per usual.

While the martial practitioners all around were nervous and vigilant, these were only against whatever they thought Yan Zhaoge would do.

And in front of Yan Zhaoge, their vigilance was just like it was simply for show.

“So this is Vast Spirit Mountain?” Yan Zhaoge shaded his eyes with his hand, gazing far into the distance at a solitary peak which was clearly taller and more perilous than the other mountains nearby.

That mountain peak was extremely steep as it resembled a sword that pointed straight up into the heavens, soaring into the lofty clouds.

“Yes, this is Vast Spirit Mountain,” The martial practitioner of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory was currently meek as a quail.

Looking at the ever calm Yan Zhaoge, the chill in his heart was getting increasingly greater as he was hard pressed to maintain his original confidence.

“Alright, very good,” Yan Zhaoge smiled, “You can leave now.”

The other party was slightly dazed, fearing that Yan Zhaoge did not really mean it.

He knew that there were some people out there who liked toying with those weaker than them.

Who knew that Yan Zhaoge would completely ignore him after that as he sat on Pan-Pan's back, flying towards Vast Spirit Mountain.

This martial practitioner of the south was rendered wide-eyed and tongue-tied, "He really let me go?"

His first thought was to quickly contact the martial practitioners of Vast Spirit Mountain in the vicinity and ask them to report this to Daoist East Spring and the others up on the mountain.

Still, he immediately realised that he would not be faster than Yan Zhaoge no matter what. By the time Daoist East Spring and the others received the news, Yan Zhaoge would already long since have ascended the mountain.

Also, seeing how Yan Zhaoge was simply strolling in just like that, it was like he did not care about being found out at all.

His arrogant manner had initially caused this martial practitioner of the south to feel enraged. At this moment, however, the chill in his heart was only growing more and more intense.

"Daoist East Spring and the others can definitely take care of him," As the same thought surfaced in his mind as it had earlier, it was instead more like a reassuring thought than one he wholeheartedly believed to be true.

Amidst his thoughts, he saw Yan Zhaoge arriving at the foot of Vast Spirit Mountain before opening his mouth and proclaiming in a righteous, upright manner, "Broad Creed Mountain's Yan Zhaoge has come. Is the owner of this place here?"

While his voice did not seem loud, the entire Vast Spirit Mountain began quaking slightly as a result!

The guardian grand formation of the mountain was stimulated as a result, countless spirit patterns surfacing amidst space before they all distorted together, actually instantly seeming like they

were about to shatter!

HSSB 973: Alliance

When Yan Zhaoge arrived at the foot of Vast Spirit Mountain, many people were already gathered atop it.

The Lord of Vast Spirit Mountain, Daoist East Spring, was currently in high spirits as the owner of this land.

Most of the leaders of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range's powers and some renowned solitary practitioners had all gathered at Vast Spirit Mountain now.

Before this, they might not have listened to Vast Spirit Mountain's commands.

Due to the conflict between the Night Magnificence Sect and Vast Spirit Mountain, the other powers of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range had extremely high autonomy as they could improve their relationship with and gain benefits from both sides.

While it was said that those who sat on the fence and leaned towards the advantageous side were the most abominable, and they were actually offending both sides, before victory and defeat was finally decided for good between the Night Magnificence Sect and Vast Spirit Mountain, they still needed the support of the majority.

Still, their good days seemed to have finally come.

Vast Spirit Mountain made use of this chance and borrowed the authority of Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope, gaining the advantage.

It would be extremely difficult for the Night Magnificence Sect to regain their footing after this.

The other sects of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range might not be happy to lower their heads to Vast Spirit Mountain. Still, with experts of Wutong Slope having personally arrived, they all could only obediently follow and come.

Along with this momentum, Vast Spirit Mountain had solidified their advantage as they had vaguely gained the look of being the martial alliance Chief of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range.

With the Chief of the Night Magnificence Sect being in death seclusion, unable to emerge, experts of theirs had still hurried over to Vast Spirit Mountain for fear of offending Wutong Slope.

As a result, they felt even more suppressed.

It was just that the Night Magnificence Sect was only able to swallow their dissatisfaction here.

Looking at Daoist East Spring who was in high spirits, the despondence of the Elder of the Night Magnificence Sect present could not be expressed in words.

However unhappy he was feeling, that was however happy those of Vast Spirit Mountain were feeling.

“Thank you, Fellow Daoists, for coming here today on this momentous occasion,” Sitting on the host’s seat, Daoist East Spring smiled, “Today’s alliance meet is held for none other than a martial practitioner of the southeast. I believe everyone knows that he, Yan Zhaoge, is here in the eastern region of our southern Blazing Heaven Territory.”

“He has sought his own death in coming over to our southern Blazing Heaven Territory this time. All martial practitioners of the south should strive hard to slay him, thus bringing peace to the souls of the deceased in heaven.”

Daoist East Spring surveyed the surroundings, “This is the reason I have invited everyone here today. Besides the various Daoists of our Announcing Peace Mountain Range, also present are Mister Yuan of Phoenix Ritual Mountain’s Wutong Slope and Mister Zhao of the southern Bright Connection Sea’s Purple Tide Sect.”

Seated up front along the side was an old man with a severe, gloomy bearing about him. About his entire body circulated

crimson flows of spiritual qi which resembled flames.

The old man's eyes was not dull like that of most old people as they were instead extremely bright, simultaneously seemingly containing the silhouette of a phoenix as it flapped its wings and soared.

He looked even older than the Blazing King Peng He. Yet, his seniority was actually much lower than him.

This person was named Yuan Xiancheng, nicknamed 'Phoenix Pupils'. He was Zhuang Shen's most senior disciple, being renowned throughout the entire World beyond Worlds.

Even before the deterioration of relations between the south and the southeast, there had been many hidden, unseen conflicts between them.

The mainstays of both sides had respectively been Long Hanhua of the southeast who had been using the surname Lin at the time and this disciple of the south, 'Phoenix Pupils' Yuan Xiancheng.

Beside Yuan Xiancheng, at a lower seat to him, sat a purple-clothed middle-aged man.

This middle-aged man was not a martial practitioner of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range, instead being the Chief of a major power of the Bright Connection Sea that lay to the south of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range. He was Chief Zhao Zhen of the Purple Tide Sword Sect.

As Yan Zhaoge tried to return to the southeast via the eastern region of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory, he would have to pass through Circumference Mountain.

He would have to pass through the Announcing Peace Mountain Range to get to Circumference Mountain.

This Zhao Zhen was on good terms with Yuan Xiancheng. With the latter having come to the Announcing Peace Mountain Range with a group hereby being formed to obstruct Yan Zhaoge, Zhao

Zhen had come along to help too.

Smiling, he said not a word, only nodding in acknowledgment as he was introduced by Daoist East Spring.

While he appeared inconspicuous, none of the martial practitioners of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range present, Daoist East Spring included, dared to underestimate him.

Beneath his reign, the Purple Tide Sword Sect virtually reigned supreme over the entire Bright Connection Sea, being an important major power within the southern Blazing Heaven Territory.

“Everyone here possesses formidable strength, especially Misters Yuan and Zhao,” Daoist East Spring continued, “If we trap that fella surnamed Yan, he would naturally only be able to helplessly give in.”

“Still, everyone knows that the geography of our Announcing Peace Mountain Range is too complex as it is easy for people to conceal themselves within. Looking for a person here would be no different from searching for a needle in a haystack.”

“We martial practitioners of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range whose ancestors lived here are naturally familiar with the lay of the land. Still, our combined efforts will be required to locate him.”

Daoist East Spring said, “There cannot be an organisation without a leader. Fortunately, Mister Yuan of Wutong Slope has specially left Circumference Mountain and come here, allowing us all to unite under a single banner.”

Hearing his words, the other martial practitioners of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range were inwardly snorting at them.

While Yuan Xiancheng could indeed command them, he was not familiar with the geography of the Announcing Peace Mountain

Range.

The actual implementation would definitely still be left to the local martial practitioners.

And that meant him, Daoist East Spring.

It was just that Yuan Xiancheng had clearly already tacitly allowed Daoist East Spring to borrow his authority as the Night Magnificence Sect and the other powers could only grit their teeth and let it go.

Still, how stifled they must be feeling could only be imagined.

“As the host, this humble Daoist invited everyone here for a discussion on how to leave that Yan Zhaoge behind for good,” Despite naturally feeling triumphant, Daoist East Spring did not let this show on his face.

Otherwise, if he got carried away and offended Yuan Xiancheng, things would be troublesome then.

Therefore, Daoist East Spring did not act domineeringly in the least even towards the Elder from the Night Magnificence Sect.

He definitely could not force the implementation of his own proposals as healthy discussions had to take place before Yuan Xiancheng of Phoenix Bearing Mountain’s Wutong Slope made things final.

Anyway, as long as most martial practitioners of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range attended this alliance meet, his Vast Spirit Mountain would already have benefited the most from it.

Everything had been going very smoothly at first. Now, however, Yuan Xiancheng suddenly knit his white brows on his seat of honour.

Seeing this, Daoist East Spring was dazed as he thought that he might have somehow offended him.

Before he could consider how he might have done so, his

connection with the mountain's guardian grand formation relayed that some uninvited guest was actually approaching Vast Spirit Mountain.

At virtually the same time as this, a voice resounded.

"Broad Creed Mountain's Yan Zhaoge has come. Is the owner of this place here?"

Instantly, everyone was rendered speechless, the commotion quelled as minds ceased to function.

Everyone exchanged looks, doubting their ears.

"The person outside called himself...Yan Zhaoge?"

"That Yan Zhaoge of Broad Creed Mountain?"

"He has come to Vast Spirit Mountain on his own?"

While a ruckus did not arise, everyone's gazes were filled with disbelief as they all exchanged looks.

Daoist East Spring shot right up from his seat with an outward exclamation.

HSSB 974: The outcome of playing petty tricks

Daoist East Spring's brows were knit tightly as he sensed that his sect's guardian grand formation was actually rippling slightly at this moment.

Off by the side, Chief Zhao Zhen of the Purple Tide Sword Sect who had not spoken much earlier turned to look at Yuan Xiancheng of Wutong Slope, "Have those of the southeast already broken past Circumference Mountain at the border?"

Everyone else gazed towards Yuan Xiancheng too.

If the person outside really was Yan Zhaoge, how had he dared to come so blatantly to Vast Spirit Mountain here?

The sole explanation seemed to be that the experts of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory were already launching their assault.

Yan Zhaoge had received this news from somewhere, thus daring to be so audacious in his actions.

With that in mind, the astonishment on their faces gradually faded as they all began to worry.

They were worrying not about Yan Zhaoge but about those experts of the southeast breaking through the defences of Circumference Mountain.

"No, senior apprentice-uncle Zhang's defences at Circumference Mountain are rock solid. If the southeast wants to launch an attack, they would need a large-scale invasion," Yuan Xiancheng said calmly, "If that were the case, we would long since have received news of it."

Chief Zhao Zhen of the Purple Tide Sword Sect nodded, "This means to say that the fella surnamed Yan is really coming here

alone just like this?”

Everyone’s expressions turned strange once more as they all seemed to find it totally inconceivable.

“Could it be that he does not know that so many of us are gathered here for an alliance?” Someone asked disbelievingly.

Still, even if they were not attending this alliance meet now, Vast Spirit Mountain was still one of the two strongest powers of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range.

Entering the Announcing Peace Mountain Range, Yan Zhaoge had not borrowed the local geography to conceal himself as he had actually come to Vast Spirit Mountain instead.

This was really a boundlessly arrogant move.

Daoist East Spring inhaled deeply, calming himself as he pushed horizontally forward with a palm within the great hall.

Spirit patterns intermingled as they surfaced on his palm, transforming into a sigil which flickered with light.

Outside, streams of light circulated about Vast Spirit Mountain which towered into the clouds. The spirit patterns which had already appeared beforehand condensed completely, manifesting tangibly.

“Since he has the courage to come onto your mountain, let him come then,” Yuan Xiancheng did not move from his seat as that silhouette of a fiery phoenix within his pupils seemed somewhat brighter.

Hearing this, Daoist East Spring said, “Mister Yuan’s words make sense. It is this humble Daoist who has been petty.”

With that, Daoist East Spring retracted his palm as the guardian grand formation which enveloped Vast Spirit Mountain subsequently vanished.

“Since you have come, dare you ascend the mountain?” He asked

as he sat again on his host's seat.

Yan Zhaoge's smiling reply could be heard, "It is naturally best that the host is at home, lest this Yan becomes an unwelcome visitor."

The other martial practitioners of the south in the great hall simultaneously rolled their eyes at this.

If you are not an unwelcome visitor, what kind of person would we consider an unwelcome visitor?

...Still, this might not actually be the case. While Daoist East Spring had motives of his own therein, this time's meet had been organised in name for the very sake of dealing with Yan Zhaoge.

Everyone composed themselves, simultaneously gazing towards the entrance of the great hall.

They were all filled with curiosity towards that youth whose audacity rivalled the heavens.

While they had already heard news that Yan Zhaoge had been unstoppable thus far as he left the Endless Mountain Range and traversed many regions of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory, facing many local martial practitioners along the way, having heard as well of Yan Zhaoge's domineering might in the neighbouring Broad Dong Mound Plains, not having witnessed or experienced it in person, it was only natural that they found this hard to believe.

Daoist East Spring sat within the great hall, not activating the guardian grand formation.

Still, feeling angered by Yan Zhaoge's actions, the other martial practitioners of Vast Spirit Mountain were not planning on letting him ascend the mountain so easily.

As he ascended the mountain, numerous Vast Spirit Mountain martial practitioners utilised the local geography in establishing a great many formations, wanting to take Yan Zhaoge down a peg.

After hearing of this, Daoist East Spring chose to tacitly ignore it, wishing to sound out Yan Zhaoge's background.

If Yan Zhaoge turned out to be too powerful and also ruthless in his actions, with those disciples of his sect being unable to withstand him, he planned to act in a timely manner to protect them then.

Having decided on this plan of action, Daoist East Spring simply waited patiently.

Martial practitioners of Vast Spirit Mountain unceasingly reported on Yan Zhaoge's progress up the mountain to Daoist East Spring.

Who knew that as time passed, it was soon the case that no news at all was still being transmitted.

As Daoist East Spring was feeling puzzled about this, the gaze of Yuan Xiancheng in the upper seat of honour suddenly lit up, "Extraordinary!"

Everyone was greatly bemused by this whereas Daoist East Spring and Chief Zhao Zhen of the Purple Tide Sword Sect seemed to have sensed something as well.

Daoist East Spring's expression changed intensely as he abruptly shot up again from his seat, roaring in rage, "Scoundrel, you dare!"

The grand formation which enveloped Vast Spirit Mountain began circulating once more.

At the same time, however, brilliant rays of sunlight also lit up amongst the mountains, illuminating the nine heavens.

It was like a great golden sun was slowly rising into the air about the middle of Vast Spirit Mountain just like that.

The vast, majestic power jolted the guardian grand formation of Vast Spirit Mountain till it began to collapse!

"Vast Spirit Mountain can also be considered a hegemon of this

Announcing Peace Mountain Range, yet this is the way you treat visitors?" Yan Zhaoge's voice resounded, "Since you have opened your door and invited me up your mountain, why must those of your lineage resort to these petty tricks?"

"Daoist East Spring? As the Lord of Vast Spirit Mountain, your sect actually lacks rules to this extent. This being so, this Yan will help teach them a lesson for you."

Some of the martial practitioners of the south exited the great hall, looking down the mountainside.

They instantly exhaled a breath of cold air at what they saw.

The mountainside of Vast Spirit Mountain around its centre was enveloped completely by darkness.

The darkness was like a belt of light which wrapped around the midsection of Vast Spirit Mountain, gradually rising upwards.

Amidst that darkness which resembled night, a great golden sun slowly rose. Yet, the radiance and darkness did not interfere with each other as they were distinct and separate.

The belt of darkness rose neither swiftly nor slowly, stably and surely rising based on its own pace.

As Daoist East Spring activated the grand formation, its strength was obstructed by the golden sun.

He felt vexed as he swiftly informed those of his sect to quickly retreat, avoiding the black light and ceasing to make things difficult for Yan Zhaoge lest they were devoured by it.

After the Vast Spirit Mountain martial practitioners had retreated, that black light was retracted too.

A few moments later, Yan Zhaoge's figure appeared in front of everyone as he arrived on the top of the mountain.

"This is one of the Nine Immortal Heavenly Thunders of legend of pre-Great Calamity times, Thunder of Eternal Night?" The Elder

of the Night Magnificence Sect who had spoken little ever since arriving at Vast Spirit Mountain suddenly asked now.

Hearing his words, the expression on Daoist East Spring's face changed slightly.

Those of Vast Spirit Mountain only knew that they had suddenly lost contact with all those who had initially been blocking Yan Zhaoge's path.

Whether it was those who had been unable to stop themselves from launching an attack against Yan Zhaoge or those who had left to scout, everyone who had approached the black light afterwards had vanished without a trace, with no one returning and no news being sent back.

While Daoist East Spring had not descended the mountain to check things out, as the Lord of Vast Spirit Mountain, he could clearly sense a dense air of death suffusing the foot of his mountain.

All the Vast Spirit Mountain martial practitioners who had been devoured by the black light had perished on the spot, never to return!

Having ascended the mountain, Yan Zhaoge smiled nonchalantly, "I have come here to exchange pointers with all of you present. The others of your sect are really too temperamental. What does this have to do with them?"

Daoist East Spring glared at Yan Zhaoge but did not speak.

First not mentioning the domineering might of that magnificent sun, just that strange black light of thunder alone was already shocking indeed.

Of those who had gone to obstruct Yan Zhaoge earlier, the strongest had been a late Seeing Divinity Martial Saint just like him. He had actually vanished soundlessly without a trace just like that as well.

After the black light had vanished, those Vast Spirit Mountain martial practitioners who had managed to retreat in time earlier hurriedly went around the other side of the mountain to investigate the situation.

After they had reported how all those dead martial practitioners had died, Daoist East Spring's face turned totally black as a pot's bottom.

HSSB 975: A hundred thousand troops shall not hinder my path!

“Seventh apprentice-uncle of the late Seeing Divinity stage died soundlessly there just like that.”

“Everyone else also look like they do not even know how they died, having lost their lives without sensing anything in the slightest!”

The Vast Spirit Mountain martial practitioners who had descended the mountain to investigate all suffered a great shock as the way the deceased had perished was just much too strange.

All of them appeared composed, showing no signs of shock or fear whatsoever.

Two people appeared to have been conversing face to face with disdainful expressions as they had probably been discussing that Yan Zhaoge. Yet, they had been slain seemingly without realising it at all, without their expressions having even changed. One senior apprentice-uncle even had his mouth open as he had been in the middle of a sentence at the time.

Intense poison or an illusion could have caused them to lose their senses for a time, thus lapsing into dazedness. But what about when that Yan Zhaoge had claimed their lives?

“From the expressions of senior apprentice-uncle and the others, none of them was alerted to the fact even as they died, their bodies not even showing any signs of struggle in the least!”

An exalted Seeing Divinity Martial Saint had actually been slain not knowing what killed him as if having been in the midst of a blissful dream?

What kind of joke was that?

Those Vast Spirit Mountain martial practitioners who had gone

to investigate all realised what would have happened to them had Daoist East Spring not ordered them to stop and retreat.

They would have died not even knowing how they had perished.

Just thinking of this, the Vast Spirit Mountain martial practitioners all shivered in fear.

“Well! What a Thunder of Eternal Night!” While Daoist East Spring had not been intimidated by Yan Zhaoge’s methods, he trembled in anger at so many of his sect’s disciples having been slain.

Wutong Slope’s Yuan Xiancheng also shot straight up from his seat at this moment with a flourish.

He instantly arrived outside the great hall, the silhouetted fiery phoenix within his pupils growing increasingly bright and dazzling, “A sixth level Martial Saint wielding the Thunder of Eternal Night should not possess power such as this. Other profundities are also integrated within your thunder arts!”

Standing atop the mountain, Yan Zhaoge smiled as he met Yuan Xiancheng’s gaze, “You are ‘Phoenix Pupils’ Yuan Xiancheng? I once saw an image of you before. Your reputation precedes you.”

“I too underestimated you previously,” Yuan Xiancheng said slowly, “No wonder you were able to come all the way here from the Endless Mountain Range.”

Zhao Zhen followed Yuan Xiancheng out of the main hall, appraising Yan Zhaoge with his gaze too.

The habitual smile on his face had already vanished now as he appeared exceptionally solemn.

Daoist East Spring inhaled deeply now before gradually calming down.

“Brat of the Yan Family, since you dared to come to the Announcing Peace Mountain Range, this place will become your

burial ground,” His voice was icy cold, “Coming to my Vast Spirit Mountain on your own volition is precisely courting death. Since you have slain disciples of mine, this humble Daoist must personally see you dead beneath my palm!”

Yan Zhaoge simply ignored Daoist East Spring as he instead looked left and right, “I heard that the Chief of the Night Magnificence Sect is in secluded cultivation. I wonder if he has a representative here?”

The expressions of everyone present turned strange.

The Elder of the Night Magnificent Sect felt secretly triumphant, just that he dared not show this outwardly with Yuan Xiancheng around.

“Experts of my entire Announcing Peace Mountain Range have gathered here today to exterminate you arrogant scum under Wutong Slope’s leadership,” Daoist East Spring said coldly, “Trying to turn us against each other is something you need not think of doing. You have no grounds for such here.”

Hearing this, Yan Zhaoge finally looked at Daoist East Spring with an amused expression on his face, “Hey, are you misunderstanding something?”

“I am interested in the Night Magnificence Sect because of the rumoured supreme sabre art, Night Magnificence Lotus Sabre, which was preserved in a relatively complete state from pre-Great Calamity times and possesses some unique areas. Thus, I would like to take a look at it.”

He appraised Daoist East Spring, “As for the famed Eight Trigrams Heaven Encapsulating Palm and Crouching Dragon Vast Spirit Palm, while they are also not bad, I am not much interested in them.”

Yan Zhaoge was telling the truth. These two supreme martial arts both originated from the Eight Trigrams Crouching Dragon

Scripture of pre-Great Calamity times.

There had been a complete version of this in the Martial Repository of the Heavenly Court's Divine Palace.

In contrast to this, Yan Zhaoge had only heard of the Night Magnificence Sect's Night Magnificence Lotus Sabre before, having just that tiny spark of interest in how exactly it might be like.

It was just that as his words were heard by those of Vast Spirit Mountain, they just felt humiliated.

Daoist East Spring felt like he had spent his whole life cultivating his composure yet seemed to be easily enraged to the point of his very spirit being thrown out of his body in front of Yan Zhaoge.

He had originally wanted to borrow this alliance meet to solidify Vast Spirit Mountain's position as the sole, undisputed hegemon of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range, taking the first step in successfully suppressing the Night Magnificence Sect.

Everything had been going very smoothly at first. Still, as Yan Zhaoge appeared, things were all thrown into chaos.

While he had allowed Yan Zhaoge up the mountain as Yuan Xiancheng had asked, numerous disciples of his sect had been slaughtered by Yan Zhaoge as he had completely lost all face.

Now, Yan Zhaoge seemed to be putting the Night Magnificence Sect on a pedestal and lowering the status of his Vast Spirit Mountain. Having torn their face off him, he had thrown the ripped flesh off and stomped on it on the ground twice more for good measure.

If he, Daoist East Spring, did not personally slay Yan Zhaoge here today, this embarrassment would never go away!

Those of Vast Spirit Mountain were all red-faced in anger. Yan Zhaoge, however, remained composed and utterly at ease.

“An alliance meet to join forces and capture me?” He surveyed his surroundings.

It could indeed be said that before him could be seen as many experts as there were clouds.

‘Phoenix Pupils’ Yuan Xiancheng, mid Immortal Bridge Martial Saint, disciple of the Southern Exalt and of the direct lineage of Phoenix Ritual Mountain’s Wutong Slope. He was renowned throughout the entire World beyond Worlds.

‘Purple Tide Swordsman’ Zhao Zhen, mid Immortal Bridge Martial Saint, a bigwig of a region of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory as he reigned supreme over the Bright Connection Sea.

‘Crouching Dragon Old Man’ Daoist East Spring, mid Immortal Bridge Martial Saint, a hegemon of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range. While he was weaker than Yuan Xiancheng and Zhao Zhen, with the home advantage at his Vast Spirit Mountain, he was similarly not to be underestimated.

Them aside, there was also a Grand Elder of Vast Spirit Mountain of the seventh level of the Martial Saint realm, being someone who had ascended the Immortal Bridge as well.

Amongst the experts of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range who had come to participate in the alliance meet this time, there were also two early Immortal Bridge martial practitioners who were famed solitary practitioners of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range.

Vast Spirit Mountain and the Night Magnificence Sect had limited energy to spare as they focused on fighting with each other. They could only try to draw in these two people who had also become used to domineeringly doing whatever they wanted within the Announcing Peace Mountain Range.

There were also a great many experts beneath the Immortal Bridge stage present. The experts of Vast Spirit Mountain and

other powers of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range had mostly come.

Not including the Night Magnificence Sect, close to ninety percent of the experts of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range was gathered.

With such a shocking lineup gathered here, just the concentration of gazes alone would be sufficient to cause the mind of a Seeing Divinity Martial Saint to collapse.

Yan Zhaoge totally ignored this as he instead laughed, “A hundred thousand troops shall not hinder my path. I long since knew that this would be the outcome, so since I have come here, why would this Yan be concerned about the likes of you?”

“Since that is so, there is only battle which can settle things!” Daoist East Spring roared in a heavy tone, “Let this old man see how much capabilities you possess that let you dare be this arrogant!”

Now, Daoist East Spring connected both his palms, striking out with them towards Yan Zhaoge.

Seeing this, Yan Zhaoge did not avoid it as he simply retaliated with a Cyclic Heavenly Seal.

Beneath the shocked gazes of all, it was shockingly Daoist East Spring of the mid Immortal Bridge Martial Saint realm who flew backwards, having been jolted back into retreat!

HSSB 976: What difference does it make if you all attack together?

Where Daoist East Spring's hands moved, his true essence manifested as golden diagrams of the Eight Trigrams which surfaced on his palms.

The two diagrams of the Eight Trigrams pressured down towards Yan Zhaoge simultaneously with space distorting where they intersected.

All things in creation were distorted and thus extinguished, yet soon experienced a new change as they seemed to become infinite and endless.

Amidst destruction and creation, great power was born which surged over towards Yan Zhaoge.

Yet, Yan Zhaoge did not even look at it as he raised a palm that enveloped the sky, the Cyclic Heavenly Seal mightily descending.

At this point in time, Yan Zhaoge had already long since ceased concealing the profound characteristics of the Cyclic Heavenly Scripture with those of the Heavenly Broad Creed Palm.

Beneath his palm, the most orthodox Cyclic Heavenly Seal of the Jade Clear lineage could be seen.

The force of the collision sent Daoist East Spring flying backwards in retreat.

Seeing this, Daoist East Spring changed his palm technique.

Besides its vigorous force, the Eight Trigrams Encapsulating Heaven Palm was also renowned for the intricacies of its variations in technique.

He closed his palms in a circle in a hugging action before his chest as the two Eight Trigrams diagrams merged completely into a whole, transforming into a bigger Eight Trigrams diagram.

Sixty-four phenomena were simultaneously manifested at this moment, circulating amidst space.

Even Yan Zhaoge could sense that his powerful Cyclic Heavenly Seal seemed about to be guided in another direction, no longer descending upon Daoist East Spring.

While the Cyclic Heavenly Scripture stably surpassed the Eight Trigrams Crouching Dragon Scripture and the Eight Trigrams Encapsulating Heaven Palm, the difference in their cultivation bases was after all, great.

If it were any other late Seeing Divinity Martial Saint who was executing the Cyclic Heavenly Seal, their power would be diminished and dispelled by Daoist East Spring too.

Seeing this, however, Yan Zhaoge simply chuckled.

As he struck out with his palm, the profundities of the Taiji Yin Yang Palm were integrated within even as he executed the Cyclic Heavenly Seal.

Yin and yang circulated, all things returning to an illusory state.

The golden Eight Trigrams diagram formed of Daoist East Spring's true essence instantly collapsed towards its centre.

The Eight Trigrams formed four phenomena which returned to the primordial state of yin and yang before being devoured and absorbed into the Taiji diagram on Yan Zhaoge's palm all at once.

A vacuum was directly formed beneath Yan Zhaoge's palm which locked Daoist East Spring in place, forcing him to forcibly receive this palm!

Daoist East Spring's expression changed greatly. Yet, he was unable to avoid it as he could only turn his palm into a fist.

While he wished to execute Yan Zhaoge right there and then, he dared not underestimate him in the least.

He had originally intended to battle Yan Zhaoge with the Eight

Trigrams Encapsulating Heaven Palm which was known for its intricate variations, thus sounding out his strength.

Yet, Yan Zhaoge was ferocious beyond his imagination as he was hard pressed to withstand even that first move!

A helpless Daoist East Spring dared not hold anything back as he immediately switched to the Crouching Dragon Vast Spirit Palm that was better for head-on clashes.

Daoist East Spring was filled with killing intent as he crouched slightly before abruptly erupting with strength, punching out towards Yan Zhaoge.

His title, ‘Crouching Dragon Old Man’, originated from this very martial art, the Crouching Dragon Vast Spirit Fist.

As his title used the word dragon, an Immortal Bridge Martial Saint of the dragon race had once come looking for trouble at Vast Spirit Mountain. In the end, however, he had been unable to contend with the might of the crouching dragon.

An incomparably domineering punch was released which caused the minds of all to waver somewhat.

It was as if the lofty, precipitous Vast Spirit Mountain that they stood on had been guided by this fist of Daoist East Spring’s, transforming into a long awl which struck towards the centre of Yan Zhaoge’s palm.

The heavens and earth shook as not just Vast Spirit Mountain, but the surrounding mountains as well all circulated simultaneously at this moment, rising from the ground and descending like a thunderstorm as they enveloped the heavens and covered the earth.

The Announcing Peace Mountain Range seemed to have come alive at this moment as it surged in reverse into the sky before smashing downwards.

“Indeed the full legacy,” Yan Zhaoge’s expression did not change

as he executed the Cyclic Heavenly Seal, instantly suppressing the changes in the heavens and earth before him.

The numerous mountains which had surged in reverse up into the sky regained their original look.

Chaos vaguely appeared within the Taiji diagram at the centre of his palm, extinguishing light and darkness as a ferocious, violent Great Shattering Brightness Palm descended, completely sending Daoist East Spring flying!

A lofty mid Immortal Bridge Martial Saint expert was directly left vomiting blood and flying upon only a mere few exchanges.

Amidst his shock, Daoist East Spring did not lose his calm.

While he had been injured by Yan Zhaoge, he made use of the force of the collision to retreat at a greater speed, wanting to increase the distance between them so that he could regain his footing.

Who knew that Yan Zhaoge would actually seem like his qi returning speed was virtually negligible.

After that violent punch which seemed able to destroy the heavens and extinguish the earth, not a second passed before Yan Zhaoge immediately arrived behind Daoist East Spring, striking out with another palm!

Daoist East Spring was rendered dumbstruck as he hurriedly took out his sect's high-grade Sacred Artifact, the Dragontail Whip.

The tip of the massive black whip of iron resembled the tail of a dragon as it was divided into twenty segments, each being jet-black with sigils inscribed on them as they were filled with a baleful air.

Yet, before he could wield the power within, a dark green bamboo cane appeared in Yan Zhaoge's hand before he struck down at the Dragontail Whip with it.

No feeling of power could be sensed from that bamboo cane as it

also did not contain abundant spiritual qi.

It was as if Yan Zhaoge had randomly snapped it off from a bamboo shoot while on the way here.

Daoist East Spring felt bemused at Yan Zhaoge having suddenly taken out such a random object out of the blue while they were in the midst of an intense battle.

Then, he noticed to his great shock that after that ordinary bamboo cane had touched the Dragontail Whip, it did not snap as it was perfectly undamaged.

Instead, the dense baleful qi about his high-grade Sacred Artifact was instantly dispersed after being struck by that bamboo cane as its strength was greatly diminished!

Those of Vast Spirit Mountain were all rendered wide-eyed and tongue-tied.

The local martial practitioners of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range were all rendered wide-eyed and tongue-tied.

A shocked look appeared on the face of the usually composed Chief of the Purple Tide Sword Sect, Zhao Zhen, as doubt and uncertainty filled his gaze.

The pupils of Wutong Slope's Yuan Xiancheng dilated abruptly, "The information transmitted by the Heaven Emperor's lineage was true! Still, what exactly is that?"

The spectators were shocked. Still, Daoist East Spring himself had no time to think about all this.

Since the Dragontail Whip could not reliably be used, he would have to face Yan Zhaoge's palm which was crushing down upon him like the sky all on his own!

Treasured light shot into the skies about the entire Vast Spirit Mountain as the guardian grand formation circulated intensely like it never had before.

A huge golden Eight Trigrams diagram appeared right above the mountain, enveloping its peak.

Yet, a great golden sun hung high above Yan Zhaoge's head, the golden Eight Trigrams diagram losing all colour where the blazing sunlight passed.

Yan Zhaoge continued striking down with a palm towards the top of Daoist East Spring's head.

"Remarkable!" Seeing this, the Purple Tide Swordsman Zhao Zhen shook his head, guiding his sword as a streak of purple light flew from the mountain.

The sword-light appeared, enveloping the heavens and covering the earth as it shot down towards Yan Zhaoge.

Streaks of purple sword-qi resembled waves of the sea which enveloped the heavens and covered the earth as they were boundless and without end, seemingly being infinite.

Where the sword-qi passed, it directly took up residence within the Announcing Peace Mountain Range, enveloping the numerous peaks surrounding Vast Spirit Mountain as it turned the endless peaks into an endless purple sea.

Yan Zhaoge laughed loudly, "What difference does it make if you all attack together?"

Amidst his laughter, Yan Zhaoge did not cease striking towards Daoist East Spring with a palm as a bright sword-light flew out from his other hand, whistling to intercept Zhao Zhen's dense sword-qi.

That sword-light resembled an endless river of time as it mightily split the purple sea at its centre.

A sword had appeared in Yan Zhaoge's hand, this being a high-grade Sacred Artifact, the Cloud Circulating Heavenly Light Sword.

The sword-light shot agilely through the dense purple ocean of sword-qi.

A streak of deep purple sword-light made a shocking appearance within the dense purple ocean of sword-qi, colliding with the Cloud Circulating Heavenly Light Sword.

That sword-light originated from a sword that Zhao Zhen held whose quality was no inferior to that of the Cloud Circulating Heavenly Light Sword in the least. It was the defining treasure of the Purple Tide Sword Sect, the Purple Sea Sword.

Zhao Zhen brandished his sword mightily, attacking towards Yan Zhaoge amidst its variations.

Yan Zhaoge flicked his wrist, the Cloud Circulating Heavenly Light Sword transforming into an azure dragon which soared within the purple sea.

The next moment, however, boundless baleful qi arose!

Countless sharp glows flickered within the azure dragon's body that was formed of sword-qi, breaking out from within!

Blood erupted from the body of the azure dragon, the might of dragon slaying forming a boundless air of balefulness and killing intent which cleaved straight through the purple sea as well!

HSSB 977: Slaying Azure Dragon

Yan Zhaoge struck out with a sword, first slaying a dragon and next cleaving the sea.

The countless sharp purplish-red glows shot out from within the dragon's body, resembling the blood of the dragon as it spurted outwards.

The dragon blood was stained with sword-intent at this moment as its flourishing life essence was completely transformed into a qi of death and extinction, forming an incomparably brutal essence of the sword that was filled with killing intent.

This sword essence extinguished all things as it was ferocious and vicious to the extreme, forcibly cleaving through Zhao Zhen's purple sea of sword-qi!

"What sword art is this? The Prime Clear lineage's Numinous Treasure Four Swords? No, that's not it!" Zhao Zhen was shocked as he watched that fierce sword-glow break through his sword stance, attacking towards him and the Purple Sea Sword.

He dared not make any false moves as he retracted his sword and retreated, first defending himself.

The domineering purplish-red sword-glow advanced unceasingly as it broke through layer upon layer of that purple sea of sword-qi, forcing Zhao Zhen continually into retreat.

The martial practitioners of the south were even more greatly shocked by this.

The Purple Tide Swordsman Zhao Zhen, acclaimed as the number one swordsman of the eastern region of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory, unparalleled within the Bright Connection Sea!

At this moment, however, he was actually losing out in a battle of the sword to Yan Zhaoge, a Seeing Divinity Martial Saint!

Even as Yan Zhaoge sent Zhao Zhen into retreat with a sword, his other hand was not affected in the slightest as a Cyclic Heavenly Seal descended from the heavens right towards Daoist East Spring.

Yuan Xiancheng of Wutong Slope was finally no longer able to sit still and do nothing now.

The silhouetted fiery phoenixes within his pupils directly flew out from his eyes now!

The silhouettes turned tangible, two fiery phoenixes encircling Yuan Xiancheng.

The blessed purple light of fortuitous virtue and the water ripples of holy virtue respectively appeared on those two phoenixes, shrouding their bodies before collectively bolstering Yuan Xiancheng.

Flames also surfaced about Yuan Xiancheng's own body, enveloping him as he transformed into a fiery phoenix.

The white qi of nether virtue and the thick earth of meritorious virtue were displayed together.

Bolstered by four Virtues!

Thanks to a past fortuitous encounter, 'Phoenix Pupils' Yuan Xiancheng had refined his eyes into fiery phoenixes, each bearing a Virtue.

As a result, he had already been bolstered by four Virtues at the Seeing Divinity stage, this being a feat that even the Southern Exalt Zhuang Shen had not been able to accomplish!

He was the sole martial practitioner of Wutong Slope now who was bolstered by four Virtues despite having yet to reach the late Immortal Bridge stage.

As his cultivation base advanced, cultivating in the Phoenix True Form Scripture and gaining the true intent of the five Virtues was easier for him than for other martial practitioners of Wutong Slope

as his foundation was deeper than theirs.

While Zhuang Chaohui was the son of the Southern Exalt Zhuang Shen, it was the senior disciple of Wutong Slope, Yuan Xiancheng, who was publicly acclaimed as the one who had inherited Zhuang Shen's teachings the most!

The water ripples of holy virtue, impenetrable by all arts.

The thick earth of meritorious virtue, replenishing the heavens and extending the dao.

The purple light of fortuitous virtue, leaving one unstained by killing tribulations.

The white qi of nether virtue, ever providing one with a lease of life.

Yuan Xiancheng acted in a timely manner to forcibly resist Yan Zhaoge's Cyclic Heavenly Seal on Daoist East Spring's behalf!

The might of the sky's collapse shocked the world. Yet, possessing a stronger cultivation base and simultaneously bearing four Virtues which gave him great defensive power, Yuan Xiancheng actually forcibly withstood Yan Zhaoge's Cyclic Heavenly Seal head-on.

"Haha, your reputation seems well deserved, 'Phoenix Pupils' Yuan Xiancheng," Yan Zhaoge chuckled before saying, "Now take a sword of mine."

Yan Zhaoge spun his Cloud Circulating Heavenly Light Sword which took the form of an azure dragon once more, lunging towards Yuan Xiancheng.

The azure dragon and fiery phoenix clashed in mid-air, the former being unable to do anything to the latter due to it being bolstered by four Virtues.

Now, however, a formless sword seemed to arise from within the body of the azure dragon, slaying it once more!

Sharp purplish-red glows erupted from the body of the azure dragon, filled with a decisive killing intent as they were boundlessly vicious.

Even the phoenix that was bolstered by four Virtues and possessed endless life force seemed somewhat unable to bear the purplish red sword-glowes that resembled the blood of dragons!

Yan Zhaoge's self-created sword art, Slaying Azure Dragon!

As he simultaneously cultivated in the Three Purities, Yan Zhaoge had gained much from his cultivation of sword arts of the Prime Clear lineage in recent years.

He had seen gains in the Daoist temple previously. After returning to the World beyond Worlds, killing his way from the Endless Mountain Range to the Announcing Peace Mountain Range, his sword-intent had gradually shown signs of a new manifestation arising.

The Coiling Dragon Sleeve which Yan Zhaoge had analysed long ago had already no longer been used by him in recent years.

Recently, however, he had had new thoughts on this matter.

Yan Zhaoge had used the techniques of his Coiling Dragon Sleeve as fertiliser, integrating them into his new self-created sword art.

He had nourished the azure dragon with the Life Creation Heavenly Scripture before slaying it with the sword of the Prime Clear lineage, instantly transforming life into death as a vicious sword of extermination was hence born.

This sword art bore reference to the sword dao of the Prime Clear lineage yet differed from it.

A sword of the Prime Clear lineage was not outwardly manifested as it had instead turned the supreme martial arts of the Jade Clear and Grand Clear lineages into a sword of extermination.

This was the result of Yan Zhaoge's meditations from

simultaneously cultivating in the Three Purities, being something that would be difficult for others to imitate as it belonged just to him alone, never having appeared in this world ever before.

Beneath this Slaying Azure Dragon, all existing lifeforms virtually seemed condemned to a fate of slaughter.

Ignoring Zhao Zhen's Purple Sea Sword, Yuan Xiancheng's flourishing true essence was precisely countered by Yan Zhaoge's Slaying Azure Dragon to some extent!

Therefore, this sword first slew the azure dragon, next slaying the fiery phoenix!

Yuan Xiancheng emitted a muffled groan as he stumbled backwards in retreat.

“Cease your arrogance!” Seeing this, Zhao Zhen hurriedly continued to attack.

Yan Zhaoge laughed loudly as his sword continued pressuring towards Yuan Xiancheng non-stop.

At the same time, he retracted his other hand, tapping lightly with a finger as the twin qis of yin and yang circulated amidst space, shifting the grand dao.

Beneath the effects of the Yin Yang Finger, that dense purple sea of sword-qi suddenly changed direction, attacking Daoist East Spring instead!

Just having thought that he could finally stop to catch his breath, Daoist East Spring was greatly shocked as he hurriedly leapt to avoid this.

Meanwhile, after forcing Yuan Xiancheng back with a sword, Yan Zhaoge unleashed another sword in the direction of Daoist East Spring.

With that, even as the purple sea roiled ferociously, an azure dragon soared amidst it, also attacking over towards Daoist East

Spring.

Daoist East Spring was virtually on the brink of despair.

He could only unleash his Eight Trigrams Encapsulating Palm Heaven to the maximum in shifting and evading, resembling a small boat atop a turbulent sea which might be overturned at any time.

Yuan Xiancheng caught himself, his expression stern as it had never been before as he waved his arms, the fiery phoenix spreading its wings as they transformed into twin sabres, chopping towards Yan Zhaoge simultaneously.

Yet, Yan Zhaoge tapped out with his Yin Yang Finger again, the twin sabres of flame hence moving to target Zhao Zhen instead.

All at once, atop Vast Spirit Mountain, a purple sea surged madly, the Eight Trigrams circulated, a fiery phoenix spread its wings.

Three Immortal Bridge Martial Saints surrounded Yan Zhaoge, simultaneously executing their supreme martial arts and ganging up on him without respite.

However, Yan Zhaoge spread his arms wide, using Slaying Azure Dragon with one hand and the Yin Yang Finger with the other as his three opponents were just left pointlessly exhausting their efforts.

Yuan Xiancheng's features grew increasingly aged and his backbone more bent as his vitality flowed away unceasingly.

Even many late Immortal Bridge Martial Saint experts might not be able to injure Yuan Xiancheng as he was bolstered by four Virtues all at once.

Yet, facing Yan Zhaoge's Slaying Azure Dragon, the flames of life of this arrogant phoenix of fire still began to diminish and die out!

Yan Zhaoge laughed, the Extreme Yang Seal above his head suddenly descending as it smashed towards Zhao Zhen.

Seeing that the Extreme Yang Seal was no longer being used to suppress his sect's guardian grand formation, Daoist East Spring hurriedly drew on its power to protect himself while attacking towards Yan Zhaoge as well.

Yet, with his current injuries, it was already more difficult for him to draw on the power of the grand formation.

Yan Zhaoge was familiar with the Eight Trigrams Crouching Dragon Scripture as his attainments in formations were also much higher than that of Daoist East Spring.

As he stepped forward, he directly stomped on the core of the variations of Vast Spirit Mountain's grand formation.

Where the Yin Yang Finger passed, he instantly averted Daoist East Spring's palm force and that of Vast Spirit Mountain's guardian grand formation, sending them over in Yuan Xiancheng's direction.

At the same time, Yan Zhaoge executed another Slaying Azure Dragon!

A majestic and brutal force struck over as Yuan Xiancheng's phoenix transformation was finally able to withstand it no longer!

HSSB 978: Claiming his old life

A bloodied light appeared as Yan Zhaoge's Slaying Azure Dragon combined with the might of the entire Vast Spirit Mountain, finally exceeding Yuan Xiancheng's defensive limits.

The thick earth of meritorious virtue, the water ripples of holy virtue, the purple light of fortuitous virtue and the white qi of nether virtue that left one a lease of life were all extinguished together!

The brutal sword-glow broke through the flames, cleaving onto Yuan Xiancheng's chest!

He groaned tragically, fresh blood spurting out from his wounds as his vitality dropped.

Yan Zhaoge did not cease in his actions as he retracted the Extreme Yang Seal and again locked the circulation of Vast Spirit Mountain's grand formation, turning his sword to target Daoist East Spring.

Seeing this, the Purple Sea Swordsman Zhao Zhen hurriedly executed another sword.

Yan Zhaoge tapped out with a Yin Yang Finger as the dense purple sea of sword-qi suddenly changed direction, joining forces with Yan Zhaoge's own Slaying Azure Dragon as the twin swords struck over towards Daoist East Spring together.

“Ha!”

Zhao Zhen now demonstrated his shocking sword arts which allowed him to reign supreme over the Bright Connection Sea.

With a low roar, the dense sword qi transformed into a massive oceanic whirlpool which circulated and forcibly terminated its momentum, blocking the influence of Yan Zhaoge's Yin Yang Finger and instead attempting to obstruct Yan Zhaoge's Slaying Azure Dragon.

Yan Zhaoge was not troubled by this as he simply executed another Slaying Azure Dragon, chopping through the massive oceanic whirlpool formed of the purple sword-qi.

Even as he did so, he strode forward, again striking towards Daoist East Spring with a Cyclic Heavenly Seal.

Standing on the location of the Eight Trigrams, Daoist East Spring spun, rapidly distancing himself from Yan Zhaoge.

The Eight Trigrams Encapsulating Heaven Palm was both a palm art and a movement technique. Being competent in the palm art, one would thus be competent in the movement technique too.

Daoist East Spring went all out in his footwork now. While his movements did not seem fast, they were shockingly agile as he shifted amidst space, reducing calamity and bad luck into formlessness.

Yet, a Taiji diagram appeared beneath Yan Zhaoge's feet, yin and yang circulating.

The next moment, yin and yang that stood on opposing sides as Taiji, Grand Ultimate, transformed into two extremities that became four phenomena and finally Eight Trigrams.

Yan Zhaoge strode forward, arriving directly in front of Daoist East Spring!

The Taiji Yin Yang Palm was similarly linked with a movement technique as it possessed infinite profundities.

Daoist East Spring's eyes looked on the brink of imploding as Yan Zhaoge's Cyclic Heavenly Seal mightily descended!

The old Daoist tried to raise his palms to block yet had his arms directly broken by Yan Zhaoge's mighty palm which had within it integrated the profundities of various supreme martial arts like the Cyclic Heavenly Seal and the Taiji Yin Yang Palm.

His palm did not stop as it continued descending, caving Daoist

East Spring's head right in with a bang!

The martial practitioners of the south atop Vast Spirit Mountain were all rendered dazed and speechless at this.

Not long ago, Daoist East Spring had still been full of spirit as he had borrowed the might of Wutong Slope to suppress his longtime enemy, the Night Magnificence Sect, looking like the Alliance Chief of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range.

At this moment, however, his head had exploded as he had been reduced to a corpse.

A lofty mid Immortal Bridge stage expert was slain on the spot!

The one who had killed him was precisely Yan Zhaoge whom he had organised this alliance meet to deal with this time.

Daoist East Spring had naturally had impure attentions in organising this as it had actually been more to make use of Yan Zhaoge's matter to strive to secure total hegemony within the Announcing Peace Mountain Range.

Sadly, Yan Zhaoge whom he had wanted to make use of had instead claimed his life.

Of all the martial practitioners of the south who were present, Yuan Xiancheng and Zhao Zhen included, who could have thought that not only would Yan Zhaoge not avoid them after arriving in the Announcing Peace Mountain Range, he would instead even take the initiative in coming straight to Vast Spirit Mountain?

It was okay that he had come. They had been feeling troubled over where to look for him in the first place.

Yet, the alliance of countless experts atop Vast Spirit Mountain was actually unable to stand against a single Yan Zhaoge who had thereby claimed his old life just like that!

After killing Daoist East Spring, Yan Zhaoge did not cease in his actions as he now guided the Cloud Circulating Heavenly Light

Sword in attacking towards another direction.

There, flames wreathed the area as the clear cry of a phoenix resounded.

A phoenix flew out from amongst the flames, the man who was enveloped by its silhouette being none other than Yuan Xiancheng.

The fiery phoenixes within Yuan Xiancheng's pupils soared, again transforming into two phoenix clones as he flew back in retreat, avoiding Yan Zhaoge's sword.

“Jade Clear direct lineage’s Cyclic Heavenly Scripture, Yin Yang Heavenly Scripture,” Yuan Xiancheng had an incomparably solemn expression on his face, “And that sword art, what exactly is it...”

Ordinary martial practitioners who cultivated in peak martial arts, especially those with great explosive and offensive power, might have the ability to surpass levels as they clashed in a few simple exchanges.

Geniuses who cultivated in peak martial arts would be able to display even more of their intricacies.

Therefore, their martial foundation and superior innate powers of comprehension could assist them in temporarily surpassing the gap in their cultivation levels.

Such an eruption of power, however, would definitely be short-lived.

Even if they could gain the upper hand in the initial exchanges, they would still run out of stamina afterwards.

If they could overwhelm their foe within a short period of time, there was still the possibility of obtaining victory.

This was how the majority of victories by the weaker against the stronger came about in this world.

Yet, if they were unable to obtain victory within a few exchanges,

there would be nothing they could do to avoid the fate of defeat.

The greater one's cultivation base, the greater their comprehensions of martial principles as well as the depth of their accumulation and power.

Yuan Xiancheng was outstandingly talented and of the direct lineage of the Southern Exalt, originally already having been a genius who could surpass levels in battling while at the Immortal Bridge stage.

He could battle ninth level Martial Saints as an eighth level Martial Saint because he was outstanding and also cultivated in Wutong Slope's Phoenix True Form Scripture, being bolstered by four Virtues which possessed boundless profundities.

Although he could not achieve victory through explosive power and offensive capabilities, he had shocking defensive capabilities.

Still, Yuan Xiancheng was shocked by the fact that such was clearly not the case for Yan Zhaoge.

Such fierce attacks seemed endless for him, with his power running rampant and without end casually and freely as his qi returning speed seemed to be virtually negligible.

Being from Wutong Slope, Yuan Xiancheng possessed great knowledge as he had heard of the intricate uses of the Cyclic Heavenly Scripture and Yin Yang Heavenly Scripture. However, Yan Zhaoge's strength still left him in utter disbelief.

"Broad Creed Mountain...is such abundant accumulation really possible for a sect from the lower worlds?" Yuan Xiancheng deeply doubted this.

Having personally 'died' once to Yan Zhaoge's sword, Yuan Xiancheng already dared not rely on the protection of the four Virtues to forcibly withstand Yan Zhaoge's attacks using his phoenix body now.

Immortal Bridge Martial Saints who cultivated in the Phoenix

True Form Scripture all possessed a chance to undergo nirvanic rebirth.

Yuan Xiancheng was exceptionally fortunate as having refined his eyes into phoenix clones, he had two additional chances at rebirth!

At crucial moments of life and death when it was utterly necessary, he could get his phoenix clones to die in his place.

This was the strongest aspect of ‘Phoenix Pupils’ Yuan Xiancheng, being an ultimate technique that belonged only to him.

Even ninth level Martial Saints like ‘Blazing King’ Peng He and ‘Treasured Branch Suppressing Peak’ Zhang Shuren were unable to do this.

Ever since he discovered that Yan Zhaoge had utilised Thunder of Eternal Night to slaughter a large amount of Vast Spirit Mountain martial practitioners, even having soundlessly slain a fellow sixth level Martial Saint, Yuan Xiancheng had already dared to underestimate Yan Zhaoge no longer.

Before entering this battle, he had already prepared himself to sacrifice a chance at rebirth and even an eye to enter a protracted battle with Yan Zhaoge.

However talented Yan Zhaoge was, however powerful the martial arts he cultivated in, he was still a Seeing Divinity Martial Saint at the end of the day. He did not believe that he would not be able to dwindle Yan Zhaoge down till death.

As they battled now, however, Yuan Xiancheng gradually realised that if he still continued thinking like he had earlier, he would probably perish here for good today!

The white-clothed, blue-robed youth before him possessed great power that completely surpassed his worldview!

HSSB 979: No one at all who can fight

Those two additional chances at rebirth were his greatest trump card against evenly matched opponents.

They were extremely useful even against enemies who were slightly stronger than him.

Being able to undergo rebirth, he had the confidence to put his life on the line.

Even if he traded blow for blow with his enemy, sustaining injuries in the process as they dragged each other down into death, he would still be fine with that.

One who puts his life on the line cannot be defeated by ten thousand enemies-this phrase might be rather exaggerated.

Still, as two enemies fought and one did not fear death in the least, the other side would inevitably gradually be left hard pressed to parry their blows.

This was because they could not afford to lose.

As compared to the likes of the Night Magnificence Sect, Vast Spirit Mountain and Purple Tide Sect or even the Radiant Light Sect, Dim Darkness Sect, North Sea Sword Pavilion, Grand Xuan Dynasty and Three Foot Mountain etcetera, Wutong Slope's martial legacies naturally exceeded theirs in all areas.

Still, in comparison to the legacies like that of Golden Court Mountain and the northeastern Green Sky Mountain's Grave Thunder Palace, Wutong Slope's Phoenix True Form Scripture seemed rather more proficient in defence than offence.

Still, when martial practitioners of Wutong Slope clashed with those of Golden Court Mountain and Grave Thunder Palace, their opponents still had to be cautious, not daring to underestimate them.

This was because descendants of Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope dared to put their lives on the line in battles as their attacks were vicious and frenzied without a care for their own safety.

This had remedied the characteristic of Wutong Slope's martial arts being powerful in defence but weak at offence.

It was just that in front of opponents who were stronger than them by too much, a powerful vitality and high defensive power or being able to undergo rebirth would then simply be completely useless.

If your enemy had to go all out just to kill you once, he would naturally be left without the strength to continue battling after you had been reborn.

Still, if your enemy did not find it very difficult to kill you once, after you were reborn, you would simply end up being slain again.

Yuan Xiancheng now discovered that this Yan Zhaoge was probably this very kind of enemy!

He did not fear Yan Zhaoge's Yin Yang Finger, Cyclic Heavenly Seal and Taiji Yin Yang Palm. However, that sword art, Slaying Azure Dragon, posed an extremely great threat to him.

The despondence of Shen Lingzi, Kang Ping and the others that year was shared by Yuan Xiancheng at this moment.

It would be fine if it was just a Slaying Azure Dragon. Such a brutal and mighty sword art which could injure an expert at his level was something that ordinary Seeing Divinity Martial Saints would not be able to unleash even once.

Yet, for Yan Zhaoge who had the Peerless Heavenly Scripture, Cyclic Heavenly Scripture, Yin Yang Heavenly Scripture, Taiji Yin Yang Palm and Life Creation Heavenly Scripture as his foundation, ten or even a hundred of such swords would not be a problem for him.

As a result, Yuan Xiancheng felt that even his three lives would not be sufficient for him against such an opponent.

He would not be able to dwindle down Yan Zhaoge's stamina till he was exhausted. On the contrary, Yan Zhaoge would be able to do that to him!

The greatest emotion within Yuan Xiancheng's heart at this moment was actually...awkwardness!

Right, it was awkwardness.

Having experienced countless battles before, he had already realised that his side's greatest problem was actually that their offensive capabilities were not capable of giving Yan Zhaoge enough pressure.

The most powerful of the trio, Yuan Xiancheng, was able to battle late Immortal Bridge Martial Saints. Yet, as compared to late Immortal Bridge Martial Saints, he lacked offensive power, depending more on his defensive prowess in battle.

If he was Long Hanhua who cultivated in the powerful sword arts of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory's Golden Court Mountain, while he would be in greater danger, Yan Zhaoge would have to be more cautious when battling him.

While this did not appear major, it was actually a deciding factor which could break the equilibrium.

Yan Zhaoge bore the Yin Yang Heavenly Scripture as he did not fear being surrounded by enemies.

Unless his opponent's martial arts just happened to dispel the profundities of his Yin Yang Finger, an expert who posed a clear threat to him would be needed to suppress him, drawing away most of his attention as they worked together to kill him.

Otherwise, just an increase in quantity alone would be of no use.

If Daoist East Spring unleashed the full power of Vast Spirit

Mountain's grand formation in executing the mighty Crouching Dragon Vast Spirit Fist, they would have some chance of success.

However, Yan Zhaoge had restricted his control of the grand formation and eventually slain him, the weakest of the trio, on the spot.

After killing Daoist East Spring, Yan Zhaoge continued attacking the just reborn Yuan Xiancheng with his sword.

At the same time, he stood atop Eight Trigrams, roaring loudly!

As the grand formation of Vast Spirit Mountain circulated, a golden Eight Trigrams diagram appeared within the sky once more, enveloping the mountain peak.

It was just that as the formation circulated this time, it actually vaguely seemed to have fallen under Yan Zhaoge's control.

Bolstered by the power of the formation, Yan Zhaoge grew increasingly rampant as after forcing Yuan Xiancheng into retreat with a Slaying Azure Dragon, he immediately struck out with a palm towards Zhao Zhen.

Seeing this, Vast Spirit Mountain's sole remaining Immortal Bridge Martial Saint Elder hurriedly led disciples of the sect in taking control of the grand formation, going all out to wrest back control of it.

However, even Daoist East Spring's grasp of the grand formation had been disrupted by Yan Zhaoge, much less these guys.

Yan Zhaoge stomped downwards as the Eight Trigrams diagram in the air above the mountain peak directly circulated in reverse.

All the Vast Spirit Mountain martial practitioners besides that Immortal Bridge Martial Saint Elder were directly jolted into collapse as they simultaneously vomited blood.

"Everyone else, come at me too," Yan Zhaoge said casually, "Wasn't the purpose of this alliance meet of yours to discuss how

to gather enough chicken feathers into a gall, ganging up on me?"

Amidst his words, Yan Zhaoge's figure flickered as he instantly arrived before that Grand Elder of Vast Spirit Mountain, striking down with a palm as he sent him to the netherworld to meet Daoist East Spring.

An Immortal Bridge Martial Saint was instantly slain beneath a single palm!

Hearing his words, the other martial practitioners of the south instantly shivered.

They all exchanged looks, yet none of them moved.

The same thought occupied all their minds.

Come at him together?

That was a joke, right?

Wasn't that suicide?

Hadn't they seen even Yuan Xiancheng being unable to withstand this scourge?

If surrounding him and attacking him together might be effective, they would not mind doing so.

If they could really kill Yan Zhaoge, Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope would definitely be grateful to them.

Yet, seeing how three mid Immortal Bridge Martial Saints, Yuan Xiancheng, Zhao Zhen and Daoist East Spring had failed to bring Yan Zhaoge down with their combined attacks, instead having been completely overwhelmed by him, these martial practitioners of the south knew that it would not be of any use even if they provided their assistance. They would end up being pointlessly killed instead.

"Chief Wang, doesn't your Stranger Mountain Sect have deep enmity with Broad Creed Mountain?" Someone suddenly asked, "You were saying earlier that a junior apprentice-brother of yours

died to someone of Broad Creed Mountain known as Yuan Zhengfeng when attacking the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory two years ago. Now that Yan Zhaoge has appeared in the southern Blazing Heaven Territory this time, you will be wanting to seek vengeance for this.”

An old man who was not far away from him visibly jolted upon hearing this as shock and rage were visible within his eyes.

This old man who was surnamed Wang cursed inwardly. He had indeed been very enthusiastic in coming to attend this alliance meet as he wished greatly to see Yan Zhaoge dead.

Still, was asking him to make a move any different from asking him to die now?

Those words might even draw Yan Zhaoge’s attention to him.

Indeed, Yan Zhaoge gazed over, smiling with a look of pleasant surprise on his face, “My Grand Master did indeed kill a few martial practitioners of the south in battle that year. So there was such a sect too?”

Hearing this, Chief Wang of Stranger Mountain Sect instantly felt bitter within.

His Stranger Mountain Sect was a flourishing entity in the lands of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory.

Phoenix Ritual Mountain’s Wutong Slope’s Yuan Xiancheng was right there.

Most of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range’s martial practitioners were also present.

Yet, the problem was that even Yuan Xiancheng was unable to protect himself now!

At a time like this, how was he supposed to answer?

HSSB 980: Fearsome and domineering

“That’s right,” Being a Chief of a sect at the end of the day, that old man surnamed Wang ultimately straightened his body and replied, “Yuan Zhengfeng is an enemy of my Stranger Mountain Sect. This old man only wishes it was him who came to the Announcing Peace Mountain Range this time...”

While he had spoken very righteously, this Chief Wang was retreating even as he spoke.

Still, before his words had fallen, Yan Zhaoge had already arrived before him with a ‘whoosh’, “With a senior having sowed enmity, a disciple must follow up on it on his behalf. I will bear this enmity for my Grand Master.”

With that, he directly struck out with a palm, smashing the crown of Chief Wang’s head into smithereens!

The expressions of the martial practitioners of the south present all changed now.

The environment of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range was harsh as the martial practitioners here were all tough people.

Everyone present was a domineering, vicious figure in their own domains, arrogant and untamed.

At this moment, however, all of them felt fear, having seen someone who was even more vicious and fearsome than all of them added together!

They had come here merely to give Wutong Slope face.

Still, even Wutong Slope could not make them sacrifice their lives knowing they would surely die.

Vast Spirit Mountain which was the owner of this place looked like it was about to be decimated!

As Yan Zhaoge moved, it was difficult to keep track of him as

after slaying the Chief of the Stranger Mountain Sect with a palm, his figure immediately flashed over to the side.

With the Cloud Circulating Heavenly Light Sword, he had already arrived before Chief Zhao Zhen of the Purple Tide Sword Sect.

The brutal Slaying Azure Dragon forcibly broke through the purple sea of sword-qi.

Zhao Zhen was unable to retreat as his Purple Sea Sword drew a few arcs in mid-air.

The dense purple sword-qi became layered now, resembling numerous layered worlds.

Each world resembled the heavens and earth of the Vast Ocean World as all around was an endless ocean, a vast jade sea.

He sought to focus solely on defence and dwindle down Yan Zhaoge's sword, delaying him.

Yet, Yan Zhaoge's Slaying Azure Dragon was not moving as straightforwardly as that as the intricacies and variations within were no inferior to those of Zhao Zhen's sword arts.

The vicious purplish-red sword glow seemed bright and resplendent yet was also filled with an aura of destruction.

The sword-light penetrated through the numerous worlds, stabbing towards Zhao Zhen.

As Zhao Zhen blocked it, the Cloud Circulating Heavenly Light Sword instantly hacked out a groove on the blade of his Purple Sea Sword!

An Immortal Bridge Martial Saint would be able to wield the full power of high-grade Sacred Artifacts. If martial arts and weapon were compatible, their power would even be boosted.

As the defining treasure of the Purple Tide Sword Sect, the Purple Sea Sword was definitely compatible with Zhao Zhen's

Purple Sea Sword Arts.

In contrast, however powerful Yan Zhaoge, a Seeing Divinity Martial Saint, was, it would still be difficult for him to exert the full power of high-grade Sacred Artifacts.

At this moment, however, it was indeed Zhao Zhen's Purple Sea Sword which had nearly been cleaved apart by the Cloud Circulating Heavenly Light Sword!

The quality of the Purple Sea Sword and the Cloud Circulating Heavenly Light Sword were similar.

It was not that the Cloud Circulating Heavenly Light Sword was more powerful than the Purple Sea Sword. Instead, it was that Yan Zhaoge was more powerful than Zhao Zhen!

Suppressing the extremities of yin and yang with his qi and treading atop the Eight Trigrams, Yan Zhaoge's movements did not cease in the slightest as he did not pursue Zhao Zhen after repelling him, instead arriving before Yuan Xiancheng once more.

Seeing this, Yuan Xiancheng intercrossed his palms, transforming into a fiery phoenix and soaring into the skies to avoid Yan Zhaoge's sword.

This head disciple of Wutong Slope of the mid Immortal Bridge Martial Saint actually adopted a kiting method against Yan Zhaoge of the Seeing Divinity stage.

"Oh?" Yan Zhaoge's gaze flickered as he raised his sword and stabbed out once more.

At the same time, the great sun illuminated the world above his head as the tyrannical Extreme Yang Seal transformed into the actual blazing sun, descending towards Yuan Xiancheng as well.

Pincered by the two attacks, Yuan Xiancheng felt helpless as a feathered fan appeared in his hands.

The fan was composed of five-coloured phoenix feathers which

surged with radiance. Its outer perimeter was sharp as blades as Yuan Xiancheng brandished it to block Yan Zhaoge's attack.

This was Yuan Xiancheng's accompanying weapon, a high-grade Sacred Artifact known as the Five Phoenix Fan.

Having personally witnessed the miraculous aspects of Yan Zhaoge's dark green bamboo cane, Yuan Xiancheng had not wished to use this treasure.

Still, as Yan Zhaoge was so fearsome beyond imagination, Yuan Xiancheng did not have the leisure to worry about so much now.

Still, what happened next left Yuan Xiancheng feeling extremely despondent.

Right after he displayed the Five Phoenix Fan, a dark green bamboo cane appeared in Yan Zhaoge's hand.

A smacking sound resounded as the radiance on the surface of the feathered fan instantly dimmed.

After taking a few more blows, the phoenix feathers were nearly all disconnected from one another, scattering haphazardly to the ground.

Zhao Zhen had originally been about to reinforce him, their fates being inexorably linked. However, on seeing this scene, his footsteps involuntarily slowed.

He unconsciously looked at the Purple Sea Sword in his hand, feeling hesitant as he saw the groove hacked out on it.

Based on the miraculous aspects of that dark green bamboo cane and the current damaged state of the Purple Sea Sword, Zhao Zhen suspected that if the two collided, the Purple Sea Sword might be broken directly into half just like that.

The Purple Sea Sword was not just his personal sword but also the supreme treasure of the Purple Tide Sword Sect. He was already feeling greatly pained at how it was damaged. What was he

to do if it was broken here?

“Brother Yuan, the Yan brat is too ferocious, and we are unable to match him. We should retreat and guard over Circumference Mountain. So long as he is blocked within the southern Blazing Heaven Territory, he will definitely be taken down sooner or later,” Zhao Zhen sighed, sending to Yuan Xiancheng via sound transmission as he kept the Purple Sea Sword.

He tapped out lightly, substituting sword with finger as he sent the purple sea of sword-qi to attack Yan Zhaoge’s neck from behind, attempting to rescue Yuan Xiancheng from his predicament.

Yan Zhaoge turned and retracted his sword, seemingly about to block Zhao Zhen’s attack.

Who knew that he would abruptly suck in a deep breath, the acupoints of his entire body pulsing as a blurry radiance surfaced.

Enveloped by that radiance, the surrounding space and time seemed to slow down.

Even the movements of Zhao Zhen and Yuan Xiancheng slowed as well.

In the meantime, Yan Zhaoge himself was accelerated!

As soon as the blurry radiance appeared, Yuan Xiancheng sensed danger as he quickly attempted to retreat.

Yet, with the greater difference in their relative speeds, Yan Zhaoge had already arrived close to him.

The dark green bamboo cane descended as the Five Phoenix Fan was hard pressed to withstand it.

As the Extreme Yang Seal mightily descended, Yuan Xiancheng was bolstered by four Virtues as he forcibly withstood this blow that seemed able to destroy the heavens and extinguish the earth.

Now, however, wielding the Cloud Circulating Heavenly Light

Sword, Yan Zhaoge hacked down with a Slaying Azure Dragon!

Yuan Xiancheng emitted a muffled groan as blood stained the air!

However great his defensive power, it would still not be enough for him to simultaneously withstand Yan Zhaoge's Slaying Azure Dragon from a high-grade Sacred Artifact and an attack with the Extreme Yang Seal.

With the powerful life force of the phoenix, even if his protective true essence was broken through, he might not die even being struck by a sword if it was just an ordinary attack.

Yet, Yan Zhaoge's Slaying Azure Dragon that slaughtered all lifeforms and extinguished all vitality mightily slew Yuan Xiancheng once more!

Only now did Zhao Zhen's sword-qi arrive behind Yan Zhaoge.

"Go!" Yan Zhaoge exclaimed, remaining with his back to Zhao Zhen as the sword in his hand unceasingly destroyed Yuan Xiancheng's vitality.

Meanwhile, a five-coloured glow flickered about his torso.

Five divinities seemed to have awoken about his five major internal organs, with the five elements circulating as a powerful life force and defensive power appeared.

Executing the Five Elements Deific Immortal Body, Yan Zhaoge directly took a sword of Zhao Zhen's!

Only after mightily slaying Yuan Xiancheng did Yan Zhaoge draw out his sword and turn, his body next transforming into a streak of light as he shot over towards Zhao Zhen.

Seeing this, Zhao Zhen raised his head towards the heavens and sighed as he immediately turned and fled.

This mighty sword cultivator of the eighth level of the Martial Saint realm dared not battle with Yan Zhaoge any longer!

HSSB 981: It's useless whoever comes

While Zhao Zhen wanted to leave, Yan Zhaoge had no intention of letting him go as he immediately shot off in pursuit.

Sword-light arose, resembling a long river of time which blurred the boundaries of time and space.

The Purple Sea Sword Arts of the Purple Tide Sword Sect were majestic and momentous, being proficient in both attack and defence. In the meantime, they were weaker in terms of speed.

Yan Zhaoge's figure combined with the Cloud Circulating Heavenly Light Sword, sword forming a long river as he swiftly caught up with Zhao Zhen.

As the Extreme Yang Seal descended, Zhao Zhen was unable to avoid it as he could only draw his Purple Sea Sword once more to face Yan Zhaoge.

This time, he still remained on the defensive, trying to enter a protracted battle with Yan Zhaoge.

Seeing that Zhao Zhen was doing the same as Yuan Xiancheng, Yan Zhaoge's gaze flickered once more as he asked, "Who are you people waiting for?"

Hearing his words, Zhao Zhen's heart tightened.

The visible panicked, helpless expression on his face gradually faded as he regained his composure.

"Let me guess. The people chasing me from behind should not arrive so quickly," Yan Zhaoge said, "Since that is so, it should be someone who was waiting for me up ahead like you guys originally."

"Could it be that 'Treasured Branch Suppressing Peak' Zhang Shuren has already left Circumference Mountain and is heading here?"

Zhao Zhen did not answer Yan Zhaoge's casual question, his sword just growing stabler and stabler as he bided his time.

Hearing those words, the spirits of the other martial practitioners of the south all rose greatly.

'Treasured Branch Suppressing Peak' Zhang Shuren was a longtime Elder of Wutong Slope and a late Immortal Bridge Martial Saint.

He was one of the most powerful figures of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory beneath the Southern Exalt, Zhuang Shen, being a peak expert who had accomplished his fame for many years in the World beyond Worlds.

He was the strongest martial practitioner currently active in the eastern region of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory, having been sent by Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope to oversee things over here.

Even 'Phoenix Pupils' Yuan Xiancheng had to lower his head in front of him, being inferior be it in terms of seniority or strength.

Yan Zhaoge looked at Zhao Zhen, "Do you want to delay me over here till Zhang Shuren comes?"

"It would have been best if we could take care of you without Zhang Shuren coming," Zhao Zhen finally spoke again, "Still, it seems like that is not doable now."

He had indeed wanted to retreat earlier, having asked Yuan Xiancheng to do so too.

If they could preserve their lives now, there would be infinite possibilities in the future.

Still, Yuan Xiancheng had informed Zhao Zhen of something which had ultimately caused him to change his mind.

Even though there was no proof of his words, Zhao Zhen still chose to trust Yuan Xiancheng.

At this moment, he appraised Yan Zhaoge all over with a strange gaze, “Now, I really believe the rumour that you once pursued and slew a mid Immortal Bridge Martial Saint in the Royal Reed Sea of the southeast.”

“There is actually someone like you in this world. Even that Red Lotus born of Ingenious Flying Peak’s Brocade Emperor is incomparable to you.”

Zhao Zhen sighed in admiration, “You are the number one person of the World beyond Worlds’ younger generation who has arisen in recent years.”

“Wutong Slope says that you hail from a lower world, once obtaining the Extreme Yang Seal by a stroke of fortune. Now, however, I really suspect that you are of the direct lineage of the Exalted Solar Luminary of the past.”

Hearing his words, Yan Zhaoge smiled, “Wutong Slope did not speak falsely. I indeed only obtained the Extreme Yang Seal by a stroke of fortune.”

His actions did not cease even as he spoke as his sword descended, cleaving apart the layered purple sea.

“No need to try to delay me with words,” Yan Zhaoge said mildly, “If Zhang Shuren wants to come, let him. I have no intention of avoiding him. I shall just wait for him at this Vast Spirit Mountain.”

“Still, while I will naturally be able to wait for his arrival, whether you lot can is still an unknown.”

A mournful purplish-red sword-glow enveloped the heavens and covered the earth as Zhao Zhen was hard pressed to parry it.

He had no way of avoiding it, only being able to barely withstand its might.

“If is fine even if we cannot wait out his arrival,” Zhao Zhen said in a heavy tone, “All that matters is that we leave you behind

here."

Looking at Zhao Zhen, Yan Zhaoge understand what he meant.

Zhao Zhen had come to the Announcing Peace Mountain Range to lend his assistance to give face to Wutong Slope on one hand and due to the personal friendship between him and Yuan Xiancheng on the other.

Rightfully speaking, he was just giving Wutong Slope face as he had no need to put his life on the line for them.

It was true that he was the number one expert of the Bright Connection Sea, the Purple Tide Sword Sect being the Bright Connection Sea's number one power.

Still, if he fell along with the Purple Sea Sword here, the strength of the Purple Tide Sword Sect would then plummet greatly.

While they would still be a peak power of the Bright Connection Sea, they would no longer be able to remain its undisputed hegemon.

Other forces of the Bright Connection Sea might even join forces to attack them.

It would be just like the Grand Xuan Dynasty of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory's Royal Reed Sea that year.

Zhao Zhen's decision to battle to the death here might seem unwise.

Still, if it was Yan Zhaoge, he would make the same choice too.

If Zhao Zhen really died in battle here, Wutong Slope would definitely not turn a blind eye to the situation in the Bright Connection Sea as the Purple Tide Sword Sect would receive Wutong Slope's support, its authority not dropping.

But if Yan Zhaoge fled, even if Zhao Zhen returned to the Bright Connection Sea alive, he would not be at peace in his days ahead.

This was because the current Yan Zhaoge was so powerful that he

would feel uneasy living normally!

Despite having yet to ascend the Immortal Bridge, the current Yan Zhaoge was already so terrifying.

If they let the tiger return to the mountain today and Yan Zhaoge returned in the future, how might the Purple Tide Sword Sect stand against him then?

Even Wutong Slope's protection might not be able to guarantee their safety.

His sole hope now was to gather the power of the experts of the eastern region of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory, leaving Yan Zhaoge behind for good here even at the price of his life!

“The rationale is there, but...” Yan Zhaoge’s sword descended, the Cloud Circulating Heavenly Light Sword sliding past the blade of the Purple Sea Sword and cleaving down towards Zhao Zhen’s finger.

If he did not let go of his sword, his fingers would be sliced off!

When Zhao Zhen seemed silent and innocuous, he was extremely determined when he had made up his mind.

As Yan Zhaoge’s sword descended, Zhao Zhen did not release his grip as he instead sent the Purple Sea Sword in his hand forward, slicing towards Yan Zhaoge’s fingers as well.

The Cloud Circulating Heavenly Light Sword was faster, blood spraying as the fingers of Zhao Zhen’s right hand were directly sliced off.

Zhao Zhen’s expression did not change, long since having been prepared for this as his left hand shot over at lightning speed, grasping the hilt of the Purple Sea Sword and continuing to bring it forward.

“Nice!” Yan Zhaoge exclaimed in praise, flicking his wrist.

The purplish-red glow was retracted on the Cloud Circulating

Heavenly Light Sword with a subtle force born which caused the Purple Sea Sword to spring slightly away.

The sword missed by mere inches, being unable to touch Yan Zhaoge's fingers.

The next moment, Yan Zhaoge shook the Cloud Circulating Heavenly Light Sword, extreme subtleness transforming into extreme toughness once more as another sharp sword hacked down.

Zhao Zhen was unable to change his movements in time as his sword-wielding left hand was directly hacked off by Yan Zhaoge!

Off to the side, the cry of a phoenix resounded amidst the flames once more.

Yuan Xiancheng had undergone yet another nirvanic rebirth.

Still, his right eye was shut tightly this time as the silhouette of a phoenix only flapped its wings and sought to soar within his left eye.

Even so, it was naturally a joyful thing that he could escape the fate of death and be reborn anew.

However, what should have been a cause for rejoice was instead filled with sorrow at this moment.

The first scene that entered Yuan Xiancheng's eyes after his nirvanic rebirth was that of Yan Zhaoge hacking off Zhao Zhen's wrist with a sword!

Now, however, a joyful look simultaneously appeared on the faces of Yuan Xiancheng and Zhao Zhen who had originally looked gloomy.

A powerful aura suddenly emanated from the distance.

It originated from Circumference Mountain to the east.

That aura belonged to a late Immortal Bridge Martial Saint!

HSSB 982: Simply killing him

Blazing as fire, flourishing with vitality.

The powerful aura virtually caused everyone present to feel suffocated and hallucinate.

It was as if amidst boundless blazing fire, a treasured Wutong tree towered into the heavens, the clear cry of a phoenix resounding from its branch.

Then, that treasured Wutong tree seemed about to descend from the heavens, landing on the peak of Vast Spirit Mountain.

While no words were spoken, everyone present knew the identity of the one who had come.

A longtime Elder of Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope and a late Immortal Bridge Martial Saint, 'Treasured Branch Suppressing Peak' Zhang Shuren.

The martial practitioners of the south all felt like jumping for joy.

While they had already known that Zhang Shuren was rushing over from the conversation between Yan Zhaoge and Zhao Zhen from earlier, seeing it was believing it, really.

Also, even if Zhang Shuren had been rushing over like Zhao Zhen had said, if he had arrived late to the scene, all of them might already have long since been killed by Yan Zhaoge then.

And now, Zhang Shuren's appearance gave confidence to all the martial practitioners of the south.

Yan Zhaoge naturally sensed Zhang Shuren's approach.

He had discovered Zhang Shuren before everyone else here, even Yuan Xiancheng and Zhao Zhen.

Facing the arrival of this ninth level Martial Saint, Yan Zhaoge did not halt in the slightest after hacking off Zhao Zhen's hand

with a sword as he now struck out with yet another sword.

With both hands crippled and his sword arts dispelled, Zhao Zhen whose protective true essence had fallen apart could only helplessly watch on as Yan Zhaoge's sword arrived before him.

A low roar resounded within the sky as a fiery streak of light descended.

The target of this fiery streak of light was not Yan Zhaoge but Zhao Zhen.

A thread of white qi appeared amidst the blazing flames, giving Zhao Zhen a lease of life in guiding his escape amidst this peril.

Yet, Yan Zhaoge extended his other hand, his thumb and index finger closing together in mid-air as they performed a pinching action.

That thread of white qi of nether virtue which ensured one's safety was instantly broken apart, with Zhao Zhen thus being doomed to death.

Light circulated on the tip of the Cloud Circulating Heavenly Light Sword as a head flew straight into the air.

The head reached its highest point before succumbing to gravity, revealing the face of someone who had died with unseen grievances as it rolled within the air.

A famed mid Immortal Bridge Martial Saint expert of the eastern region of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory, the 'Purple Tide Swordsman' Zhao Zhen who reigned supreme throughout the Bright Connection Sea, died beneath Yan Zhaoge's sword right there and then.

On seeing this, their hearts just having calmed, the martial practitioners of the south collectively shivered again.

They unconsciously retreated as even that treasured Wutong tree whose branches and leaves swayed with the wind as it descended

from the skies amidst blazing fire could not dispel the chill within their hearts at this moment.

Seeing Zhao Zhen about to perish, Yuan Xiancheng's expression had instantly changed as he had made to rush over.

Yet, that vigorous, tyrannical Extreme Yang Seal had smashed downwards, blocking Yuan Xiancheng thoroughly and well as he had only been able to helplessly watch as Zhao Zhen's head was removed from his body.

"Oh, interesting?" Yan Zhaoge casually turned to look at Yuan Xiancheng as though nothing at all had happened.

Still, the Yuan Xiancheng who had undergone nirvanic rebirth this time was different from before.

Currently, other than his right eye which was tightly shut, Yuan Xiancheng no longer looked as old and decrepit as he had before.

Now, he looked like a middle-aged man in his forties or fifties.

From his facial features, he was still recognisable as that old man from earlier. Still, he was much younger than before.

His outer appearance had not changed following his first nirvanic rebirth.

Having sacrificed his clone which he had continually refined with his right eye to undergo nirvanic rebirth this time, Yuan Xiancheng's appearance had changed as he had seemingly returned to his younger years.

It was just that while Yuan Xiancheng looked like he had returned to his prime, he was clearly much weaker than before.

While he was still a powerful mid Immortal Bridge Martial Saint, of the true intent of his four Virtues, his thick earth of meritorious virtue had become much less substantial.

Thinking of how two phoenixes had flown out of Yuan Xiancheng's eyes when they had first clashed, one bearing the

white qi of nether virtue and one bearing the thick earth of meritorious virtue, Yan Zhaoge clicked his tongue in wonder, “If I blind your remaining left eye or force you into sacrificing your eye, undergoing a third nirvanic rebirth, would you return to when you were a youth then?”

Yuan Xiancheng’s actual age was greater than that of the ‘Phoenix Prince’ Zhuang Chaohui, the son of Zhuang Shen.

Still, he was far younger than ‘Treasured Branch Suppressing Peak’ Zhang Shuren and ‘Blazing King’ Peng He.

Of course, Yuan Xiancheng would definitely be very old too relative to normal peoples’ longevities.

Still, going by the longevities of Immortal Bridge Martial Saints, Yuan Xiancheng was extremely young.

It would not be inappropriate to call him a youth.

It seemed now that his previous aged appearance was related to him having refined his pupils into phoenixes.

The phoenix clone refined with his right eye bore the thick earth of meritorious virtue while the one refined from his left eye bore the white qi of nether virtue.

Benefiting from this, Yuan Xiancheng had only needed to conscientiously cultivate in the purple light of fortuitous virtue and water ripples of holy virtue previously, having already been bolstered by four Virtues when at the Seeing Divinity stage.

As Yuan Xiancheng’s cultivation base advanced, he had later come to begin cultivating in the true intents of meritorious virtue and nether virtue too.

With these two clones assisting him, his accumulation was more substantial than other martial practitioners of Wutong Slope.

Still, if a clone of his vanished before he had truly attained these Virtues, his strength would be affected as a result, deteriorating

greatly.

Having lost the clone refined with his right eye, his attainments in the thick earth of meritorious virtue had drastically decreased.

If the clone refined with his left eye vanished too, his white qi of nether virtue would similarly be damaged terribly.

Yuan Xiancheng's right eye was tightly closed as he glared vehemently with his left eye at Yan Zhaoge who had just slain Zhao Zhen.

At the same time, an old man descended from the skies, appearing beside Yuan Xiancheng.

All the martial practitioners of the south recognised him as the longtime Elder of Wutong Slope, 'Treasured Branch Suppressing Peak' Zhang Shuren.

"Even Yuan Xiancheng was not your opponent?" Zhang Shuren appraised Yan Zhaoge in earnest.

Yan Zhaoge spread his palms apart, "Bullying the weak as the strong and ganging up on others are all not in line with the true intent of holy virtue. With all of them attacking me together, the power that he can wield is actually less than if he were acting alone. Still, alone, he is already not my opponent."

"Even Southeast Cao probably did not see through your full potential and strength," Zhang Shuren was not troubled over this as he just switched to saying, "This old man received news from junior apprentice-brother Peng that you returned to the World beyond Worlds from extradimensional space. Also, many disciples of my lineage entered the place that you were previously at as well."

Gazing at Yan Zhaoge, Zhang Shuren slowly asked, "What has happened to them?"

"All dead," Yan Zhaoge answered calmly, "To be more specific, I am related to all their deaths. Zhuang Chaohui was personally

slain by me.”

Zhang Shuren was silent for a time before he raised a hand, “Since that is so, let this old man see exactly how outstanding you are.”

Unlike the others of Phoenix Ritual Mountain’s Wutong Slope who cultivated mainly in sabre arts, Zhang Shuren was proficient in palm arts.

He had self-created the Wutong Divine Palm, adding on to the legacy of Phoenix Ritual Mountain’s Wutong Slope with a new supreme martial art.

As Zhang Shuren raised his palm, the massive Wutong tree towered into the skies, turning tangible as along with the powerful vitality which was manifested also came a suffocating level of pressure.

The space enveloped by the branches and leaves of the Wutong tree was completely devoured by blazing fire, incinerated into nothingness!

HSSB 983: Great axe chopping Wutong!

As Zhang Shuren struck out with his palm, both attack and defence were incorporated within as it did not rely on intricacies, simply pressuring over with its great momentum.

This great momentum sufficiently manifested the strength of a late Immortal Bridge Martial Saint.

When Yuan Xiancheng was at his peak, he had outstanding power which granted him the ability to compete with many late Immortal Bridge Martial Saints.

Still, his senior, Zhang Shuren, was still more ruthless and reliable than him.

“Well met!” Yan Zhaoge praised, extending a palm as he raised the Extreme Yang Seal.

The profundities of the Cyclic Heavenly Seal, Yin Yang Heavenly Seal and Extreme Yang Scripture were all merged together as one at this moment, being completely in harmony with the Extreme Yang Seal.

The Extreme Yang Seal which had already been majestic and tyrannical displayed unprecedented power at this moment.

Yan Zhaoge wielded the Extreme Yang Seal with the palm arts of the Cyclic Heavenly Seal, clashing head-on with Zhang Shuren.

The crimson crown on Zhang Shuren’s head flickered with radiance, transforming into flowing fire as it spread within the sky.

The flames combined with the Wutong tree manifested of Zhang Shuren’s palm arts which obscured the heavens and concealed the sun.

As this moment, one would be able to see fiery light shooting into heavens in the Announcing Peace Mountain Range from the

surroundings of Vast Spirit Mountain, a treasured Wutong tree towering high as it suppressed the endless mountain ranges.

Beside the treasured Wutong tree, a great golden sun slowly rose into the skies.

Yan Zhaoge raised the Extreme Yang Seal with one hand as a dark green bamboo cane appeared in his other hand.

Seeing this, Yuan Xiancheng's expression changed slightly, "Be careful of that bamboo cane, senior apprentice-uncle! The news previously sent over by the Heaven Emperor's lineage was really true!"

Zhang Shuren's gaze hardened as he struck out with a palm towards the Extreme Yang Seal while retracting his other palm to guard before him, blocking the dark green bamboo cane Yan Zhaoge held.

"Rise!" Yan Zhaoge yelled, throwing the Extreme Yang Seal upwards with his palm.

The great sun slowly rose high into the horizon, presiding mightily over the great earth as it suppressed the treasured Wutong tree which was surrounded by blazing fire from up above.

Soon after that, Yan Zhaoge took out his Cloud Circulating Heavenly Light Sword once more, attacking towards Zhang Shuren with a Slaying Azure Dragon.

"What a great killing aura this sword art possesses," Seeing this, Zhang Shuren frowned.

He raised a hand, blocking the Extreme Yang Seal as it smashed downwards.

His other palm abruptly changed direction, no longer blocking Yan Zhaoge's dark green bamboo cane as it whistled down towards Yan Zhaoge himself!

While it was said that 'Treasured Branch Suppressing Peak'

Zhang Shuren was conservative in his actions, when it truly came to a battle situation in which anything could happen in an instant, he never lacked the determination to grasp the initiative and attack.

At this moment, the purple light of fortuitous virtue, the thick earth of meritorious virtue, the white qi of nether virtue and the water ripples of holy virtue surfaced about his body all at once.

Four Virtues bolstered his body as he forcibly withstood Yan Zhaoge's sword.

Zhang Shuren also ignored Yan Zhaoge's dark green bamboo cane that was striking down upon the Phoenix Cry Crown on his head.

He wanted to see whether Yan Zhaoge was powerful enough to forcibly withstand a full-powered blow by him, a late Immortal Bridge Martial Saint, in a head-on clash!

Yan Zhaoge's expression did not change as he kept the dark green bamboo cane, unrelentingly striking out with a Cyclic Heavenly Seal!

The palms of the two collided in mid-air as both their bodies shook slightly.

Yan Zhaoge, a Seeing Divinity Martial Saint, did not lose out in the slightest!

Meanwhile, wielding the Cloud Circulating Heavenly Light Sword with his right hand, Yan Zhaoge continued hacking down towards Zhang Shuren with a Slaying Azure Dragon!

Roiling true essence of blazing fire protected Zhang Shuren's body. Still, beneath the brutal attacks of the purplish-red sword-glow, the blazing fire was forcibly broken through.

The thick earth of meritorious virtue which replenished the heavens and extended the dao and the water ripples of holy virtue that were untainted by all arts began to exert their functions,

seeking to replenish the blazing fire which had been broken through and assist him in blocking that sword-light.

Beneath the attacks of the brutal sword-glow, the purple light of fortuitous virtue was stimulated as well as it sought to dispel the killing crisis, a strand of the white qi of nether virtue being indistinctly visible.

Still, that brutal purplish glow which resembled the spurting of dragon blood turned life into death at this moment, the killing crisis surging to the heavens as it unceasingly advanced.

One side attacking domineeringly, the other defending tightly, the two sides seemed to have vaguely fallen into a stalemate.

While Zhang Shuren had to pay some attention to the pressure brought about by the Extreme Yang Seal up above as he fought, he could completely exert the power of the high-grade Sacred Artifact on his head, the Phoenix Cry Crown.

The power displayed by a ninth level Martial Saint with a high-grade Sacred Artifact was naturally remarkable. Both boosted the other's strength, manifesting majestic might.

Not only was Yan Zhaoge unable to exert the full power of high-grade Sacred Artifacts, his weapon and sword arts were also incompatible.

Still, red, black and white lights suddenly flashed within Yan Zhaoge's pupils.

The sword-light of the Cloud Circulating Heavenly Light Sword gradually changed.

The Cloud Circulating Heavenly Light Sword which had originally been calm as water as it resembled the passing of time was covered by a layer of bloodied light at this moment.

The endless, long river of time was stained entirely with blood now!

It was as if countless lifeforms had perished amidst the flow of time.

The end of time would see a situation where all lifeforms had been extinguished, nothing remaining in existence.

Instantly, the Slaying Azure Dragon sword art which Yan Zhaoge was executing with the Cloud Circulating Heavenly Light Sword rose in killing power once more!

“The killing crisis has encroached on even time?” Zhang Shuren immediately detected the threat that lay therein.

Helplessly, he finally retreated.

The purple light of fortuitous virtue flickered and the white qi of nether virtue surged as Zhang Shuren avoided Yan Zhaoge’s sword.

As he retreated, however, the Extreme Yang Seal instantly smashed down from overhead.

Zhang Shuren could only halt and raise his left hand to block the descending golden sun.

As he halted, Yan Zhaoge’s sword caught up with him.

Yet, Yan Zhaoge waved a hand now, the Cloud Circulating Heavenly Light Sword flying out of his hand and transforming into a long bloodied beam which shot straight for the Phoenix Cry Crown on Zhang Shuren’s head!

Being locked in place by the Extreme Yang Seal, Zhang Shuren was hard pressed to avoid it as he could only chop out with his right hand, seeking to deflect the Cloud Circulating Heavenly Light Sword.

Yet, Yan Zhaoge executed the Taiji Yin Yang Palm, all returning to primordial yin and yang on his palm, extinguishing all things even as an immense suction force was formed, sticking onto Zhang Shuren’s right hand and forcing away his palm.

Helpless, Zhang Shuren tilted his head away slightly.

However, the bloodied beam drew a graceful arc within the air, still cleaving downwards as it struck the Phoenix Cry Crown on Zhang Shuren's head flying!

Seeing that his high-grade Sacred Artifact had been dislodged by Yan Zhaoge's Cloud Circulating Heavenly Light Sword, a bad premonition arose within Zhang Shuren's heart.

Indeed, the next moment, a massive axe of white jade appeared within Yan Zhaoge's hands.

He grasped its hilt before turning it round and hacking it over towards Zhang Shuren's waist!

The bystanders saw streams of spiritual light congregating between the heavens and the earth, transforming into a huge heaven splitting axe that hacked the trunk of the towering Wutong tree!

As it chopped down, even the treasured Wutong tree that seemed to tower into the heavens even as it stood on the great earth trembled.

Countless branches and leaves fell as the tree trunk which was like a towering pillar that supported the heavens actually tilted slightly over to the side!

Seeing the Heaven Earth Reversing Axe which Yan Zhaoge grasped, even the usually stable and calm Zhang Shuren felt stifled and useless as rage arose within his heart.

Ignoring that strange dark green bamboo cane, this youth still had a third high-grade Sacred Artifact besides the Extreme Yang Seal and the Cloud Circulating Heavenly Light Sword?

The other party was clearly burying him to death beneath a pile of treasures, bullying him based on his superior quantity of weapons?

The problem was that it seemed that it was he, Zhang Shuren who was the Immortal Bridge Martial Saint!

This fellow who was loaded with treasures was just a Seeing Divinity Martial Saint, right?

With Zhang Shuren's time and experiences ever since having attained the Immortal Bridge stage, with his cultivation base and strength, it would not be impossible for him to forge more high-grade Sacred Artifacts.

The main thing which had stopped him from doing so was the scarcity of materials.

Yet, this Yan Zhaoge who had yet to ascend the Immortal Bridge was armed to the teeth with treasures here.

As opposed to feeling defeated, the thought that filled Zhang Shuren's mind now was that this was utterly absurd.

He felt despondent to the point of wanting to vomit blood.

HSSB 984: Peerless genius

Yan Zhaoge could not care less what Zhang Shuren was thinking.

As he viciously chopped down with his axe, that towering Wutong tree was nearly directly toppled!

Zhang Shuren was almost enraged to the point of vomiting blood. Still, he could only grit his teeth now.

He exerted his strength which temporarily erupted, jolting away the Extreme Yang Seal.

Then, he intercrossed his palms, changing his techniques as he no longer attacked, instead devoting everything to defence.

The treasured Wutong tree which towered into the sky turned more tangible now, a treasured light shooting into the heavens.

At this moment, this late Immortal Bridge Martial Saint seemed to have transformed fully into a huge, towering tree.

The thick earth of meritorious virtue appeared beneath his feet, encompassing the entire Vast Spirit Mountain was it was connected to the great earth, bearing all things.

The water ripples of holy virtue flowed endlessly about the foot of the tree, seeming eternal.

The purple light of fortuitous virtue flickered on the branches and leaves of the tree, indistinct slivers of white qi of nether virtue drifting about its dense greenery.

Zhang Shuren raised his defensive power to the maximum at this moment.

Giving up on using his Wutong Divine Palm to attack as he was devoted fully to defence, this was the number one defensive supreme martial art of Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope.

Currently bolstered by the four Virtues, herein was manifested the greatest heights achievable in terms of defensive power for a

ninth level Martial Saint expert of Wutong Slope's direct lineage.

As Yan Zhaoge's axe hacked over, the treasured Wutong tree remained standing, unaffected!

"Extraordinary indeed," Yan Zhaoge's eyes shone as he simply kept the Heaven Earth Reversing Axe, an existence that resembled a seal whilst also a short sword appearing in his hand.

Seeing this, Zhang Shuren was angered to the point of smiling, "Another high-grade Sacred Artifact?"

It was precisely the Light Yin Sword Seal.

Yan Zhaoge wielded the Light Yin Sword Seal as a sword, striking out towards Zhang Shuren with yet another Slaying Azure Dragon.

As the sword seal landed on the treasured Wutong tree which Zhang Shuren had transformed into, the brutal sword-glow flickered as the huge towering tree instantly trembled.

Sighs of withering shockingly appeared on the surface of the tree trunk which flickered with light.

The thick earth of meritorious virtue surfaced down below, seemingly providing endless nutrients with the signs of withering on the tree trunk now gradually replaced by surging vitality once more.

Yet, soon afterwards, the tree trunk turned withered again beneath the attacks of the sword-light.

Both sides entered a see-saw like contest.

Yan Zhaoge was not flustered at all. Instead, Zhang Shuren's heart grew heavy.

The Extreme Yang Seal which he had barely managed to jolt away earlier smashed downwards once more!

The great golden sun descended, targeting none other than the treasured Wutong tree that towered high into the clouds.

All in the world knew that the phoenix perched atop the Wutong tree.

At this moment, however, there seemed to be a Great Sun Golden Crow which descended from the heavens, seeking to land on that Wutong tree.

Whether the phoenix was happy about it or not, whether the Wutong tree was happy about it or not, this simply did not matter.

Even though the entire treasured tree was wreathed with flames, it did not fear blazing fire as it could even birth flames itself.

Yet, beneath the barbecuing of the great blazing sun, even the branches of the Wutong tree that surged with vitality vaguely showed signs of drying up and withering now!

Yuan Xiancheng was finally unable to stay a spectator as he transformed into a fiery phoenix and arrived at the peak of the Wutong tree.

The phoenix now began trying to expel the golden crow that wished to take over its nest as these two sides clashed unrelentingly.

Yuan Xiancheng flung his Five Phoenix Fan which landed amidst the branches and leaves, lending that high-grade Sacred Artifact temporarily to Zhang Shuren.

Zhang Shuren did not use it, however. He could only go all out in defending himself now. If he were to wield the Five Phoenix Fan, it would only pointlessly suffer the fate of being beaten down by Yan Zhaoge's dark green bamboo cane.

This longtime Elder of Wutong Slope calmed himself at this moment, observing Yan Zhaoge carefully even as he focused on defending against his attacks.

Having experienced a great battle against Daoist East Spring, Zhao Zhen and Yuan Xiancheng, he was now battling with him, Zhang Shuren.

Even many other late Immortal Bridge Martial Saints would be depleted greatly by now even if they had not run out of steam.

Yan Zhaoge's expression was as per usual, his breathing heavier and more prominent than before.

The black and white qis of yin and yang were unceasingly inhaled and exhaled by him.

Still, even as he battled a late Immortal Bridge Martial Saint bigwig like Zhang Shuren, Yan Zhaoge's breathing was not harried or messed up in the least as it eternally maintained a calm, stable rhythm.

Five colours, crimson, white, green, red and black flickered about his chest, circulating unceasingly.

A Taiji diagram was visible at times whilst unseen at others on his forehead, rotating non-stop.

Seeing this, Zhang Shuren was even more shocked, "No wonder he is so powerful! Exactly just how many supreme martial arts are this youth proficient in?"

"Senior apprentice-uncle Zhang, this Yan Zhaoge is proficient in at least the Cyclic Heavenly Scripture of the Earlier Heaven Three Scriptures and the Yin Yang Heavenly Scripture and Life Creation Heavenly Scripture of the Later Heaven Three Scriptures of the Jade Clear direct lineage," Yuan Xiancheng hurriedly reminded on seeing that his senior apprentice-uncle wished to try to fight a protracted battle with Yan Zhaoge.

Zhang Shuren said, "This old man is aware of that. Besides those, there is likely the Aeon Light Heavenly Scripture too. Also, whether or not this is related to Ingenious Flying Peak, he is even proficient in the Taiji Yin Yang Palm of the Grand Clear lineage's Grand Cosmos Five Manifestations!"

"And how old is he this year, exactly?" Zhang Shuren sucked in a breath of cold air.

In order to cultivate supreme martial arts, the greater the profundities contained within, the more time and effort martial practitioners would have to devote to attaining certain heights with them.

For supreme martial arts like the Cyclic Heavenly Scripture, the Yin Yang Heavenly Scripture and the Taiji Yin Yang Palm, any single one of them would require entire lifetimes of study for most people if they were to cultivate in them.

Of course, if sufficient time and effort was spent, a peak expert would correspondingly be created.

Being proficient in so many martial arts, it seemed not so far fetched that the youth before them possessed such terrifying strength.

It was just that this was sound in theory but hard in practice.

How had he managed to achieve this?

This felt even more difficult to believe.

First not mentioning that Zhang Shuren had reigned for many years in the World beyond Worlds, even Yuan Xiancheng had also accomplished his fame many years ago despite being very young amongst martial practitioners of the same cultivation level, going by normal standards of time.

Despite having seen countless geniuses of all kinds, this Yan Zhaoge still vaguely caused their worldviews to be overturned somewhat.

Why was it that even the opposing southeastern Yang Heaven Territory was rather in admiration of Yuan Xiancheng's strength?

This was because whatever the case, he was still the sole descendant of Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope who already bore four Virtues despite having yet to attain the late Immortal Bridge stage.

This had paved a flat path for Yuan Xiancheng to reach the late Immortal Bridge stage. As long as his accumulation was sufficiently abundant, it was virtually set in stone that he would be able to achieve this successfully.

It was also very possible indeed that he would be able to attain the Human Exalt stage like his Master, Zhuang Shen.

Did the other martial practitioners of Wutong Slope not wish to be like this?

Of course they did. Still, they could not do so.

Before they could learn to run, they were only able to stably walk forward step by step.

Yuan Xiancheng was indeed supremely talented. Still, it was only because of fortuitous encounters that he had managed to surpass common sense and reach his current heights.

Still, comparing him to Yan Zhaoge, the gap was great to the point that the martial practitioners of Wutong Slope would be left totally dumbstruck and confounded.

Let alone the fact that Yan Zhaoge was much younger than Yuan Xiancheng, even if the two were of a similar age, this gap was still much too great.

“The Cyclic Heavenly Scripture, he actually has the Cyclic Heavenly Scripture of the Jade Clear lineage’s Earlier Heaven Three Scriptures. With that, the abundance of his true essence would already have far surpassed that of normal Seeing Divinity Martial Saints,” Zhang Shuren felt all disturbed within, “Yin Yang Heavenly Scripture and Taiji Ying Yang Palm-so he simultaneously cultivates in the supreme martial arts of the Jade Clear and Grand Clear lineages? In that case, returning his qi would be even easier for him than for this old man.”

“If he also cultivates in the Life Creation Heavenly Scripture, that will enhance his accumulation of true essence and its recovery rate

yet further."

The Elder of Wutong Slope looked at Yan Zhaoge like he was looking at a monster.

If things went on like this, perhaps it might even be him who was totally depleted first.

HSSB 985: Scaring away the numerous heroes

It was already bad enough that a late Immortal Bridge Martial Saint expert was unable to take down an opponent of the late Seeing Divinity stage.

In the end, he was even suppressed by the other party's attacks, being forced to concentrate solely on defence.

Although the other party had the advantage in terms of weapons, the gap between their cultivation bases was so immense. Zhang Shuren felt embarrassed to the extreme.

This was especially so when Yan Zhaoge who was a Seeing Divinity Martial Saint was unable to fully exert the power of high-grade Sacred Artifacts.

What was even more shocking was the fact that this was him, 'Treasured Branch Suppressing Peak' Zhang Shuren.

First not speaking of the full defensive prowess of the Wutong Divine Palm, the four Virtues together already possessed extreme defensive power.

If it were anybody else here, whether they might be able to withstand such ferocious attacks by Yan Zhaoge was still an unknown.

Besides that, though, he as a late Immortal Bridge Martial Saint even lacked confidence in entering a protracted battle with this junior of the sixth level of the Martial Saint realm, competing in terms of their foundations and wearing him down?

While it was rather hard to stomach, Zhang Shuren was clear on the fact that Yan Zhaoge who was proficient in many peak supreme martial arts was really not afraid to fight a protracted battle with him.

Also, as Yan Zhaoge possessed numerous treasures, Zhang Shuren felt even less confident.

Who knew if he might still possess yet more treasures, yet more methods?

Granted, the ‘Blazing King’ Peng He who was also a ninth level Martial Saint and company were also chasing after Yan Zhaoge as they were currently hurrying over to the eastern region of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory.

If Zhang Shuren could drag it out till then, Yan Zhaoge would be caught in a pincer attack and left hard pressed to flee alive.

Still, there was another problem that Zhang Shuren definitely needed to be concerned with.

His actual responsibility was to guard Circumference Mountain from the peak experts of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory to the east of the border.

At this time, it could be said that he had left his post without reason in having departed from Circumference Mountain and come to the Announcing Peace Mountain Range.

It was still fine if he was not away for long. Still, if some more time passed, the experts of the southeast might discover that he had left.

With Circumference Mountain left unguarded by him, their enemies might directly rip a hole through their defences.

Even if they had not known about Yan Zhaoge’s situation beforehand, when they had speedily advanced into the southern Blazing Heaven Territory, they could learn about his situation then.

As Zhang Shuren and Yuan Xiancheng remained at the Announcing Peace Mountain Range, there was also the possibility of them being caught in a pincer attack.

With that in mind, Zhang Shuren immediately made up his mind.

His palm technique abruptly changed as he turned and evaded the Light Yin Sword Seal that Yan Zhaoge held.

Yan Zhaoge changed his sword techniques in response, continuing to stab towards Zhang Shuren with a sword.

Yan Zhaoge's sword landed on the shoulder of the old man who was facing sideways as a haze of blood instantly erupted.

The tall treasured Wutong tree vanished between the heavens and earth at this moment.

There were only streams of white qi of nether virtue which surged, sweeping along Zhang Shuren and Yuan Xiancheng in flying into the air, leaving Vast Spirit Mountain and fleeing eastwards.

"Senior apprentice-uncle..." Yuan Xiancheng's lips twitched, but he remained silent.

He could understand Zhang Shuren's rationale.

Since he was unable to defeat Yan Zhaoge, there was no need to continue engaging in a battle of life and death. If he retreated to Circumference Mountain, he would still be blocking Yan Zhaoge's path back east at the end of the day.

Ever since the great battle between the southeast and south two years ago when the two sides had completely become enemies, the experts of Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope had set up an extremely powerful formation in the region of Circumference Mountain that they used to guard the border.

It was because he was worried that Yan Zhaoge might conceal himself within the Announcing Peace Mountain Range that Yuan Xiancheng had come to oversee the search and capture operation this time.

Since this had ended in failure now, standing guard at Circumference Mountain would still be more beneficial for the martial practitioners of Wutong Slope in obstructing Yan Zhaoge.

At the same time, they would also be obstructing those of the southeast. Even if they were attacked from both sides, it would be more advantageous for them to battle there than at the Announcing Peace Mountain Range.

Zhang Shuren had no way of ascertaining now whether it would be the ‘Blazing King’ Peng He’s group or the experts of the south who first arrived.

He did not wish to make such a gamble too.

Therefore, Zhang Shuren had chosen not to irrationally battle with Yan Zhaoge here as he instead retreated to Circumference Mountain.

It was just that with that, the reputation of Zhang Shuren and Wutong Slope would probably plummet drastically before these numerous locals of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory.

“This Yan Zhaoge is really a heaven-defying genius. It is no wonder that senior apprentice-uncle Zhang made such a choice,” Yuan Xiancheng sighed deeply, feeling rather unresigned somehow.

Actually, upon seeing that Zhang Shuren had been suppressed to the point of only being able to defend, all the martial practitioners of the south present had already been rendered dumbstruck.

When they saw that Zhang Shuren, a lofty ninth level Martial Saint, had actually fled in retreat on his own accord, an uproar inevitably arose.

At this moment, most of them felt that there seemed to be something that was collapsing within their hearts.

Still, amidst their shock, there was also a portion of people who gradually regained their wits. They vaguely felt that going by the

strength that Yan Zhaoge had displayed, it seemed only natural that events had unfolded like this.

It was just that at this moment, there was already no longer anyone who still saw Yan Zhaoge as a simple Seeing Divinity Martial Saint.

This was a figure who truly surpassed their knowledge and imaginations!

“Coming to the alliance meet this time was really an erroneous decision,” Gradually, more and more people felt this way.

Seeing that Zhang Shuren and Yuan Xiancheng had fled in defeat, everyone present successively fled helter-skelter from the peak of Vast Spirit Mountain.

All of them had similar thoughts within their minds.

“I must go as far away from this scourge as I can!”

“Please go chase someone else! Don’t chase me...”

“Run! Or if he catches up, we’re all going to die!”

Thinking of how these people had all gathered here to form an alliance to surround and kill him, Yan Zhaoge could not help but shake his head and smile and he watched this unfold.

Looking next at Zhang Shuren and Yuan Xiancheng as they fled in the direction of Circumference Mountain, Yan Zhaoge could basically guess what they were thinking.

“The rumours of him being stable and conservative are indeed well deserved,” Yan Zhaoge extended a palm, capturing the temporarily ownerless Cloud Circulating Heavenly Light Sword and Phoenix Cry Crown, Heh, ‘Treasured Branch Suppressing Peak’, ‘Treasured Branch Suppressing Peak’. They say that there are only wrong names, never wrong nicknames. The ancients were indeed right in this.”

He stomped downwards as the precipitous peak of Vast Spirit

Mountain instantly collapsed and fell apart!

Even the martial practitioners of Vast Spirit Mountain had sought to flee from the mountain earlier, seeking only to escape far from Yan Zhaoge's 'devilish claws'.

As they turned back and watched now, they helplessly saw their headquarters collapsing as they wished to cry yet lacked the tears for such.

Remembering the high spirits of their entire sect as led by their Chief, Daoist East Spring, when organising this alliance meet, they wondered how it was that things had become like this in an instant now. They all regretted it so much now it was like their innards could fall out from their bodies.

Daoist East Spring was dead, their headquarters destroyed, most of their experts slain.

Vast Spirit Mountain who had once competed for the position of hegemon of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range with the Night Magnificence Sect was virtually decimated following this event!

While they were not exactly wiped out, they had declined greatly as let alone maintaining their original position, even being able to keep the allegiance of all their people would already be a difficult problem that rivalled the heavens.

As for the martial practitioners of the other powers, especially those of the Night Magnificence Sect, they all gloated at the misfortune of Vast Spirit Mountain now upon thinking of how they had acted previously after calling for that alliance meet.

Along with their mockery, however, there was also a sympathetic sorrow that overtook them.

Who had not wished to be as glorious as Vast Spirit Mountain at the time of the alliance meet?

Yet, who would have thought that things might ultimately end up as they had?

At this point, they all felt emotional and fearful after the fact.

After shattering Vast Spirit Mountain with a stomp, Yan Zhaoge lightly hovered into the air and headed north neither hurriedly nor slowly.

As Zhang Shuren and Yuan Xiancheng fled in retreat, Yan Zhaoge pursued them all the way with these two Immortal Bridge Martial Saints being pursued from the Announcing Peace Mountain Range all the way to Circumference Mountain.

HSSB 986: If I said I'd rampage all the way back, I'll rampage all the way back

Yan Zhaoge now shocked the world in the southern Blazing Heavenly Territory again just like when he had murderously pursued an Immortal Bridge Martial Saint as a Seeing Divinity Martial Saint back in the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory's Royal Reed Sea.

As a Seeing Divinity Martial Saint, he heartily chased and beat up Zhang Shuren and Yuan Xiancheng together from the Announcing Peace Mountain Range all the way to Circumference Mountain.

If would be fine if the ones being chased were other people.

Still, Zhang Shuren and Yuan Xiancheng were naturally far from comparable to normal people.

A late Immortal Bridge Martial Saint, one of the most outstanding experts of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory beneath the Southern Exalt Zhuang Shen and a famed longtime Elder of Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope.

A mid Immortal Bridge Martial Saint, a talented genius who had surpassed even many late Immortal Bridge Martial Saints.

They were naturally existences of legend in the southern Blazing Heaven Territory which was ruled by Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope.

Today, however, their reputations were destined to plummet drastically, their fame sweeping the ground.

Yan Zhaoge was proficient in the Great Wilderness Fish-Roc Art and the Northern Ocean Divine Spear as he was accomplished in the Aeon Light Heavenly Scripture and the Immortal Trapping Sword too.

In terms of speed, Zhang Shuren and Yuan Xiancheng were

unable to shake him off as they were only able to be stifledly beaten and harassed by Yan Zhaoge all the way.

Fortunately, the two cultivated in the Phoenix True Form Scripture, possessing shocking defensive power. Only because of this were they able to ultimately retreat safely to Circumference Mountain.

Pursuing them into the domain of Circumference Mountain, Yan Zhaoge's heart suddenly jolted.

All-encompassing radiance lit up at this moment, suffusing the heavens and earth before him.

Amidst the terrifying light, it was as if numerous Wutong trees which were wreathed in blazing fire had risen up from the ground, obscuring the heavens and concealing the sun as a massive forest of Wutong trees was hence formed.

The cries of phoenixes resounded from the Wutong forest, not being piercing but instead shocking.

After Zhang Shuren and Yuan Xiancheng had entered the area encompassed by the Wutong forest, their auras instantly changed.

Roiling blazing fire expanded into the surroundings, sweeping towards Yan Zhaoge like the waves of the sea.

Yan Zhaoge halted, keeping the Light Yin Sword and raising the Extreme Yang Seal as it collided head-on with the sea of flames before him.

Gazing over, he saw that the shoulder injury of Zhang Shuren who had landed on a Wutong tree was actually slowly beginning to heal.

Yan Zhaoge's Slaying Azure Dragon was sharp and ferocious to the extreme with the powerful qi of extinction and death that had been converted from surging vitality having an extremely prominent suppressive effect on martial practitioners of Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope.

Even with Zhang Shuren's cultivation base, after he was injured by Yan Zhaoge's sword, his wound had been unable to heal.

If he was able to settle down and moderate his condition, his condition would not deteriorate at the very least.

As time slowly passed, his wound might then be able to heal.

Still, as Zhang Shuren had been continually pursued and attacked by Yan Zhaoge, not given a chance to catch his breath in the slightest, not only had the sword wound he had suffered not eased, it had instead been gradually worsening.

Still, after entering the Wutong forest, Zhang Shuren's wound had instantly begun to recover rapidly.

The remnant brutal sword-intent of Yan Zhaoge's Slaying Azure Dragon which was left about his wound was unceasingly being dispelled and alleviated.

Yan Zhaoge gazed at the formation before him, seeing an endless stretch of Wutong trees that towered into the heavens, possessing flourishing life force even as fire blazed on arrogantly and loftily.

His Slaying Azure Dragon countered the Phoenix True Form Scripture of Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope to some extent, diminishing its effective power.

Still, while mighty water could extinguish fire, mighty fire could also vaporise water completely dry.

After the gap in cultivation bases had surpassed a certain level, these so-called counters no longer counted for much.

"Hmm, this formation is really not bad," Yan Zhaoge nodded slightly after observing for a while.

Besides his Wutong Divine Palm which shook the heavens, 'Treasured Branch Suppressing Peak' Zhang Shuren was similarly renowned greatly for his attainments in formations.

Besides Zhang Shuren's stable and dependable nature, an

important reason for this old man having been chosen to guard the border areas against the martial practitioners of the southeast was that he was very proficient in formations.

The border defences at Circumference Mountain had indeed been established tightly by him these past two years.

Looking at Zhang Shuren and Yuan Xiancheng in the Wutong forest, Yan Zhaoge asked, “With the density of life force here, your injuries should heal very quickly. Will you come and battle with me again then?”

“It is said over in the southeast that while you are young, your attainments in formations are high,” Zhang Shuren’s expression did not change as he replied, “I wonder if you are interested in entering this old man’s Wutong Phoenix Perching Formation for a look around?”

Yan Zhaoge laughed, “You two are of a major lineage and peak figures amongst Immortal Bridge Martial Saints at the end of the day. It couldn’t be that you would just stay inside and not emerge, right?”

Yuan Xiancheng refused to speak while Zhang Shuren’s expression was as per usual. He just smiled slightly, no embarrassment or fury appearing on his face at all.

He had not been certain of Yan Zhaoge’s foundations previously. After hearing from Yuan Xiancheng that Yan Zhaoge had appeared, he had swiftly hurried over to Vast Spirit Mountain.

This was in order to capture Yan Zhaoge and quickly return to Circumference Mountain before the martial practitioners of the southeast reacted, not giving them any chance to capitalise on at all.

Whatever happened, as it was his duty to guard this place, he had to return quickly whether or not he was able to capture Yan Zhaoge.

Zhang Shuren's earlier projected worst-case scenario had been failing to capture Yan Zhaoge at Vast Spirit Mountain, allowing him to escape.

In that case, the pursuit would be left to Yuan Xiancheng and the others. He, Zhang Shuren, would still have to return to Circumference Mountain as soon as possible.

Of course, he had never imagined that that he and Yuan Xiancheng would actually end up being beaten and chased all the way back by Yan Zhaoge.

Still, it could be said that the end result was the same.

What Zhang Shuren had to do now was still as he had planned. He would stably guard Circumference Mountain, keeping a close eye on the border between the southeast and the south and stopping Yan Zhaoge from joining with the experts of the southeast.

Now, he only had to patiently await the arrival of 'Blazing King' Peng He and the rest.

It was just that as Yan Zhaoge's strength surpassed his predictions, the difficulty of defending this place and waiting for reinforcements had risen for him.

Under such circumstances, it was even more improbable that Zhang Shuren would take a risk.

Even if Yan Zhaoge cursed his eighteen generations of ancestors outside, Zhang Shuren would still not leave this grand formation to go compete with him.

Break my formation if you can. I would be helpless then.

If you cannot break my formation, we will settle things when 'Blazing King' Peng He and the other peak experts of the south arrive. Even if your abilities rival the heavens, only death can await you then.

While he had felt exceptionally stifled from being beaten up by Yan Zhaoge earlier, Zhang Shuren's emotions had already completely calmed now.

This longtime late Immortal Bridge Martial Saint expert of Wutong Slope did not underestimate Yan Zhaoge in the slightest now as he was completely treating him as an expert on the same level as him.

It was even to the point that Zhang Shuren was lowering his estimate of himself now, only seeking to perform the best he could and not make a mistake.

Seeing this, Yan Zhaoge could basically understand what Zhang Shuren was thinking.

He smiled and shook his head, surveying the surrounding area.

Beside him, Ah Hu said, “Young Master, with what they are doing, it is like we, the tiger, are biting a turtle, having nowhere to place our fangs.”

“Maybe not,” The corners of Yan Zhaoge’s lips rose, “Since I said I’d rampage all the way back, how could I not have any preparations at all?”

With that, his figure gradually rose, his field of vision widening unceasingly as the environment of the heavens and earth all around entered his eyes.

The ground was relatively smooth about Circumference Mountain, the mountainous areas not as perilous as within the Announcing Peace Mountain Range.

Besides the mountain peaks, what otherwise drew the most attention in this place was a long river.

HSSB 987: Circumference Mountain is a good place

Ah Hu looked in the direction that Yan Zhaoge was looking.

There was a broad river that flowed with a mighty momentum.

This river was broad as the sea, leaving one sighing in admiration.

“This river is known as the Dynasty River, being a major water vein which is renowned even in the World beyond Worlds,” Yan Zhaoge said as he looked at the river, “I once heard people of Golden Court Mountain talking about it back in the southeast.”

The source of the river was not at Circumference Mountain or within the southern Blazing Heaven Territory as it was instead in the central Jun Heaven Territory to the north.

Originating from the central Jun Heaven Territory, it travelled southeast, traversing billions of kilometres as it passed through many places of the central Jun Heaven Territory and southern Blazing Heaven Territory.

Circumference Mountain was one of these places, the entire mountain range being divided into two by the Dynasty River.

Then, after exiting Circumference Mountain, the great river continued flowing southward.

The great river amidst the mountain range could be considered a major defining characteristic of Circumference Mountain.

As this was at the border of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory and nearly adjacent to the Royal Reed Sea, Yan Zhaoge had naturally devoted quite a bit of time to earnestly analysing this location.

Besides the martial practitioners of the south who were active here, this also included the more well-known geographical

characteristics of this place.

Yan Zhaoge had already long since known of the existence of the Dynasty River. It was just that this was his first time seeing it up close.

Having been so confident in rampaging unbridled all the way east from the Endless Mountain Range, Yan Zhaoge had naturally not intended to fight a war without any preparations.

Yan Zhaoge was aware that many troops were stationed by Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope and the southern Blazing Heaven Territory at the border area at Circumference Mountain to defend against experts of the southeast.

However, he had still come.

If one were to say that he had been seventy to eighty percent confident of success before having arrived at Circumference Mountain, now that he was personally here and looking at this great, majestic river, Yan Zhaoge was already ninety percent certain of his success within his heart.

Xia Guang too felt greatly emotional as he appeared beside Yan Zhaoge now.

He had only been in high spirits earlier when Yan Zhaoge had said that they would rampage all the way back.

However, when all of this happened in actuality, besides his excitement, it was more of shock that Xia Guang felt.

From the Endless Mountain Range onwards, countless martial practitioners of the south had fallen before Yan Zhaoge.

The alliance meet had been organised to deal with Yan Zhaoge in the Announcing Peace Mountain Range. In the end, Yan Zhaoge had ascended Vast Spirit Mountain himself, virtually decimating the sect and leaving all the experts of the south fleeing helter-skelter.

Of the three great eighth level Martial Saints of the alliance, Yuan Xiancheng, Zhao Zhen and Daoist East Spring, two of them had perished with the other left wounded.

Even Zhang Shuren of the late Immortal Bridge Martial Saint realm had been unable to stand against Yan Zhaoge, having only been able to retreat hurriedly to Circumference Mountain and turtle up in the grand formation there, not daring to emerge.

A Seeing Divinity Martial Saint had rampaged through the southern Blazing Heaven Territory, with the numerous heroes all being scared into submission by him. This mighty feat was something Xia Guang yearned greatly towards, being so awestruck he felt like prostrating himself.

While Vast Spirit Mountain might be slightly inferior as compared to Three Foot Mountain, the difference between them was not all that great as they were sects of a similar level.

They had more than just a single Immortal Bridge Martial Saint, also possessing a high-grade Sacred Artifact.

Yet, such an existence which would be the hegemon of an area whether in the Consecutive Peace Mountain Range, the Royal Reed Sea or the Green Peak High Plains had been single-handedly decimated by Yan Zhaoge.

All its higher echelon experts, its Chief Daoist East Spring included, had virtually fallen, with the high-grade Sacred Artifact, the Dragontail Whip, having fallen into Yan Zhaoge's hands as well.

The entire Vast Spirit Mountain was shattered with a stomp of Yan Zhaoge's foot, thereon no longer existing in this world.

Just thinking about this, Xia Guang felt his blood vessels expanding as he just wished he had such abilities, in which case he would immediately then exterminate Three Foot Mountain for good.

“Young Master, this formation here is blocking our way back to the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory,” Ah Hu now said, “Although I do not know why no other experts of the south have intercepted us so far, if we are blocked here for too long, things might end up difficult then.”

Hearing his words, Xia Guang too grew alert.

While his understanding of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory was very limited, he was also aware that there was not just a single ninth level Martial Saint, Zhang Shuren, around this area.

“Someone would definitely have been pursuing us,” Yan Zhaoge replied casually, “I too felt this to be strange at first. Still, I came to understand it later on.”

“Those people probably first went off towards the north to prevent me from leaving via the central Jun Heaven Territory.”

Now, Yan Zhaoge curled his lips, “When they realised what was really going on, they would naturally have changed direction, heading east once more.”

“I rampaged all the way over here. While I did not waste a lot of time, it would definitely not be as fast as the other side as they rushed over at full speed. So, they should already be not far behind us.”

A worried look surfaced on Xia Guang’s face, “Young Master Yan...”

He remembered that Yan Zhaoge had previously mentioned than if he were not facing more than just a single ninth level Martial Saint opponent at once, even if there were people obstructing him, there would be nothing stopping him from rampaging all the way back.

Now, Yan Zhaoge had already proven that it had not been mere boasting.

Still, remembering the earlier half of that sentence now, Xia Guang inevitably felt rather worried.

There was Zhang Shuren blocking the way forward, and the experts pursuing them were most likely led by a ninth level Martial Saint too.

If he was caught in a pincer attack from in front and behind...

Yan Zhaoge, however, pointed lightly at that great river which connected north and south, smiling, “I would not be able to say this for sure elsewhere, not even in the Royal Reed Sea, but I will be able to properly stretch my muscles here at Circumference Mountain.”

“Huh?” Xia Guang was left perplexed.

Ah Hu’s eyeballs rotated before he gave a simple and honest smile, “Young Master, do you have an interesting idea again?”

“This is a good place,” Yan Zhaoge said, his figure flickering as he brought the two along in heading into the distance.

While Zhang Shuren and Yuan Xiancheng who were within the Wutong Phoenix Perching Formation did not intend to leave the formation, they were also paying attention to Yan Zhaoge’s movements throughout.

As they saw Yan Zhaoge rise into the air before retreating, not only did Zhang Shuren’s mood not ease, he became more alert than before.

The Wutong Phoenix Perching Formation obscured the sky, shifting space as it blocked the path between the two Territories.

This was naturally not something that Yan Zhaoge could go past just by flying a little higher up.

Now, he headed west away from the grand formation, flying towards the Announcing Peace Mountain Range where he had come from.

Seeing this, Zhang Shuren pondered, “This person is arrogant, but it is also said that he is sly. However, if he wishes to bait us out of the formation, he would be thinking too simply, right?”

Yet, Zhang Shuren did not think that Yan Zhaoge was retreating and fleeing to elsewhere in the southern Blazing Heaven Territory as he knew he could not break the Wutong Phoenix Perching Formation and was also worried about being caught in a pincer attack by him and Peng He.

“Senior apprentice-uncle, could he be preparing to contact the martial practitioners of the southeast, next attacking us from both sides?” Yuan Xiancheng asked.

Zhang Shuren nodded, “This is the most probable. This old man does not believe that he would give up just like that.”

“This old man will guard over the formation. Xiancheng, you go to check on the movements over in the southeast.”

“Whatever the case, when junior apprentice-brother Peng and the others arrive, he will not be able to escape even if he grows wings.”

Yuan Xiancheng responded in the affirmative and left while Zhang Shuren patiently observed things.

As time passed, Zhang Shuren suddenly felt changes vaguely occurring with the spiritual qi flow of Circumference Mountain where he was at.

While the changes did not seem great, he, a ninth level Martial Saint, was greatly startled by them.

The source of the changes seemed to come from the Dynasty River which ran across this mountain.

Zhang Shuren was unable to get his head around this.

Only a segment of the Dynasty River passed through Circumference Mountain. Its source was far away in the central

Jun Heaven Territory.

Even a dam would not be able to flood them over at the Wutong Phoenix Perching Formation.

Zhang Shuren could not understand what Yan Zhaoge might be able to do at the Dynasty River. It was most likely that he was actually just baiting him out of the formation, having set up an ambush for him.

Here, Zhang Shuren ultimately decided to simply do nothing and wait, remaining vigilant.

As if rewarding him for his caution, an all-encompassing fiery light suddenly appeared in the border areas where the Announcing Peace Mountain Range met Circumference Mountain.

A fiery phoenix spread its wings as a divine vessel traversed the skies, presiding over Circumference Mountain.

The ‘Blazing King’ Peng He and the others who had been rushing ceaselessly over had finally caught up!

HSSB 988: Destined to become a legend

Currently, the ‘Blazing King’ Peng He, a famed bigwig of the lineage of Phoenix Ritual Mountain’s Wutong Slope, was feeling extremely stifled.

They had headed north all the way to the Region of Thousand Lakes before discovering that Yan Zhaoge had actually not intended to return via the central Jun Heaven Territory in the first place. Instead, he had headed straight east.

Peng He felt as though he had sent a punch into thin air, having been made a fool out of.

However, what he heard as he headed all the way east had all been shocking news.

Many powers were located between the Endless Mountain Range and this place with numerous renowned experts of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory to be found there.

However, not one of them had been able to block Yan Zhaoge’s footsteps.

That youth who came from the southeast was like an unstoppable beast as he rampaged all the way through the lands of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory.

When Peng He arrived where the Broad Dong Mound Plains and the Announcing Peace Mountain Range bordered each other, the news transmitted over from the Announcing Peace Mountain Range left him dazed and speechless.

Nearly all the peak experts of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range had gathered for an alliance.

Even experts of regions around the Announcing Peace Mountain Range had rushed over as well.

All of them had gathered aiming to locate and take down Yan

Zhaoge together.

Who knew that Yan Zhaoge would actually ascend Vast Spirit Mountain on his own accord.

In the end, the alliance meet had turned completely into a joke as the hosts, Vast Spirit Mountain, had been virtually decimated.

The most outstanding disciple of Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope, 'Phoenix Pupils' Yuan Xiancheng, had been forced into two successive nirvanic rebirths by Yan Zhaoge.

Even their Elder who guarded the eastern region of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory, Zhang Shuren, had faced a grand defeat, having only been able to scramble back east.

As they learnt of this, all those Wutong Slope martial practitioners who were led by Peng He were rendered dazed on the spot.

Who was Zhang Shuren?

A longtime Elder of Wutong Slope and a late Immortal Bridge Martial Saint expert.

Peng He's cultivation base was really on a similar level to Zhang Shuren's.

Yet, Zhang Shuren had actually been beaten into fleeing by Yan Zhaoge, after which he had been murderously pursued throughout?

There had also been other experts with Zhang Shuren, such as Yuan Xiancheng, Zhao Zhen and Daoist East Spring.

"Immortal Artifact? This was the first thought that crossed Peng He's mind.

Still, as they traversed the Announcing Peace Mountain Range, finding a fortunate survivor of the event then and asking about the situation, everyone was rendered speechless yet again.

Peng He included, the moods of the martial practitioners of

Wutong Slope all turned complex now.

Because of how Zhang Chaohui's group had gone to the Daoist temple, Peng He and the others had actually already not dared to underestimate Yan Zhaoge any longer.

Now, however, they discovered that things were still not as they had thought.

Even Qing Shuzi and Daoist Leading Mist who had come along with them exchanged looks as both could see the surprise within the eyes of the other.

While they did not like Yan Zhaoge, they had still possessed a general estimate of his abilities.

After all, Shen Lingzi, King Xuancheng and Daoist Shi had all been slain in the great battle with Broad Creed Mountain in the Royal Reed Sea that year.

There had also been a Star Plucking Practitioner Guan Lide.

Yet, Yan Zhaoge's strength still surpassed their predictions.

This was especially so when there was no trace of him having used the Immortal Artifact thus far!

"Even considering the Extreme Yang Seal and the other high-grade Sacred Artifacts, for a sixth level Martial Saint to possess such battle prowess..." The green-robed Qing Shuzi had a rare solemn look on his face.

As the head disciple of the Heaven Emperor, he was an almighty genius blessed by the heavens as his strength surpassed that of Peng He and Zhang Shuren.

Still, he and Zhang Shuren were both ninth level Martial Saints at the end of the day.

It would be totally impossible for him to battle Zhang Shuren as a late Seeing Divinity Martial Saint.

At the end of the day, having been able to attain the late

Immortal Bridge Martial Saint realm that was just below the Human Exalt stage, Zhang Shuren too was a genius amongst geniuses amongst martial practitioners of the same generation. He would easily have been able to battle one against many when at the Merging Avatar stage, even the Seeing Divinity stage in the past.

Qing Shuzi was younger and more powerful than Zhang Shuren. Still, even with a few high-grade Sacred Artifacts in hand, he knew even he would not have been able to defeat Zhang Shuren of the ninth level of the Martial Saint realm as a sixth level Martial Saint.

He did not fear battling with the current Yan Zhaoge, being more disturbed by the potential that was displayed by him.

Daoist Leading Mist's expression was rather more solemn as he spoke not a word.

They dared not tarry as they hurried east to Circumference Mountain.

While Circumference Mountain was advantageous for Zhang Shuren with the formation there, Peng He and the others were feeling somewhat unconfident now.

Besides Yan Zhaoge, a threat posed by experts of the southeast also existed around Circumference Mountain where the two Territories intersected.

When they arrived at the border area and saw the Wutong forest which obscured the heavens and concealed the sun, only then were they able to heave a sigh of relief.

Seeing Zhang Shuren and Yuan Xiancheng, they finally grasped all the details of the earlier battle at Vast Spirit Mountain.

Upon their arrival, the tense Zhang Shuren and Yuan Xiancheng were finally able to feel reassured.

Regardless of anything else, Yan Zhaoge would not be able to stir up any more big waves this time.

“We have made a fool of ourselves, fellow Daoists of Illusory Coming Peak,” Zhang Shuren sighed, “Not that this old man pushes away his responsibilities—that Yan Zhaoge was indeed extraordinary.”

Kunlun Mountain’s Illusory Coming Peak was where the Heaven Emperor’s dao arena was located.

Hearing his words, Qing Shuzi and Daoist Leading Mist both replied, “No need to say so, Mister Zhang. We too know that that Yan Zhaoge is unordinary.”

Zhang Shuren said, “While this old man just wishes that he could be reduced to ash on the spot, this junior from a lower world can be considered a young genius of the World beyond Worlds, much like a fallen deity.”

“If he does not die today, he is destined to become a legend in the future!”

He paused for a moment before saying, “Actually, he can already be considered a legend now.”

“Let us personally bury this legend this time then,” Peng He said coldly, “If it were anyone else, this old man would praise them for their youthful vigour. Still, the more outstanding this Yan Zhaoge is, the more he deserves to die. We definitely cannot allow him to leave the south alive!”

Zhang Shuren did not say it out loud in front of Qing Shuzi and Daoist Leading Mist as he instead notified Peng He via transmission.

At this moment, Peng He already knew that his worst worries from earlier had been proven true.

Zhang Chaohui and the others had been slain by Yan Zhaoge.

There was no longer any room left for reconciliation between Phoenix Ritual Mountain’s Wutong Slope and Yan Zhaoge.

First not speaking of how the Southern Exalt Zhuang Shen might think, as Zhuang Chaohui's father-in-law, seeing how his daughter was now a widow, Peng He himself would definitely not let things go just like that.

"Since we have come, we will definitely not sit by and do nothing," Qing Shuzi said mildly, "That is, if you of Wutong Slope do not find us bothersome."

Peng He and Zhang Shuren exchanged glances before shaking their heads in unison, "Of course not. We could not be more grateful that you fellow Daoists are willing to help."

However much they hated Yan Zhaoge, Peng He and Zhang Shuren still acknowledged his mighty strength.

Just the two of them alone would only be able to stably guard Circumference Mountain at most, blocking Yan Zhaoge's path back to the southeast.

They still lacked sufficient strength to capture or slay Yan Zhaoge unless he clashed head-on with their Wutong Phoenix Perching Formation uncompromisingly, not retreating unless he saw victory.

Even so, many would probably perish in the process of trying to kill Yan Zhaoge.

If Qing Shuzi were willing to participate in the battle, things would be completely different.

These were three mighty ninth level Martial Saints, each of whom was acclaimed for their strength beneath the Human Exalt realm within the entire World beyond Worlds.

"Now, we have to think about where exactly that Yan Zhaoge might have gone. This old man agrees with senior apprentice-brother Zhang's analysis. With his arrogance, he would not have given up and left so easily," Peng He said.

Zhang Shuren knit his brows, "There is something, regarding the

Dynasty River that passes through this land..."

Now, Zhang Shuren's expression suddenly changed abruptly as he turned and gazed into the distance.

There, a dark yellow light of water suddenly suffused the horizon!

HSSB 989: Since I have come here, this place is my territory

Peng He, Qing Shuzi and the others possessed limited knowledge regarding the local geography of Circumference Mountain, only having heard about it before.

It was different for Zhang Shuren who had previously been guarding this location throughout, even having set up the Wutong Phoenix Perching Formation.

Having tapped on the local spiritual qi to set up the formation, Zhang Shuren was naturally familiar with the circulation of spiritual qi of the earth veins.

There had previously seemed to be some changes with the circulation of spiritual qi of the Dynasty River which had drawn his attention.

Those changes had been mild, though. While Zhang Shuren had been unable to see through them, they had not affected the region of Circumference Mountain greatly then.

At this moment, however, he could clearly sense a massive change happening with the spiritual qi veins of the Dynasty River in the distance.

Along with this, the spiritual qi circulation of the earth veins of the entire Circumference Mountain changed greatly as a result!

Even the Wutong Phoenix Perching Formation that he had established was vaguely shaken at this moment.

Although no one had attacked the formation, it had still been shaken.

Such circumstances were virtually unheard of.

Zhang Shuren gazed in the direction of the Dynasty River, seeing dark yellow water surging as the skies were dyed all turbid.

“The waters of the Dynasty River are usually clear. Why are they so turbid now?” Zhang Shuren felt uneasy indeed.

Reminded by him, Qing Shuzi, Daoist Leading Mist and Yuan Xiancheng all gazed in the direction of that great river as well.

The Dynasty River was not a river of Circumference Mountain as it was a massive water vein which passed through the central Jun Heaven Territory and southern Blazing Heaven Territory. Broad as the sea, it was like a heavenly river as it was famed throughout the entire World beyond Worlds.

Seeing how its turbid waters had surged to the heavens now, they all immediately sensed that something was wrong.

“While that Yan Zhaoge possesses outstanding strength, even he would not be able to cause a change in the Dynasty River, right?” Peng He felt rather hesitant.

Zhang Shuren said, “This old man is not clear on the reason, but it is most likely his handiwork. After he left not long ago, this old man discovered that the spiritual qi flow was rather strange over in the direction of the Dynasty River. It was just that it was too mild at the time, and I ignored it in order to continue stably defending the border here at Circumference Mountain from those of the southeast, awaiting your arrival in the meantime.”

“From the looks of it now, however, this is really strange!”

Hearing his words, Peng He did not ask anything as he said at once, “Please continue guarding this place, senior apprentice-brother Zhang. I and the two fellow Daoists from Illusory Coming Peak will go forth to investigate the situation.”

Still, before he had moved, the dark yellow light of water in the distance had actually already surged over in their direction!

The spiritual qi fluctuations at Circumference Mountain were becoming increasingly chaotic as signs of instability were rapidly intensifying!

In just the time that it took one to speak, the waters had already surged rapidly to right before their very eyes.

Zhang Shuren's expression changed, "Even if he built a dam, how would be have been able to block this majestic Dynasty River? Even if he were successful, he would not have the time to let the river water flood over here."

"The changes in spiritual qi are accelerating. This...is definitely not something that that Yan Zhaoge can do with his own power. It seems more like the effects of some formation!"

He dared not hesitate as he first activated the Wutong Phoenix Perching Formation, multiple layers of fiery light lighting up as they blocked the boundless, chaotic torrents of water that surged into the heavens.

However, affected by the local geography, the Wutong Phoenix Perching Formation had already been unstable in the first place. As the torrents arrived now, it was instantly left teetering on the brink of collapse.

The sea of flames which had originally suffused the area was now like the flickering flame of a dying candle.

Peng He and the others hurriedly acted, attempting to help Zhang Shuren to stabilise the formation.

Still, as contact was made, the minds of everyone present wavered slightly.

It was still slightly better for the ninth level Martial Saints.

Everyone else was rendered dizzy.

Even Daoist Leading Mist and Yuan Xiancheng of the eighth level of the Martial Saint realm wobbled somewhat.

"Not good! Could it be..." Qing Shuzi's gaze suddenly tightened.

He forced himself upwards, seeing gusts of nether wind actually appearing in the air above the dark yellow river waters that were

rapidly approaching!

The nether winds howled as black fog soon suffused the area.

The glaring sun had still been shining high overhead a moment ago. Now, however, it was concealed by black fog as the light of the day was gone.

Just the dark yellow river waters were already bad enough, but enveloped by that black fog now, as the nether winds gusted, even Qing Shuzi was rendered dizzy as it was like he was drunk on alcohol.

He hurriedly composed himself, expanding his sleeve as he sucked in a majority of the black fog of nether wind that surrounded him.

However, no end could be seen to the black fog of nether wind which suffused the dark yellow river, obscuring the sky and concealing the sun as it immediately swept over once more.

Qing Shuzi flicked his sleeve, shifting space as he swiftly descended.

Down below, the dark yellow river which resembled a heavenly tribulation had virtually already devoured the entire Wutong forest.

The Riding Wind Heavenly Vessel had truly become a vessel now as it bobbed atop the great river.

Peng He was keeping the vessel stable with all his might, with Zhang Shuren and the others having already ascended it as well.

Seeing the Wutong Phoenix Perching Formation being drowned in water down below, Zhang Shuren felt like crying yet lacked the tears for such.

Now, Yan Zhaoge's voice seemingly resounded from countless directions all at once from amidst the black fog of nether wind between the heavens and the earth.

“Well, Treasured Branch Zhang, your Wutong Phoenix Perching Formation is indeed not bad,” Yan Zhaoge smiled, “Having come as a guest, I should return you a gift of my own. Come, you try this Yan’s formation too.”

Qing Shuzi returned to the Riding Wind Heavenly Vessel, barely managing to resist the black fog of nether wind which completely surrounded them.

His brows were knit tightly, “How would he know this fearsome formation of ancient times? What legacy is this?”

At this moment, apart from Qing Shuzi, Zhang Shuren, Peng He, Daoist Leading Mist and Yuan Xiancheng who were still able to stand, the other martial practitioners of the south were all compromised as they were all collapsed on the deck of the Riding Wind Heavenly Vessel!

All of them looked dazed and drunken as most of them were unconscious.

Even those few who were able to retain their clarity of mind were collapsed on the ground, trying hard to keep from lapsing off into unconsciousness.

“Fearsome formation of ancient times?”

Barely withstanding this, as Zhang Shuren saw his fallen disciples strewn all about and that dark yellow river which meandered up ahead with ceaseless winds, black fog obscuring the heavens, hence did a shocked exclamation escape his mouth, “Nine Bends Yellow River Formation?! ”

Beside him, as Daoist Leading Mist heard Qing Shuzi’s words, the same exclamation simultaneously left his mouth as he was left stunned on the spot.

Only now did Peng He and Yuan Xiancheng react to this name as they too were utterly shocked.

The Nine Bends Yellow River Formation originated earliest from

the direct lineage of the founder of the Prime Clear lineage, the Lord of Numinous Treasure, from the three Ladies of Three Immortal Island, Cloud Sky, Jade Sky and Azure Sky.

In the ancient legends, its glory had once been in full display during the era of the Investiture of the Gods, countless legends and immortal hegemons having died to this formation.

As the Ladies of the Three Skies had been Invested and entered the Heavenly Court afterwards, this Nine Bends Yellow River Formation had entered the Heavenly Court's Divine Palace.

A complete formation diagram had been available in the Martial Repository.

Yan Zhaoge was still unable to circulate the entire Dynasty River to establish this formation.

However, he could change the water vein for the segment of Dynasty River about Circumference Mountain, manipulating it such that the Nine Bends Yellow River Formation of legend appeared in this world anew.

Its might was naturally far from the grand formation established by the Ladies of the Three Skies in the era of the Investiture of the Gods. Core essentials like the Immortal Bewitching Pill and the Secluded Immortal Mantra were missing as an embryonic form of the diagram was manifested.

The supreme treasure of legend, the Chaotic Origin Golden Cup, was also not present.

However, the ones he had to deal with were far from those bigwigs of legends.

Qing Shuzi and Zhang Shuren exchanged looks, smiling bitterly now.

“Dynasty River, Dynasty River...Dynasty River!” Zhang Shuren sighed slowly towards the heavens.

This Circumference Mountain was not aiding him, Zhang Shuren, was not the homeground of him, Zhang Shuren!

Sitting cross-legged above the river waters, Yan Zhaoge tranquilly watched the events unfolding before him, “I, of course, knew from the start that your Wutong Slope had dispatched numerous experts here to the border area at Circumference Mountain.”

“Still, while it would have been fine if I never came to Circumference Mountain, from the moment that I set foot in this place, this place is now my territory.”

HSSB 990: Yellow river floods troops

The Nine Bends Yellow River Formation of legend contained miraculous aspects of the heavens and the earth.

It contained the Immortal Bewitching Pill and the Secluded Immortal Mantra, being able to dwindle the minds of Immortals as well as disperse their souls, trap their forms, damage their qi, dispel their cores and harm their bodies.

The formation manifested the wonders of all creation, unravelling all those almighty immortals.

Qing Shuzi, Zhang Shuren and the others were knowledgeable people. Having already experienced the awesomeness of the Nine Bends Yellow River Formation firsthand, they definitely knew that this grand formation before them truly posed a serious threat to them.

Of course, it might not be as domineering as in the legends, ‘Immortals who step within become mortals, mortals who step within instantly perish’.

Still, not a single one of them was an Immortal.

Now that they were trapped within the Nine Bends Yellow River Formation, they were placed in a perilous situation from which there might truly be no return.

Blown by that black fog of nether wind, their minds were corroded as they inevitably became dizzy.

The acupoints of their bodies which resembled the actual stars of the sky actually felt like they were being blocked up now.

The first step in Seeing Divinity Martial Saints ascending the Immortal Bridge was them letting their acupoints which had already seen true Divinity circulate, possessing their own natural laws and orbits like the actual stars up in the sky.

From the seventh to eighth level of the Martial Saint realm, one would have to reach the point where the acupoints that resembled stars within their bodies would naturally be extinguished.

Just like people, stars also had longevities of their own. It was just that they were extremely long. Still, stars would similarly die one day.

For martial practitioners who cultivated their inner universes to resonate with the actual stars of the external world, they had to take this step as well.

When their acupoints naturally died in the process of cultivation, martial practitioners would not be weakened.

While they might be fewer, they would have qualitatively attained a whole new level.

Life and death were the main theme of this world's eternal balance.

Life would become death before life was reborn anew, such a cycle repeating as per heaven's will.

The hallmark of eighth level Martial Saints becoming ninth level Martial Saints was them refining completely new acupoints in place of those old ones, much like the birth of new stars.

At this point, their strength would rise yet once more as they attained the late Immortal Bridge stage.

The cycle of life and death aside, their orbits would be unceasingly refined and stabilised as the inner universe within the martial practitioner's body became closer to the actual universe.

In this process, the comprehension of the martial practitioner regarding the principles of the heavens and the earth and their grasp of their own physical conditions would become increasingly clearer and in depth.

When all their acupoints had been refined to achieve Divinity

like the stars of the sky, their inner universes would truly be resonating with the external one as they would hence have a chance of accomplishing the Human Exalt stage.

It was just that achieving this was a very difficult thing.

Most martial practitioners were unable to do so their entire lives.

Still, some of these people did have some chance of success.

This was especially so for Qing Shuzi and Yuan Xiancheng.

Now, however, they could clearly sense that affected by the Nine Bends Yellow River Formation, the insides of their bodies had actually become unstable.

As the nether winds gusted, beneath the assault of the black fog, the three ninth level Martial Saints, Qing Shuzi, Peng He and Zhang Shuren, all vaguely felt as if they were unable to evoke the rebirth of their acupoints.

Their extinguished acupoints were no longer reborn as it was as if their cultivation bases had fallen back into the eighth level of the Martial Saint realm.

Yuan Xiancheng and Daoist Leading Mist of the eighth level of the Martial Saint realm felt as though while their acupoints which had seen true Divinity were still circulating, they had become sluggish.

Their acupoints were unable to be extinguished following their birth as they had lost some partial characteristics of stars, seemingly having plummeted to the seventh level of the Martial Saint realm.

They were even more shocked by the fact that things did not seem to have ended just like that.

As time passed, these effects still seemed to be gradually intensifying!

“As long as we are assaulted by the black fog of nether wind now,

our cultivation bases will be suppressed temporarily,” Zhang Shuren said in a heavy tone, “But if we end up unconscious, our foundations would truly be harmed, our cultivation bases dropping as all our previous efforts would have been for naught!”

Qing Shuzi snorted coldly, “It will also be the same if we linger here for too long. We have to leave!”

Amidst his words, he flicked his long sleeve, shifting space as he dispelled the black fog and nether winds before him.

Yet, even time and space were affected by the Nine Bends Yellow River Formation as everything was distorted in the first place. Even with Qing Shuzi’s strength, he was still hard pressed to charge out from within it.

Peng He and the others dared not hesitate in the least as they too hurriedly exerted their might.

The Riding Wind Heavenly Vessel shot into the air, breaking the waves and tides as it sought to flee the imprisonment of the dark yellow river.

However, facing the waves which surged over like a tsunami, they were still rocked about all over, only barely being able to keep the vessel from being overturned.

Gazing over, it was still pitch black all around as the light of day could not be seen, the directions unidentifiable from one another.

Their hearts just burned with desperation. Yet, Yan Zhaoge had already established the formation which encompassed the entirety of the domain of Circumference Mountain with the power of the Dynasty River to assist him.

Looking from the external world, one would see that the entirety of Circumference Mountain had been drowned by the dark yellow river.

Gazing from high above, one would see the nine meandering bends of the dark yellow river which were filled with the

profundities of all creation.

Yet, the surface of the river was enveloped by worrying winds and tragic fog, baleful air pressuring down as it evoked fear and panic in the hearts of all.

Beneath the overlapping layers of space, the space of the grand formation was even broader, also changing unceasingly as Peng He and the others were unable to flee despite charging desperately out with all their might.

“We are not proficient in formations. Charging blindly out like this is just pointless. Now, there is already not much time left,” Qing Shuzi did not lose his composure.

As time passed, he too was left dizzy from the black fog of nether winds as he could only focus his spirits, “This Nine Bends Yellow River Formation is the handiwork of Immortals of legend. It is not something that just anyone would be able to set up.”

“That fellah surnamed Yan is outstanding and skilled in formations. Still, the gap in our cultivation bases is still there at the end of the day.”

“He too should need to fully concentrate and go all out in controlling such a peerless, fearsome formation. It would definitely be impossible for he himself to battle someone else now!”

Hearing Qing Shuzi say this, Peng He and the others understood what he meant.

“If we constantly go around the formation in circles like this, we would only be playing into his hands,” Peng He said urgently, “We have to aim for his unguarded self to break the formation.”

Currently in the form of a Wutong tree that was rooted to the deck of the vessel as he resisted the assault of the black fog of nether wind, Zhang Shuren now spoke, “All formations have their cores. That Yan Zhaoge must surely be at the core of his formation.

In that case, we must go where this formation is most vicious.”

“We have to enter the tiger’s lair if we are to emerge victorious!”

Peng He handed over control of the Riding Wind Heavenly Vessel to Zhang Shuren, who analysed the variations of the formation with much difficulty using his knowledge of formations as he led them all to the most vicious part of the formation.

“Go!” Everyone painstakingly resisted the effects of the Nine Bends Yellow River Formation as they advanced, Peng He wielding his hands as sabres and simultaneously hacking outwards.

A fiery phoenix with an unusual dim blue lustre flew outwards, brutal to the extreme as it opened a path.

Qing Shuzi executed the supreme martial art, Primordial Heavenly Flying Sleeve, of Illusory Coming Peak’s direct lineage, transforming extreme softness into extreme toughness now. As he flicked his sleeve outwards, it was like a sharp blade that powerfully cleaved through space.

Daoist Leading Mist and Yuan Xiancheng sat on the deck of the Riding Wind Heavenly Vessel in the meditative position as they stabilised their minds.

As time passed, these two eighth level Martial Saints who were usually rampant and unbridled in the outside world were already hard pressed to hold on as they could only remain there quietly.

The two had not even the leisure to feel despondent now as their hearts were instead full of worry.

If this was not put a stop to soon, they too would end up suffering the tragic fate that had already befallen their weaker companions.

The pressure was mounting ceaselessly, even for the three ninth level Martial Saints, Qing Shuzi, Peng He and Zhang Shuren!

HSSB 991: You could only enter because I let you

Their strength unceasingly being whittled down by the Nine Bends Yellow River Formation, the trio began to feel dizzy as well.

They even vaguely felt as though their cultivation bases were dropping yet further!

While they were persisting through willpower alone, they were already soon reaching their limits.

Now, the black fog of nether wind before them suddenly turned mild.

Everyone was overjoyed as they hurriedly continued charging forward, finally shooting past the layers of bewildering mist before them.

Now, atop the surface of that dark yellow river before them sat a white-robed youth in a black-bordered blue robe.

It was none other than Yan Zhaoge.

Not only was Yan Zhaoge not flustered, he instead looked rather amused and relaxed as his figure bobbed gently up and down atop the river water.

As his gaze fell on Qing Shuzi, he appraised his sleeve and appearance before smiling, “You must be Daoist Qing Shuzi, disciple of the Heaven Emperor? Your legacies do appear to be from his lineage.”

As he spoke, Yan Zhaoge stood up and walked forward to meet the incoming Riding Wind Heavenly Vessel of Wutong Slope.

“This Yan would like to have a taste of the legacies of the Heaven Emperor. Please instruct me, Daoist.”

Hearing his words, the expressions of Zhang Shuren, Peng He

and Qing Shuzi all changed.

Yan Zhaoge's words clearly entailed that it was not through their own abilities that they had been able to charge in here. Instead, Yan Zhaoge had deliberately let them in due to wanting to witness the legacies of the Heaven Emperor.

You could only enter because I let you.

"You arrogant brat. Prepare to die!" Peng He was greatly enraged as he raised a hand, chopping out with a sabre towards Yan Zhaoge!

Seeing this, Yan Zhaoge did not mind it as he just smiled, "While you appear temperamental on the surface, you are slick inwardly, possessing many schemes."

While three great late Immortal Bridge Martial Saints were gathered here now, with their cultivation bases all having been diminished by the venomous Nine Bends Yellow River Formation, they were all far from their peak state now.

As a result, even Peng He could not be confident about Qing Shuzi battling Yan Zhaoge one versus one now.

Yuan Xiancheng and the others were all waiting there. Whatever the outcome, if this could not be settled quickly, it would be difficult to restore their health.

Peng He could care less about whether Qing Shuzi wanted face now as he sought only to attack simultaneously, surrounding and taking care of Yan Zhaoge.

By launching an attack, he was actually indicating for Qing Shuzi and Zhang Shuren to attack together.

"Go!" Peng He yelled, showing no mercy whatsoever as he went all out on the first move.

A sabre appeared within his hands, blue light overflowing from the surface of its blade.

Dim blue blazing fire transformed into a blue fiery phoenix now, spreading its wings and flying towards Yan Zhaoge.

As the phoenix neared, its body suddenly split apart with the red and blue sabre-light splitting the heavens and earth.

Peng He had the nickname of ‘Blazing King’ partially because of this high-grade Sacred Artifact sabre which he possessed.

This Blazing Flame Sabre had the Dark Glorious Blazing Flame Stone as its main material, with many types of spiritual fire and treasures integrated within.

The dim-blue fire of this sabre was the fire of Dark Glorious Blazing Flame which possessed powerful might that surpassed that of the various spiritual fires.

Peng He had worked diligently to gather sabre arts from all over the world, integrating what he had learnt from Wutong Slope within as he had finally created the Blazing King Sabre.

This was unlike Zhang Shuren’s self-created Wutong Divine Palm that was both attack and defence in one, being even more extraordinary when concentrating solely on defence as it could be called the number one defensive martial art of Wutong Slope.

Peng He’s Blazing King Sabre clearly focused more on attack than defence, having increased the flourishing state of the martial legacies of Wutong Slope which were generally more defence-oriented.

When he had been young, Peng He had already been rather a deviant amongst the martial practitioners of Wutong Slope.

While he did cultivate in the true intent of the four Virtues, he cultivated in the Phoenix True Form Scripture more to research the descent of the fire phoenix as its manifestation blazed the heavens.

Currently, he was going all out in his attacks.

The Blazing Flame Sabre and the Blazing King Sabre Arts bolstered each other, increasing in power.

“There is something that you have forgotten. Let me remind you about it,” Yan Zhaoge smiled very casually, “Within this formation of mine, you are already long since not a ninth level Martial Saint.”

As Yan Zhaoge spoke, a dark green bamboo cane appeared in his hand which beat down towards Peng He’s Blazing Flame Sabre.

Substituting sword with bamboo cane, the sharp sword-glow of his Slaying Azure Dragon seemed able to cleave dragons and extinguish phoenixes.

Now, however, a pair of palms arrived from the side, seemingly watertight as they helped Peng He to block Yan Zhaoge’s sword.

It was none other than that other ninth level Martial Saint bigwig of Wutong Slope, Zhang Shuren.

He coordinated with Peng He, one attacking and one defending as their actions were very much in sync.

Yan Zhaoge cared not about this as he retracted his sword and struck out with a palm, exchanging blows with Zhang Shuren even as he rotated, his sword still striking towards Peng He.

Knowing of the miraculous aspects of Yan Zhaoge’s dark green bamboo cane, Peng He could only evade as he saw this.

“No need to stand on ceremony, Daoist. Battling in my grand formation is an unfair competition in the first place,” Yan Zhaoge called out to Qing Shuzi even as he battled Peng He and Zhang Shuren.

Peng He and the others were extremely shocked as they looked at Yan Zhaoge.

This Nine Bends Yellow River Formation was indeed not all that easy for Yan Zhaoge to control.

Still, it was entirely not like what his opponents had guessed.

As Yan Zhaoge battled Peng He and the others at this moment, the Nine Bends Yellow River Formation was still unceasingly circulating.

While the nether winds and the dense black fog were not as intense as before, they still corroded one's bones and damaged one's soul, bewildering their minds and blocking their acupoints as they were rendered dazed.

Meanwhile, as Yan Zhaoge battled, he did so rampantly and without reservation with all the care in the world.

Peng He and Zhang Shuren had their cultivation bases suppressed by the Nine Bends Yellow River Formation as even despite joining forces, they were still continuously beaten back by Yan Zhaoge.

Watching on by the side, Qing Shuzi frowned.

He looked at his junior apprentice-brother, Daoist Leading Mist, who was seated in the meditative position on the Riding Wind Heavenly Vessel, not saying a word. Finally, he shook his head, flying into the air as well.

He flicked his sleeve, striking out towards Yan Zhaoge with a momentum that seemed even more powerful than Peng He's sabre arts, the Blazing King Sabre!

"Well met!" Yan Zhaoge struck at Peng He's Blazing Flame Sabre with a bamboo cane, with sparks instantly arising all round as its dim blue colour dimmed further.

Then, he pointed out with his Yin Yang Finger as Peng He's sabre-blow was directed towards Zhang Shuren's Wutong Divine Palm.

After creating an exchange of pointers between the fellow apprentice-brothers, Yan Zhaoge did not cease in his actions as he struck out towards Qing Shuzi with a palm.

This palm of his simultaneously contained the profundities of the

Cyclic Heavenly Seal and the Taiji Yin Yang Palm.

Whether Qing Shuzi's Primordial Heavenly Flying Sleeve was tough or soft, Yan Zhaoge would still clash with him head-on!

Qing Shuzi's sleeve resembled the blade of a sabre as it hacked down on Yan Zhaoge's palm.

Yan Zhaoge circulated his Five Elements Deific Immortal Body, his body like Vajra as he bare-handedly caught hold of Qing Shuzi's sleeve.

"Back!" Qing Shuzi's gaze flickered as his stance suddenly changed.

Time and space suddenly became blurry within his sleeve, multiple colours and countless scenes appearing within.

At this moment, it was like Qing Shuzi had opened up a dimensional passageway within his sleeve which led to the chaotic flows of space outside the World beyond Worlds!

Time and space distorted, forming an immense suction force which sought to devour Yan Zhaoge entirely within!

Heaven Earth Within Sleeve!

It was precisely the direct lineage supreme martial art of the Primordial Suppressing Lord who reigned alongside the world!

Heavens and earth were contained within the sleeve with worlds beyond worlds.

Let alone weaker opponents, even evenly matched foes would be captured by this if they were insufficiently careful!

As Qing Shuzi executed this move, even the expressions of Peng He and Zhang Shuren changed.

Why did the Primordial Heavenly Flying Sleeve exist?

That was actually a weaker version of the Heaven Earth Within Sleeve.

Because this supreme martial art was so difficult to cultivate in, it was rumoured that even the Heaven Emperor had only been able to successfully attain it at the Human Exalt stage that year.

As Qing Shuzi's allies, Peng He and Zhang Shuren had not thought that Qing Shuzi might actually have mastered such a technique!

HSSB 992: Stronger, more domineering!

Qing Shuzi had long achieved his fame as he was publicly recognised as one of the World beyond Worlds' ninth level Martial Saints who had the greatest hopes of entering the Human Exalt stage.

His strength had long since attained widespread approval as that of a blessed genius who reigned supreme above the rest.

While martial practitioners would not usually say this so easily, both Peng He and Zhang Shuren had to admit that if they battled with Qing Shuzi, he would have a higher chance of emerging victorious.

However, if they truly fought, a great battle would first have to unfold before a result could be seen.

As direct descendants of Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope who were late Immortal Bridge Martial Saints, Zhang Shuren and Peng He both possessed this confidence.

Still, never would they have thought that Qing Shuzi might actually have successfully accomplished the peerless martial art of the Primordial Suppressing Lord's Five Manor Locale before reaching the Human Exalt stage!

This entailed that there was the possibility of them being taken wholly unawares and captured by Qing Shuzi with his Heaven Earth Within Sleeve in a single exchange!

Granted, if they were captured by the Heaven Earth Within Sleeve, it did not mean that Qing Shuzi would be able to do whatever he liked to them.

It was also not like capturing them alive as it was similar to temporary imprisonment.

While difficult, it would not be totally impossible for one to escape from within that sleeve.

It was just that even if they managed to charge out, their face would have been completely lost.

Moreover, if Qing Shuzi's Heaven Earth Within Sleeve captured one successfully, this would surely give him the advantage which he would have countless ways of capitalising on, defeating his foe for good.

Zhang Shuren and Peng He felt even more shocked by how Qing Shuzi whose fame had already shook the World beyond Worlds all along actually still possessed a trump card, never having yet displayed his full flair.

He was already a genius who reigned supreme amongst countless other geniuses. Yet, this had not actually been the actual extent of his abilities.

If not for Yan Zhaoge's Nine Bends Yellow River Formation today, no one would probably have learnt of the true capabilities of this head disciple of the Heaven Emperor.

Even Yan Zhaoge was taken aback as he saw Qing Shuzi's actions, his eyes promptly lighting up.

This was a true method of Immortality as it was a renowned peak martial art even amongst the entire history of Daoism.

Qing Shuzi had only gained some piddling insights into it.

Still, this was already sufficient in the Martial Saint realm as he seldom met a match amongst martial practitioners of the same cultivation level!

“Good!” Yan Zhaoge cheered.

The palm which he had been grabbing towards Qing Shuzi's sleeve with looked set to be sucked into those chaotic torrents of space.

Caught by surprise, Yan Zhaoge lost the initiative for a time.

He inhaled deeply, chaos vaguely appearing within his eyes.

The acupoints of his entire body pulsed, several masses of chaotic qi vaguely appearing.

At this moment, Yan Zhaoge's acupoints were no longer like stars as they instead resembled masses of chaos.

Before the universe of stars had appeared with the heavens and earth being split apart, when there was no left and no right, no front and no back, no up and no down.

Twelve wheels of light simultaneously appeared about Yan Zhaoge's outstretched palm, sinking and rising as they rotated unceasingly.

Accompanied by the movement of these wheels of light, brightness and dimness gradually merged.

It was not bright, but neither was it dim.

All was blurry between the heavens and the earth.

Yan Zhaoge's palm force that secretly contained the Peerless Heavenly Scripture while outwardly manifesting the Dim Radiant Twelve Arts intermingled between brightness and darkness with a semblance of chaos being displayed.

Space and time were locked down by Yan Zhaoge at this moment as his body which had looked set to be sucked in by Qing Shuzi's sleeve stabilised itself once more.

Qing Shuzi's advantage which he had seized by suddenly utilising the Heaven Earth Within Sleeve no longer existed now.

Yan Zhaoge immediately ceased using it after releasing it as the masses of qi that resembled chaos disappeared from within his body.

Radiance that resembled water circulated on his palm, the scenes of the world turning ancient where it passed.

The next moment, the light waves flowed in reverse as Yan Zhaoge made use of this chance to extricate his hand which had

been swept along by Qing Shuzi's sleeve!

Before the eyes of Zhang Shuren, Peng He and Qing Shuzi, time felt as if it was flowing in reverse.

"Dim Radiant Twelve Arts, Aeon Light Heavenly Scripture!" The three were stunned all at once, "It is actually possible to evade the Heaven Earth Within Sleeve in this way?"

Zhang Shuren and Peng He charged forward, not leaving Qing Shuzi to face Yan Zhaoge alone.

As time passed, the three were increasingly corroded by the Nine Bends Yellow River Formation.

If they could not put a swift end to this battle, they would fall without him even needing to attack.

Yet, Yan Zhaoge now slowly exhaled a breath of turbid air, abruptly flipping over his retracted palm!

The Cyclic Heavenly Seal reappeared, with Yan Zhaoge now focusing on its concept rather than might.

Beneath his palm, causality and effect were reversed as Qing Shuzi was forcibly jolted backwards.

At the same time, the Extreme Yang Seal reappeared above Yan Zhaoge's head, mightily slamming down towards Zhang Shuren and Peng He from overhead.

Zhang Shuren raised his palms upwards to resist it with his full strength, yet was directly smashed downwards by the Extreme Yang Seal in mid-air and slammed right into the surging river waters!

Then, Yan Zhaoge struck down towards him with his dark green bamboo cane, beating the Blazing Flame Sabre straight out of his hand.

He struck out with a palm which Peng He barely managed to withstand.

Yet, Yan Zhaoge immediately launched a kick right afterwards, instantly sending this longtime Elder of Wutong Slope flying.

Qing Shuzi's attack arrived before him.

This time, however, Yan Zhaoge was prepared for him. His figure spun as he instantly arrived before Qing Shuzi at a high speed.

He bent his arm, elbowing over towards Qing Shuzi's chest.

Qing Shuzi could only helplessly retreat.

Still, this head disciple of the Heaven Emperor was no small fry at the end of the day as his eyes suddenly lit up.

The next instant, Qing Shuzi's gaze directly transformed into two sword-lights of yellow earth, stabbing towards Yan Zhaoge's eyes from mere inches away.

Of Illusory Coming Peak's direct lineage, Primordial Earth Golden Pupils Sword!

The Heaven Emperor was proficient in the variations of space and time, his disciples skilled in movement techniques as they were renowned throughout the World beyond Worlds.

With Yan Zhaoge having entered melee range, he would not give the other party a chance to widen the distance between them.

Facing Qing Shuzi's Primordial Earth Golden Pupils Sword, he neither evaded nor dodged it as the purple light of thunder surged within his eyes.

From similarly just mere inches away, a streak of An Instant's Thunder mightily boomed at Qing Shuzi!

The thunder light and sword-lights collided in mid-air with the violent light of thunder instantly exploding the sword lights of yellow earth to shreds!

Having gained this initial advantage, Yan Zhaoge simultaneously grabbed at Qing Shuzi's arm.

One hand grabbed his wrist while the other grabbed his shoulder.

Qing Shuzi's expression changed greatly as he struggled in an attempt to break free. Yet, he was completely unable to resist Yan Zhaoge beneath the suppression of the Nine Bends Yellow River Formation, breaking free of his grip.

Yan Zhaoge grabbed the other party with both hands, circulating the concept of the Cyclic Heavenly Scripture which could reverse all things in creation.

An immense distortion force came from two completely opposing directions, simultaneously applied on Qing Shuzi's arm.

A lofty late Immortal Bridge Martial Saint with an incomparably powerful fleshly body had an arm directly twisted off by Yan Zhaoge!

“Arghh!” Qing Shuzi howled.

His arm was forcibly ripped apart by Yan Zhaoge at the shoulder, hereby separated from his body!

As soon as it left his body, it became an independent existence as that arm seemed incomparably fragile in comparison to Yan Zhaoge's might.

Suppressed by the force which was like a grinder, Qing Shuzi could only helplessly watch on as his broken arm was reduced to scraps of flesh and blood within the air!

“Yan! Zhao! Ge!”

Another roar now resounded from the side.

As Yan Zhaoge gazed back, his field of vision was obscured by a dark silhouette.

Controlled by Peng He, the massive Riding Wind Heavenly Vessel that was wreathed in flames was already close before him.

Peng He howled madly, controlling the Riding Wind Heavenly Vessel in slamming straight for Yan Zhaoge!

Before the massive divine vessel, the humanoid-sized Yan Zhaoge was like an ant who faced an onrushing elephant!

“Ha!” Yan Zhaoge stood unflinchingly where he was, turning back and striking out with a palm!

At the first instant after contact.

The huge vessel that was pressuring down with the momentum of Mount Tai was directly stopped by Yan Zhaoge’s blow, left unable to move!

At the second instant after contact.

Where the Riding Wind Heavenly Vessel had collided with Yan Zhaoge’s palm, it mightily shattered as a large hole was opened within!

HSSB 993: Kill! Kill!

While he resembled a massive elephant that was trampling between the heavens and earth, he had suddenly collided with a mountain which was even tougher than him.

Controlling the Riding Wind Heavenly Vessel, Peng He was instantly owned by the collision!

A moment ago, the huge, majestic vessel that should be able to suppress all things had strangely halted on the spot.

At the same time, a large hole had been directly broken through about the frame of the vessel.

With that hole as the centre, numerous terrifying cracks rapidly extended into the surroundings, spreading to the various segments of the entire Riding Wind Heavenly Vessel.

The massive divine vessel that soared above the nine heavens was broken apart by Yan Zhaoge's terrifying strength at this moment.

The force of the collision jolted the unconscious martial practitioners of Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope on the deck of the vessel dead without even knowing what struck them!

Yuan Xiancheng and Daoist Leading Mist who had been in the meditative position and resisting the encroachment of the Nine Bends Yellow River Formation both directly vomited a mouthful of blood.

Now, their conditions were thrown into disarray as they were hard pressed to resist this any longer, instantly being rendered dazed and bewitched.

As he controlled the vessel, the ‘Blazing King’ Peng He spat out a mouthful of blood as well. Having already been injured by Yan Zhaoge in the first place, his condition ended up deteriorating further.

As a result, the Nine Bends Yellow River Formation now affected him more intensely as well.

Peng He now felt as though the acupoints of his body that resembled stars had ceased their variations of life and death at this moment.

Their orbits started becoming sluggish and predictable.

It felt as if his cultivation base had plummeted back to the seventh level of the Martial Saint realm.

Yan Zhaoge rose into the air, ascending the vessel that was virtually already about to fall apart as he arrived before Peng He.

Peng He's eyes looked on the brink of imploding whereas Yan Zhaoge's gaze was mild, "Blazing Flame Sabre, Flame King Sabre arts. It looks like you must be the 'Blazing King' Peng He then?"

"This Yan knows that Zhuang Chaohui is your son-in-law, also having always been on close terms with you."

As Yan Zhaoge spoke, he raised a palm, "I will be sending you down to accompany him now. Still, it has been a while since he left. I'm afraid you might not be able to catch up with him."

With that, he brought a palm down on the crown of Peng He's head.

While Peng He emphasised more on attack than defence in his martial arts unlike the usual style of Wutong Slope, as a ninth level Martial Saint there, he too was bolstered by four Virtues somewhat.

Yet, beneath the encroachment of the Nine Bends Yellow River Formation, Peng He whose cultivation base had fallen greatly was already unable to defend against Yan Zhaoge's might.

"Yan Zhao..."

Beneath that palm, his enraged roar ceased for good.

Upon ascending the Immortal Bridge, martial practitioners of

Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope would gain a chance at nirvanic rebirth.

Yet, after it had been depleted, they would only obtain another chance upon having attained the Human Exalt stage.

It just so happened that 'Blazing King' Peng He had already undergone nirvanic rebirth once before.

Thus, this late Immortal Bridge Martial Saint was slain by Yan Zhaoge with a single palm within this Nine Bends Yellow River Formation.

After slaying Peng He, sensing that his life force had been terminated for good, Yan Zhaoge paid no attention to Yuan Xiancheng, Daoist Leading Mist and the others on the vessel as he instead looked downwards.

There, within the turbid dark yellow river water, golden light and the light of fire suddenly flickered simultaneously.

Following that, Zhang Shuren rose up from the river, bearing the pressure of the Extreme Yang Seal.

Beneath the onrushing waters of the Nine Bends Yellow River Formation, his figure grew increasingly unstable.

If not for the fact that Yan Zhaoge had been busy dealing with Qing Shuzi and Peng He, never having paid much attention to the Extreme Yang Seal, Zhang Shuren would not have been able to bear its might and ascend in the first place.

Now, Yan Zhaoge still cared not about this as he flew over to the Extreme Yang Seal and lightly clapped down with a palm before flying over towards Qing Shuzi once more.

Yet, with this action of his, the Extreme Yang Seal turned incomparably dazzling once more, a vigorous, tyrannical power resurfacing.

The great golden sun descended once more, smashing Zhang

Shuren down into the waters of the yellow river yet again!

After mightily breaking the Riding Wind Heavenly Vessel, he had slain Peng He and struck Zhang Shuren into the waters once more.

Only mere moments had passed.

Seeing all this unfold before him, Qing Shuzi who only had one arm left clenched his teeth.

While his junior apprentice-brother, Daoist Leading Mist, was still there, Qing Shuzi could only ignore him now.

It was not that he did not want to help him, but that he had no way of doing so at all!

While they were three great late Immortal Bridge Martial Saints, within this Nine Bends Yellow River Formation, they were effectively no different from eighth level Martial Saints to Yan Zhaoge in truth.

It was even to the extent that as time passed and the condition of their injuries deteriorated, they were as good as seventh level Martial Saints.

What the result would be when Yan Zhaoge was surrounded and attacked by early and mid Immortal Bridge Martial Saints all at once was something that Peng He's death presently and the alliance meet at Vast Spirit Mountain previously had already displayed in full.

Qing Shuzi consecutively tapped out with his feet, swiftly shifting space as he sought to increase the distance between him and Yan Zhaoge.

Illusory Coming Peak was famed for its movement techniques, and Qing Shuzi was a true elite of his generation.

Yet, beneath the effects of the Nine Bends Yellow River Formation coupled with his grave wounds, he could only watch on helplessly as Yan Zhaoge caught up with him.

Qing Shuzi's face was pale as the colour of blood was not visible on it in the least.

Seeing that he was unable to outrun Yan Zhaoge and escape from the Nine Bends Yellow River Formation, he simply stopped running.

"A pleasure, Daoist. Your Heaven Earth Within Sleeve was truly a sight to behold," Yan Zhaoge said as he slowly walked towards him, "Today, your cultivation base has been restricted within this Nine Bends Yellow River Formation of mine as you cannot fully exert what you are proficient in. Still, with us being life and death enemies anyway, this not being some sparring match, please forgive this Yan for not caring about my methods."

Qing Shuzi who was usually a man of few words glared vehemently at Yan Zhaoge, "You, what is your background?"

Yan Zhaoge smiled, "Disciple of Broad Creed Mountain, Eight Extremities World. You should know that, really?"

"Hah..." Qing Shuzi smiled too, "This humble Daoist once wondered whose hands I might perish at. Despite thinking much about it, before today, I never thought that I would perish by your hand."

"Still, just like you said to Peng He earlier," Qing Shuzi laughed, "Someone will send you down to accompany us. This humble Daoist will be waiting for you down below!"

Qing Shuzi roared severely, flicking his sleeve with his sole remaining arm out towards Yan Zhaoge.

Partway through, a dark silhouette suddenly emerged from his sleeve as it seemed at first glance as if his sleeve had suddenly grown longer.

It was a long, jet-black whip.

Being aware that Yan Zhaoge's dark green bamboo cane could suppress Sacred Artifacts, Qing Shuzi had not wielded a weapon

earlier.

Still, when his very life was at stake here, how would he have the leisure to care about so much?

Yan Zhaoge's expression was as per usual as his dark green bamboo cane descended, with the jet-black whip which was like a coiling dragon instantly reduced to a dead snake.

Qing Shuzi took advantage of this and directly let go of his Sacred Artifact, next expanding his sleeve as he executed the Heaven Earth Within Sleeve once more.

Yan Zhaoge did not avoid it this time as he remained unmoving where he was, allowing himself to be taken in by Qing Shuzi's Heaven Earth Within Sleeve.

Space and time distorted as his figure instantly turned small, being absorbed into Qing Shuzi's sleeve.

A look of joyous celebration did not appear on the face of Qing Shuzi now, however.

The Nine Bends Yellow River Formation before him was still circulating non-stop!

Indeed, the next moment, that sleeve of his began expanding and bulging.

On the surface of his sleeve, bumps arose intermittently as there seemed to be something frenetically charging out from within.

Qing Shuzi suppressed this with all his might. Still, affected by the formation and his injuries, he found it increasingly difficult to achieve this.

Finally, a thunderous boom resounded!

That segment of sleeve of Qing Shuzi's directly exploded, reduced into scraps of fabric that fluttered within the air.

A tragic, terrifying sword-light lit up unceasingly.

That sole remaining arm of Qing Shuzi's was riddled with wounds and covered in bloodstains.

"Maybe it is I who will first send more people down to accompany you?" Yan Zhaoge's voice resounded once more, originating from behind Qing Shuzi.

A terrifying sword tapped Qing Shuzi's temple, piercing within!

HSSB 994: Spent their whole lives living as dogs

Yan Zhaoge stood atop space right behind Qing Shuzi.

He extended a hand, his index and middle fingers aligned into a sword as he tapped on Qing Shuzi's temple with his fingertips.

A brutal sword-glow pierced through Qing Shuzi's brain, penetrating straight through his head and emerging from his temple on the other side.

This peak expert of the ninth level of the Martial Saint realm thus perished within the Nine Bends Yellow River Formation.

Within the entire World beyond Worlds, Qing Shuzi was publicly acclaimed as the expert who had the greatest hopes of attaining the Human Exalt stage within a short period of time.

With his age, considering the potential displayed by him, even Immortality seemed achievable by him.

It was not just his current outstanding strength. His prospects were also far beyond that of the likes of Peng He, Zhang Shuren and Guan Lide.

Still, there were no guarantees in life, and blades were merciless. In this battle, it had been ashes to ashes, dust to dust. However great his prospects might had been, it was all reduced to nothingness.

Seeing Qing Shuzi's corpse plummeting down from mid-air, Yan Zhaoge shook his head slightly.

He descended as well, the turbid waters of the yellow river down below splitting apart.

There, Zhang Shuren was being suppressed by the Extreme Yang Seal, only being able to barely withstand it as he was unable to dislodge it from above him.

Unceasingly corroded by the Nine Bends Yellow River Formation, his cultivation base continually plummeted as he became less and less able to handle things.

Now, seeing Qing Shuzi's corpse plummet down from above into the water, sorrow and despair arose within his heart.

Soon after, Yan Zhaoge's face appeared before him.

"To think that, to think that..." Zhang Shuren became calm now, just that he was shaking his head repeatedly, "You killed junior apprentice-nephew Li Jing and helped Golden Court Mountain of the southeast to capture junior apprentice-niece Wang Hui, wrecking Chaohui's attempt to retrieve the phoenix bone. It was just that at that time, no one at all from our lineage would have thought that things might actually develop to how they have today."

"Only six plus years should have gone by, not even seven..."

Yan Zhaoge was even calmer than him as it was like he was just talking casually at home, "It is a bit longer than that. This Yan spent around three years in a lower world where time flowed faster than here in the World beyond Worlds."

"For me, ever since I killed that disciple of your lineage, a total or eleven, twelve years have passed."

Zhang Shuren sighed, "Eleven, twelve years...haha, what a great eleven, twelve years! As compared to you, we old people have really lived our whole lives as dogs."

"Still, do not be too happy. Qing Shuzi who just died at your hands often made others feel the same way."

The old man's hunchbacked figure looked increasingly unable to bear the heavy pressure that was weighing down on him.

Still, there was only indifference on his face now, "Those who kill can also be killed. Experts exist even amongst experts. Since you are stronger than us, you could kill us. Still, there will surely

be people who are stronger than you! Let us see who is the one who kills you one day!"

The Extreme Yang Seal up above transformed into a magnificent sun, dazzling with brightness atop the dim nine bends of the yellow river.

Yet, that blazing hot sunlight transformed into destructive flames as well, gradually devouring Zhang Shuren's body.

Yan Zhaoge smiled, "It won't be you, that's for sure."

Zhang Shuren's frame was devoured by the magnificent sun.

The clear cry of a phoenix resounded from amidst the remnant flames, a figure gradually reappearing.

Yan Zhaoge did not even peer closely at it as he simply struck out with a palm.

Under normal circumstances, the cultivation bases of the martial practitioners of Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope after their nirvanic rebirth was no different from that before they had perished. This was not just a life-preserving method.

Yet, being reborn within the Nine Bends Yellow River Formation, the negative effects caused by the formation earlier still existed at this moment.

Following his nirvanic rebirth, Zhang Shuren's cultivation base had still deteriorated terribly as he was only at the standard of a seventh level Martial Saint.

As Yan Zhaoge's palm descended, even Zhang Shuren who was bolstered by four Virtues as he executed the Wutong Divine Palm was hard pressed to withstand it.

This longtime Elder of Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope followed in the footsteps of Peng He as he perished within the Nine Bends Yellow River Formation.

Nether winds gusted and black fog obscured the sky as only the

turbid, turbulent currents of the dark yellow river water surged.

That Riding Wind Heavenly Vessel which had virtually already fallen apart was completely dissociated at this moment.

The huge vessel was reduced to fragments of wood that drifted on the surface of the river all around. Yet, as the waves surged, they gradually sank as they were devoured by the river water.

Daoist Leading Mist, Yuan Xiancheng and the other semi-conscious martial practitioners of the south were all drowned together by the nine bends of the yellow river along with the sunken vessel, hence disappearing for good.

With the phoenix clone refined by this left eye, Yuan Xiancheng still had a chance at nirvanic rebirth.

At this moment, however, this was no longer of any significance whatsoever.

Standing atop the turbid waves that surged to the heavens, Yan Zhaoge silently watched all this unfold.

Ah Hu, Xia Guang and Pan-Pan appeared beside him with varying expressions on their faces.

Besides envy and yearning, there was also a bit of blazing passion and awe and respect in Xia Guang's gaze that was on Yan Zhaoge now.

Pan-Pan shrunk his figure, lapping rather ingratiatingly by Yan Zhaoge's feet as he poked at him.

Ah Hu imitated Yan Zhaoge's look and stroked his lower chin as he said, "A Seeing Divinity Martial Saint slaying three late Immortal Bridge Martial Saints-this is truly an unparalleled achievement in all of history!"

"Young Master, you really got up to something big this time. It would be difficult for your fame not to shake the world."

Yan Zhaoge laughed, next bringing his palms together before his

chest as they formed the seal to terminate the formation.

The nether winds began to fall still as the dense black fog correspondingly faded alongside them.

The dim yellow river water began to fade as the heavens and earth of Circumference Mountain reappeared around them.

The streams of water returned to the Dynasty River which continued to flow southward now.

All that had happened earlier seemed now as if they had never transpired in the first place.

As the light of day appeared once more, Yan Zaoge turned and looked towards the east.

There, sword-light lit up as a few figures appeared.

The one leading them was a white-haired old woman. Yan Zhaoge recognised her as a longtime Elder of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory's Golden Court Mountain, the Southeastern Swordsmistress of the late Immortal Bridge stage.

Wutong Slope had Zhang Shuren guarding Circumference Mountain at the border, and Golden Court Mountain naturally had experts stationed over at the neighbouring Royal Reed Sea too.

Over the years, this old woman had been the one guarding over the area most of the time.

Yan Zhaoge was on friendly relations with Golden Court Mountain and very familiar with the Southeastern Swordsmistress too.

While she had a severe and proper manner, the Swordsmistress similarly admired Yan Zhaoge's talents as she had a rather good opinion of this youth who had just risen to prominence recently.

It was just that she was still greatly shocked as she saw Yan Zhaoge now.

She too had been keeping an eye out for anything unusual over at

Circumference Mountain at all times. Having suddenly detected that something seemed to be up over here, she had hurriedly led people over to investigate.

Who knew that just having arrived at the border, there would be moody clouds and tragic winds, the nether winds howling as it was completely impossible to see what was going on inside.

The Southeastern Swordsmistress was very familiar with Zhang Shuren's Wutong Phoenix Perching Formation. Still, she found this formation to be unfamiliar.

On having attempted to enter, she had been rendered all dizzy, nearly having been trapped within.

The ancient, distant name of the Nine Bends Yellow River Formation had surfaced within her mind, causing her to feel even more shocked.

She had been unable to ascertain exactly who it was who had set up this formation, having decided to keep from provoking them and silently observe matters from the side.

Finally, the formation gradually dissipated.

The Swordsmistress was a tough, resolute person as she led experts in passing right across the border, entering the lands of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory.

They ended up greeted by the sight of a very unexpected figure.

A nonchalant Yan Zhaoge waved and cupped his hands towards them, "Long time no see, Swordsmistress."

HSSB 995: All dead, every single one of them

As Yan Zhaoge gazed over, besides the Southeastern Swordsmistress, he spied many other familiar faces as well.

Besides the martial practitioners of Golden Court Mountain, Yan Zhaoge even saw Pavilion Lord Gu Hong of the North Sea Sword Pavilion and other martial practitioners who were active in the Royal Reed Sea.

Having been saved by the Shadow Mountain Sword King Long Hanhua that year, after the Grand Xuan Dynasty had been decimated, Gu Hong had returned to the north sea and rebuilt his sect.

It was just that the North Sea Sword Pavilion had been virtually decimated back then, having suffered a truly terrible blow to its vitality as it had still been recuperating in recent years.

Seeing no one from his Broad Creed Mountain, Yan Zhaoge guessed that his father, Yan Di, must have yet to emerge from seclusion. As for the others, they might have stayed at the Royal Reed Sea, not having accompanied the Southeastern Swordsmistress off to Circumference Mountain here.

After all, Broad Creed Mountain was located at the west of the Royal Reed Sea, very close to the border between the two Territories.

With something major having erupted at Circumference Mountain, Broad Creed Mountain would naturally have to guard against this cautiously.

“Little Friend Yan, what exactly...” After stabilising her mind and returning Yan Zhaoge’s greeting, this was the first thing the Southeastern Swordsmistress asked.

Yan Zhaoge simply answered, “Returning from a foreign dimension, I inadvertently ended up in the Endless Mountain

Range of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory. On the way back, I encountered quite a few experts of the south.”

“Reaching Circumference Mountain, there was ‘Treasured Branch Suppressing Peak’ Zhang Shuren blocking the way and the ‘Blazing King’ Peng He coming over in pursuit. In order to deal with this, I had to set up a formation based on the local geography.”

The Southeastern Swordsmistress gazed fixatedly at him, “If I did not see wrong, this formation of yours actually seems like the Nine Bends Yellow River Formation of legend?”

“That’s right,” Yan Zhaoge frankly nodded, “It is precisely the Nine Bends Yellow River Formation.”

Looking at these people who all had solemn expressions on their faces, Yan Zhaoge smiled, “While adventuring around outside, this Yan once entered a cave manor which was of the direct lineage of the Dragon Gate Emperor of the Yellow River Dragon Sect in the past.”

“Oh?” The gaze of the Southeastern Swordsmistress relaxed slightly.

Everyone else exchanged looks, seemingly unable to understand.

The Southeastern Swordsmistress explained, “In pre-Great Calamity times, Immortals from the Heavenly Court’s Divine Palace of above the nine heavens would occasionally descend into the mortal world, leaving behind their legacies.”

“One of them founded a sect known as the Yellow River Dragon Sect, giving himself the title of the Dragon Gate Emperor and stirring things up greatly.”

“Of the Jade Clear direct lineage, the Yellow River Dragon Sect possesses two core martial arts. One is the Cyclic Heavenly Scripture of the Earlier Heaven Three Scriptures of the Primordial Heavenly Scriptures, while the other is the Dragon Gate Profound

Art personally created by the Emperor.”

“Yet, its guardian grand formation was that Nine Bends Yellow River Formation.”

“It is rumoured that after the Ladies of the Three Skies of the Prime Clear lineage entered the Heavenly Court in the past, the numerous supreme martial arts of Three Immortal Island thus entered the Heavenly Court’s Divine Palace of above the nine heavens as well. The Nine Bends Yellow River Formation of the Dragon Gate Emperor probably originates here.”

“Sadly, following the Great Calamity, the Dragon Gate Emperor and the Yellow River Dragon Sect have vanished into the long river of history. I only know of them through some historical records.”

As the Swordsmistress spoke, she turned to look at Yan Zhaoge, “I have long heard that your Broad Creed Mountain possesses the legacy of the Cyclic Heavenly Seal. Could it be that it originates from the cave manor of that Yellow River Dragon Sect too?”

Despite saying these words, there was still appraisal and vigilance in the gaze of this old granny.

Back when Yan Zhaoge had battled the Star Plucking Practitioner Guan Lide, the Immortal Ending Sword had left wounds in the heavens and earth of the Royal Reed Sea, not fading for a long time.

This had been attributed to Guan Lide to account for things to everyone both within and outside of the southeast.

Still, it would be impossible for the Swordsmistress and the others not to suspect anything at all.

Adding on the Nine Bends Yellow River Formation now, corroborating the two, this seemed even more out of the ordinary.

“As the Swordsmistress says, my sect’s Cyclic Heavenly Scripture originates from none other than the cave manor of the lineage of the Yellow River Dragon Sect,” Yan Zhaoge lied without twitching

an eyelid, “That aside, there was naturally the Dragon Gate Profound Art too.”

Now, Yan Zhaoge turned and punched out within the air.

His true essence manifested as a long, roiling river within the air, the river water rotating as a large whirlpool was formed.

The countless torrents of the whirlpool collided unceasingly as a terrifying momentum which could destroy the heavens and extinguish the earth was formed.

“This Yan has only looked through the Dragon Gate Profound Art once, not having cultivated deeply in it. Please forgive my lack of true prowess in this area.”

With that, Yan Zhaoge retracted his palm.

His Dragon Gate Profound Art was the orthodox version...

The Southeastern Swordsmistress looked silently at Yan Zhaoge.

She had never personally viewed the Dragon Gate Profound Art and the other direct lineage martial arts of the Yellow River Dragon Sect before, only having read some descriptions in the ancient texts.

The martial art executed by Yan Zhaoge was no different from that which had been described.

This was a good thing then.

They would be able to explain this to others.

While the Swordsmistress was tough and unyielding, she was well aware of who her friends and who her enemies were.

There were many things that it was difficult to feign ignorance regarding, such as Guan Lide previously and Long Hanhua now.

“You can be considered blessed by fortune, Little Friend Yan. With you around, it is no wonder that Broad Creed Mountain is thriving today,” The Swordsmistress praised before changing the

topic, “You said just now that besides Zhang Shuren, Peng He came to Circumference Mountain too?”

Yan Zhaoge patted the head of Pan-Pan beside him. Pan-Pan emitted a low cry, flying down to the ground below.

“Besides Zhang Shuren and Peng He, there was also another ninth level Martial Saint expert,” Yan Zhaoge said, “Of the lineage of Illusory Coming Peak, head disciple of the Heaven Emperor, Qing Shuzi.”

Hearing this name, the expression of the Southeastern Swordsmistress turned stern.

Despite being much younger than her, as a fellow late Immortal Bridge Martial Saint, Qing Shuzi’s fame surpassed hers greatly.

While the two had never clashed before, having personally witnessed Qing Shuzi in battle in the past, the Southeastern Swordsmistress knew that she was probably somewhat inferior to him.

Zhang Shuren, Peng He, Qing Shuzi.

This lineup of late Immortal Bridge Martial Saints was sufficient for all those beneath the Human Exalt stage to feel suffocated.

If they suddenly attacked the southeast, the Swordsmistress believed that she would definitely be unable to withstand it. She might even perish on the spot.

“As for where they are now...” Yan Zhaoge turned, seeing Pan-Pan flying back up.

Currently, there were a few corpses heaped on Pan-Pan’s back.

Some had died in a very ugly manner while others were barely even recognisable.

“This Yan did not control my strength such that most of the corpses are difficult to identify from their facial features,” Yan Zhaoge said rather apologetically, “Still, those who battled with

me at Circumference Mountain are all here, every single one of them.”

As the martial practitioners of the southeast thought about what this entailed and looked at those corpses, they were all rendered dazed on the spot.

The Southeastern Swordsmistress hastily stepped forward, gazing fixatedly at a corpse there which was missing an arm.

That was precisely the corpse of Qing Shuzi.

While one of his arms had been wrenched off by Yan Zhaoge, his head penetrated straight through by a sword-glow, his appearance had not been damaged.

Having seen Qing Shuzi in person before, the Southeastern Swordsmistress was naturally able to identify him with a single glance.

Yet, just this look alone was sufficient to render this longtime Elder of the southeast who had experienced numerous events before dazed like an wooden chicken!

The next moment, she regained her wits as the first thing she did was gaze into the surroundings.

She was looking for traces of any other experts who might have arrived. Still, there was nothing to be found.

Then, there could only be one explanation.

These dead experts had all been slain by a single Yan Zhaoge!

“How did he do it? Even with the Nine Bends Yellow Formation...” The old granny uncharacteristically lost her composure as she turned and stared at Yan Zhaoge in shock and disbelief.

HSSB 996: Yan Zhaoge, the fallen deity

The Southeastern Swordsmistress was inevitably shocked.

What did the death of Qing Shuzi by Yan Zhaoge's hand entail?

If she were to clash with Yan Zhaoge, she too would likely be slain.

A late Immortal Bridge Martial Saint, slain by a Seeing Divinity Martial Saint?

Before today, this would virtually have been an unimaginable thing for the Southeastern Swordsmistress.

Now, however, this was something that she could not but acknowledge.

This was especially so when it was not just Qing Shuzi who had perished within the Nine Bends Yellow River Formation. According to Yan Zhaoge, Zhang Shuren and Peng He had died there too.

Both of them had died beneath Yan Zhaoge's Cyclic Heavenly Seal with their heads smashed and their skulls split as their features were barely recognisable.

Corroded by the Nine Bends Yellow River Formation, their fleshly bodies were not as sturdy as before.

Still, their outer garments were something that the Southeastern Swordsmistress could not be any more familiar with.

As longtime Elders of the lineages of the hegemons of the south and the southeast, she had already associated with Zhang Shuren and Peng He for a very long time prior to this.

With the dead Qing Shuzi lying over there, there was clearly no need for Yan Zhaoge to fake corpses.

This caused the Southeastern Swordsmistress to feel even more shocked.

Zhang Shuren and Peng He were both late Immortal Bridge Martial Saint experts.

They both cultivated in direct lineage martial arts of Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope, both possessing their own areas of specialisation as they possessed remarkable strength.

Battling one against one, the Southeastern Swordsmistress could not say for certain that she would be able to slay either one of them.

Now, these people had clearly all died at Yan Zhaoge's hands.

"Could it be that the Nine Bends Yellow River Formation which he set up far surpasses imagination? The Southeastern Swordsmistress was bemused.

Previously, while she had not truly barged into the Nine Bends Yellow River formation, upon the appearance of the formation, the Southeastern Swordsmistress had gone to test out its might.

While the formation was very powerful as it was even able to suppress the cultivation bases of late Immortal Bridge Martial Saints, it would still have no way of slaying martial practitioners like herself all on its own.

Moreover, there had been three of them.

Also, looking around, other martial practitioners of the south seemed to have been present as well.

As the Southeastern Swordsmistress scanned the area, she had already spotted Yuan Xiancheng!

'Phoenix Pupils' Yuan Xiancheng was the most prided disciple of the Southern Exalt Zhuang Shen and a peak figure amongst the new generation of experts of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory.

Yet, even a figure like this had been slain by Yan Zhaoge.

"Was it the Immortal Artifact?" The Southeastern

Swordsmistress thought of a possibility now.

While a Seeing Divinity Martial Saint wielding an Immortal Artifact was similarly inconceivable, she could really think of no other method which Yan Zhaoge might have used to slay Qing Shuzi and the others.

However, she was unable to sense the majestic, remnant aura of an Immortal Artifact.

With that, yet another hypothesis was disproved.

Even the knowledgeable Swordsmistress felt rather at a loss at this moment.

Yan Zhaoge ignored all those gazes that were looking at him like he was a monster, continuing, “Besides those three, there was also Wutong Slope’s Yuan Xiancheng and someone else of the lineage of Illusory Coming Peak.”

“He is Daoist Leading Mist, also a personal disciple of the Heaven Emperor,” The Southeastern Swordsmistress said stiffly.

While she had never seen Daoist Leading Mist in person before, she had viewed images of him.

While the Heaven Emperor did not have many personal disciples, all of them were renowned within the World beyond Worlds.

Looking at all those corpses, the Southeastern Swordsmistress had already identified Daoist Leading Mist too.

“I actually clashed with Zhang Shuren and Yuan Xiancheng at the Announcing Peace Mountain Range to the west of Circumference Mountain. Then, they retreated to Circumference Mountain, and Qing Shuzi and Peng He’s group caught up as well,” Yan Zhaoge said, “Fortunately, water from the Dynasty River happens to flow by Circumference Mountain, thus allowing me to set up the Nine Bends Yellow River Formation. Otherwise, I would really have been unable to do anything to them.”

“The Nine Bends Yellow River Formation encompasses the entirety of the Circumference Mountain Range. All the other martial practitioners of the south in the vicinity were drowned by me as well.”

The surging waters of the yellow river had filled the various lands of the Circumference Mountain Range as it had truly resembled a chaotic flood that could destroy the world itself.

Still, beneath Yan Zhaoge’s control, while the river waters were ferocious, they had not disturbed the ordinary locals.

The floodwaters had avoided all the places where people lived, only having given them a shock.

Still, the local martial practitioners and their lineages had not been so lucky as they had all been assailed by the waters of the yellow river of nine bends.

While Yan Zhaoge did not mind killing people, he did not slaughter people wantonly.

While those powers had suffered a tribulation, no one had been killed as they had only had their guardian grand formations destroyed.

The actual killing had been concentrated on the martial practitioners within the Wutong Phoenix Perching Formation and atop the Riding Wind Heavenly Vessel.

“If the southeast wants to take over Circumference Mountain, I believe that the remaining local martial practitioners will have no way of resisting,” Yan Zhaoge said, “A considerable number of southern experts of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range have been slain by me as well. Vast Spirit Mountain, one of the two greatest sects there, was toppled by me, with their Chief, Daoist East Spring, having been slain by me as well.”

“I believe that there would also not be much obstruction if the southeast were to try advancing into the Announcing Peace

Mountain Range.”

In order to prevent the southeastern martial practitioners from assisting Yan Zhaoge or making use of this chance to attack, the southern Blazing Heaven Territory had previously heavily locked down the news of Yan Zhaoge’s rampage.

As a result, this was the first time hearing about it for these martial practitioners of the southeast.

A Golden Court Mountain martial practitioner beside the Southeastern Swordsmistress said with a dazed look on his face, “Daoist East Spring of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range’s Vast Spirit Mountain-I seem to have heard of him before. He should have been an eighth level Martial Saint?”

“That’s right,” Yan Zhaoge said as a thick metal whip in the shape of a dragon’s tail appeared in his hand, “This is the defining treasure of Vast Spirit Mountain.”

At the same time, a sword that flickered with purple light appeared in his other hand, “Apart from them, there was also another person at Vast Spirit Mountain whose skill in the sword was rather outstanding. Still, it seemed like he was not a local of the Announcing Peace Mountain Range.”

Everyone simultaneously exclaimed in shock, “Two high-grade Sacred Artifacts?!”

After examining that sword for a moment, the Southeastern Swordsmistress suddenly said, “Purple Sea Sword, the accompanying sword of ‘Purple Tide Swordsman’ Zhao Zhen of the Bright Connection Sea of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory.”

She paused for a moment before adding, “Also an eighth level Martial Saint.”

She gazed at Yan Zhaoge.

On hearing Yan Zhaoge’s words, she had already understood.

Yan Zhaoge had been able to set up the Nine Bends Yellow River Formation at Circumference Mountain with the help of the water vein of the Dynasty River present in the vicinity.

Yet, there was no great river like the Dynasty River at the Announcing Peace Mountain Range!

If Yan Zhaoge had repelled Yuan Xiancheng and slain Daoist East Spring and Zhao Zhen there, even having repelled Zhang Shuren of the ninth level of the Martial Saint realm as well, this must all have been done based on his own strength!

Even if he had used the power of high-grade Sacred Artifacts like the Extreme Yang Seal or even an Immortal Artifact, there was a single, indisputable fact therein.

Yan Zhaoge was currently just a late Seeing Divinity Martial Saint.

People said that a three-year-old kid wielding a sabre would hurt himself before he hurt others.

However powerful treasures were, if their wielders were too weak, their strength could not be manifested.

Yan Zhaoge had once pursued and slain Shen Lingzi of the eighth level of the Martial Saint realm in the Royal Reed Sea.

This matter was known by the Southeastern Swordsmistress and all the other experts of the southeast present.

Ever since then, they had known how extraordinary this youth was.

Still, one versus one and one versus many were completely different things altogether.

With his own strength, facing their combined onslaught, he had still defeated a flock of mid Immortal Bridge Martial Saints.

Borrowing the power of the Nine Bends Yellow River Formation, he had slain three late Immortal Bridge Martial Saints, Qing Shuzi

included.

Such achievements in battle truly left one speechless and gaping.

A living legend-there was no other way to describe him!

Someone could not stop himself from murmuring out loud, “A fallen deity descended into the mortal realm...”

HSSB 997: Fame shaking the world

A fallen deity referred to a deity who had been banished from amongst the Immortals of heaven, thereon roaming within the human realm.

Thereafter, those most powerful figures of Daoism had been likened to these fallen deities, past Immortals.

Whether it was before or after the Great Calamity, this was the highest form of praise towards a genius of Daoism who had yet to push open the door to Immortality!

That Golden Court Mountain martial practitioner had only just muttered this aloud, overcome by emotion and unable to stop himself from doing so.

As soon as he had said this, he felt that he might have overstated things a bit.

As he was feeling slightly vexed, he actually saw everyone beside him all unconsciously nodding in agreement now.

Regaining their wits, they all exchanged looks as they felt rather overwhelmed, yet soon composed themselves again.

If even this youth before them did not deserve the name of fallen deity with his strength and talent, there was probably no one at all who did.

The Southeastern Swordsmistress was silent for a time before she too slowly nodded, “The name of Fallen Deity-Young Master Yan is truly deserving of it.

“Swordsmistress overpraises me, you overpraise me, everyone,” Yan Zhaoge smiled, “As for what we should do from here on out, we still need to plan things out.”

The Southeastern Swordsmistress shook her head, sighing, “Let us first not talk about what to do with the Announcing Peace

Mountain Range. Here at Circumference Mountain, for every day that the Southern Exalt does not return, Wutong Slope will not be able to continue reigning over here.”

The Dynasty River was here and would not change its course. It would still continue passing through the Circumference Mountain Range.

With a water vein of the Dynasty River here, Yan Zhaoge would not even have to be stationed here frequently for Wutong Slope to lose its control over this area.

For every day that the Southern Exalt Zhuang Shen did not return, it would be pointless even if they tried to regain their lost territory here.

If Yan Zhaoge happened to be in a good or bad mood and came here one day, it would immediately be another drowning of the enemy troops.

After today’s battle, the border over at the eastern region of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory already no longer belonged to Wutong Slope.

Wutong Slope would feel even more terrible due to the fact that things were still not over with this.

The source of the Dynasty River was not at Circumference Mountain as it was instead in the central Jun Heaven Territory far away.

Starting from the central Jun Heaven Territory, the Dynasty River flowed through many districts of the central and southern Territories.

Circumference Mountain was only one of these places.

It flowed through many places to its north and south.

Although these places were connected to Circumference Mountain, there was a heavenly gulf that separated them from the

southeastern Yang Heaven Territory.

Still, they were actually intrinsically the same as Circumference Mountain as they all faced the threat of Yan Zhaoge!

Due to the presence of the Dynasty River, the entire eastern region of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory and a long stretch of river which flowed southward was something which Wutong Slope would henceforth be no longer able to keep a proper hold of!

Yan Zhaoge would definitely not be able to wrest control of all these places based on just his own power alone.

With his current cultivation base, it would be impossible for him to borrow the segments of the Dynasty River running through the whole of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory, transforming them into nine bends of the yellow river.

However, he merely needed to casually take a trip somewhere to cause instability in the lives of the martial practitioners of the south who lived there...

Away from environments like that of Circumference Mountain, it would be difficult to say how much strength Yan Zhaoge possessed.

Here, however, the lives of that trio were already sufficient to prove Yan Zhaoge's abilities.

It could even be predicted that all other places with similar large scale rivers in the World beyond Worlds would not have it peaceful from here on out.

This was a person whom they had to be vigilant against at all times, though even vigilance might not be enough.

"This place was basically secured by you. It will naturally be left for you and Broad Creed Mountain to deal with," The Southeastern Swordsmistress said very straightforwardly.

There was certainly no need to relentlessly slaughter all the

martial practitioners of the south here.

Facing such a massive threat, with Wutong Slope unable to provide any assistance, the local martial practitioners would naturally choose to pledge their loyalty to those who truly controlled this place.

As for whether people would move over from the southeast, that was a different matter altogether.

“This Yan may not be able to remain at a single place for long periods of time. Also, my Broad Creed Mountain has only just stabilised its footing in the World beyond Worlds not long ago,” Yan Zhaoge smiled, “There are many things that Swordsmistress and various seniors of Golden Court Mountain will have to decide on hereafter.”

Whatever the case, whatever they decided on, it would be impossible for them to overlook him and Broad Creed Mountain.

When he felt that the time was right or there was such a need to, they would be able to take over Circumference Mountain at any time.

At the present time, the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory could use Circumference Mountain as a springboard, advancing deeper into the south into the Announcing Peace Mountain Range and other areas.

Looking at Yan Zhaoge, the Southeastern Swordsmistress slowly nodded, “With the foundation that you established, what is to come hereafter will be much easier.”

Zhang Shuren, Peng He and Yuan Xiancheng had all perished, Wutong Slope hence suffering a huge blow to their vitality!

With the Southern Exalt Zhuang Shen absent now, this crisis was to Wutong Slope like the very sky had collapsed.

The martial practitioners of the southeast would definitely be able to suppress the south and give them a good beating after this.

Yan Zhaoge alone had caused the originally evenly matched foes to lose their original equilibrium.

“Since that is so, this Yan will first be returning to the southeast,” Yan Zhaoge smiled, cupping his hands towards them, “It has already been a long time since I was last home.”

The Swordsmistress and everyone else all smiled.

Hadn’t Yan Zhaoge’s main purpose in all this been to return to Broad Creed Mountain in the first place?

It was just that whether intentionally or not, his return journey this time had been much too out of this world, having caused the reign of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory to crumble vastly all at once!

After taking his leave of the Southeastern Swordsmistress and the others, Yan Zhaoge returned to the Royal Reed Sea of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory.

From now on, his name of Fallen Deity would be widespread.

The first person to mention this name was a direct lineage descendant of the Southeastern Exalt’s Golden Court Mountain.

After it was personally said by the Southeastern Swordsmistress, a longtime Elder of Golden Court Mountain, it quickly spread into the surroundings all around.

It was not just in the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory as it was spoken of throughout the entirety of the World beyond Worlds.

The southern Blazing Heaven Territory that bordered the southeast which had been the backdrop of this long journey of Yan Zhaoge’s reacted the most intensely to this.

A Seeing Divinity Martial Saint directly became public enemy number one of the south.

However, as Yan Zhaoge’s name of Fallen Deity spread, however

much these martial practitioners of the south ground their teeth, a considerable many of them were unable to say anything in response.

While the Southern Exalt Zhuang Shen was absent, the southern Blazing Heaven Territory was actually still full of experts.

Yet, a youth of the Seeing Divinity Martial Saint realm had rampaged through the south, traversing and battling over an endless distance as he had killed his way straight back to the southeast, totally unstoppable by all!

In the battle of Vast Spirit Mountain, battling one against three, he had slain the Chief of Vast Spirit Mountain, ‘Crouching Dragon Old Man’ Daoist East Spring, slain the ‘Purple Sea Swordsman’ Zhao Zhen of the Bright Connection Sea, beat the number one descendant of Wutong Slope, ‘Phoenix Pupils’ Zhuang Chaohui, into two nirvanic rebirths.

After repelling ‘Treasured Branch Suppressing Peak’ Zhang Shuren, a late Immortal Bridge Martial Saint and longtime Elder of Wutong Slope, he had ultimately trampled over the entire Vast Spirit Mountain.

At that time, there had been over a hundred martial practitioners of the south atop Vast Spirit Mountain, and none of them had dared to face him, all having been scared into fleeing away.

Qing Shuzi, the head disciple of the Heaven Emperor, as well as the longtime Elders of Wutong slope, ‘Blazing King’ Peng He and ‘Treasured Branch Suppressing Peak’ Zhang Shuren, had congregated at Circumference Mountain, the three late Immortal Bridge Martial Saints surrounding and attacking Yan Zhaoge.

Besides them, there had also been Yuan Xiancheng and Daoist Leading Mist of the mid Immortal Bridge stage and numerous martial practitioners of Wutong Slope who had participated in the capture attempt.

In the end, however, the Nine Bends Yellow River Formation that existed only in legend to those of the World beyond Worlds had reappeared in this world.

With the Nine Bends Yellow River Formation, Yan Zhaoge had forever buried the three mighty late Immortal Bridge Martial Saints as led by Qing Shuzi at Circumference Mountain!

So many experts of the World beyond Worlds perishing in a single conflict had been extremely rare in the World beyond Worlds in recent years.

This time, however, all of them had died to a single Seeing Divinity Martial Saint.

The two battles at Vast Spirit Mountain and Circumference Mountain thus shocked the entire World beyond Worlds.

HSSB 998: From Solar Luminary Young Master to Fallen Deity

Central Jun Heaven Territory, Kunlun Mountain, Ingenious Flying Peak.

Golden light flickered within a cave manor atop Red Lotus Cliff.

On the ground was a massive Eight Trigrams diagram that was circulating unceasingly with a Taiji diagram located at its centre.

A girl was seated in the meditative position atop the Taiji diagram. She wore red clothes and a white gown with a silver fox shawl across her shoulders, being shockingly beautiful as it dazzled one's eyes.

This was none other than the daughter of the Brocade Emperor Fu Yunchi, the 'Grand Red Lotus' Fu Ting.

She sat quietly within the Taiji diagram and the Eight Trigrams formation, while there was a middle-aged man who stood outside the Eight Trigrams formation.

"The words personally said by Golden Court Mountain's Zhang Yunying should not be wrong," That middle-aged man shook his head slightly, seemingly feeling disbelief whilst also admiration, "Zhang Yunying's temperament is such that she would not exaggerate things."

Zhang Yunying was the actual name of the Southeastern Swordsmistress.

This was still known by few within the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory as everyone was already used to just calling her Swordsmistress.

Fu Ting smiled upon hearing this, "If it is Young Master Yan, Yan Zhaoge, I believe that he possesses such capabilities. I was not being humble when I previously told you and the other senior

apprentice-uncles that Young Master Yan's talent and strength surpass mine."

That middle-aged man sighed, "That may be true, but it is still unexpected that even Qing Shuzi was killed by him."

"If we were not informed by Young Master Yan and Senior Zhang, even we would not have expected that Qing Shuzi had already mastered the Heaven Earth Within Sleeve before attaining the Human Exalt stage," Fu Ting said, "People always say that Qing Shuzi might surpass the Heaven Emperor before him, and this appears to have been true indeed."

The middle-aged man slowly shook his head, "This might not really be the case. The Heaven Emperor too is someone who conceals himself deeply."

"While it is widely thought that he only mastered the Heaven Earth Within Sleeve after attaining the Human Exalt stage, there is probably only he himself who knows the veracity of this for sure."

"Instead, we and the rest only saw him revealing that he had learnt the Heaven Earth Within Sleeve when he was already a Human Exalt. Who can know when exactly he mastered it, however?"

Hearing this, Fu Ting nodded emphatically, "You speak rightly, senior apprentice-uncle. This time, if Qing Shuzi had not been forced to the brink of death by Young Master Yan, no one could know that he had actually already successfully learnt the Heaven Earth Within Sleeve."

It was just fine however high one estimated the Heaven Emperor who was already an Immortal now.

As the daughter of the Brocade Emperor, Fu Ting deeply understood just how powerful Emperors, True Immortals, were.

"To think that many were unconvinced when people of the southeast once hailed that Young Master Yan as the 'Solar

Luminary Young Master’,” That middle-aged man clicked his tongue in praise, “Now, however, there are few who dare to doubt the title of ‘Fallen Deity’ he now has.”

While Yan Zhaoge’s fame had previously been widespread, those outside of the southeastern Yang Heaven Territory had mostly not truly paid this much attention.

Those people had thought of Yan Zhaoge as the ‘Solar Luminous Young Master’.

Half of the glory of this title originated from the high-grade Sacred Artifact, the Extreme Yang Seal, which originated from the Exalted Solar Luminous of legend.

As for Yan Zhaoge himself, most people had simply adopted a ‘wait and see’ attitude towards him.

As Yan Zhaoge’s cultivation base advanced and his foundation grew, when he attained the Immortal Bridge stage, even if he was really not the descendant of the Exalted Solar Luminous, his title as the ‘Solar Luminous Young Master’ would still slowly gain traction.

Yet, after Yan Zhaoge had rampaged through the southern Blazing Heaven Territory and beat the numerous heroes into submission at Vast Spirit Mountain and Circumference Mountain, those hailing him as the ‘Solar Luminous Young Master’ had instead decreased.

There was generally only one name for him now.

Fallen Deity, Yan Zhaoge.

“Speaking of this...” A hint of a smile appeared at the corners of Fu Ting’s mouth as she suddenly recalled something, “Young Master Yan himself seems never to have admitted to the name of the ‘Exalted Solar Luminous’ anywhere before.”

“On the contrary, he said quite a few times that he only obtained the Extreme Yang Seal through a stroke of fortune.”

Hearing her words, that middle-aged man smiled, “An arrogant youngster who also truly possesses the qualifications to be arrogant.”

Fu Ting smiled too, yet suddenly could smile no longer.

She looked down at the Taiji diagram in the Eight Trigrams formation that she currently stood within.

This senior apprentice-uncle before her did not know what the function of this was, simply believing that it was something that the Brocade Emperor had prepared to assist Fu Ting with as she diligently cultivated in secluded cultivation.

Fu Ting, though, understood the significance therein.

She was currently thinking of how Yan Zhaoge had gone with her to the lands of the Immortal Court back then where they had then learnt of the existence of the Immeasurable Heavenly Lord and the Immortal Court.

Yan Zhaoge had claimed that he had felt nothing abnormal due to comprehending the concept of chaos from the Dim Radiant Twelve Arts.

Still, thinking of her father’s solemn expression from back then, Fu Ting really could not be optimistic.

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In the eastern Vast Heaven Territory, bordering the central Jun Heaven Territory, there was a mountain range known as Mist Leaves Mountain.

There was a sect active in the eastern forest by Mist Leaves Mountain which was known as the Cleansing Flower Sect.

The Cleansing Flower Sect was not originally of the World beyond Worlds as it originated from a lower world.

An expert of the sect had broken through to the Seeing Divinity stage and ascended to the World beyond Worlds, ultimately having

attained stability in the region of Mist Leaves Mountain before successfully moving their sect up there.

Many years had already passed since then as it was currently rather renowned in the eastern forest by Mist Leaves Mountain.

While the Cleansing Flower Sect's attention was mostly on the World beyond Worlds as it accepted disciples to increase its strength and expand its influence, it still placed great emphasis on the lower world that it originated from.

Still, for the disciples of the Cleansing Flower Sect from the World beyond Worlds, heading down to that world was unquestionably a tough task as it was virtually equivalent to punishment or an exile.

Therefore, no one had ever willingly volunteered to do so.

It was just that some unlucky bastards would be dispatched to that lower world once every few years.

Of course, it was not like they could never return. There would be a new batch of people coming to replace them in a few years, this basically being a tradition of the Cleansing Flower Sect.

The disciples being dispatched to that lower world this year were gathered together in secret and expressing their resentment.

“The Elder was definitely exacting revenge over private matters!” Someone exclaimed hatefully.

The others agreed, “He was, that’s for sure! Anyone who offends him will be dispatched to the lower world.”

Amongst them was a young female disciple who had only just entered the sect a short time ago. She appeared to be no more than a Martial Scholar.

Looking as if her thoughts had drifted off elsewhere, she just gave an affirmative sound in response.

Someone consoled, “You do not have to be too worried, junior

apprentice-sister-Li. We will be able to return in a few years.”

The female disciple nodded, “Yes, that is true, senior apprentice-brother.”

“Hey, have you guys heard? A new peerless genius, Yan Zhaoge, has appeared in the southeast, his title of Fallen Deity having already spread throughout the World beyond Worlds as there is no one who does not know of him,” The person who had first spoken now said, “I hear that he originates from a lower world power which has already established itself within the World beyond Worlds.”

“If we could only live like him, our lifetimes would not be in vain!”

Everyone’s eyes lit up as they agreed, “You know what? The Fallen Deity is still young as these current achievements are far from what he will still achieve hereafter!”

They discussed all the information they had heard about Yan Zhaoge, feeling envious indeed.

That female disciple joined in too, appearing rather interested and in awe.

When everyone had dispersed and returned to their lodgings and she was left alone, the girl surnamed Li drew a finger across her face.

Her features seemingly rippled like water, changing for just an instant. Still, it returned to normal a moment later.

“Hehe, good, great!” The girl laughed to himself, much more joyful than she had appeared in front of everyone else.

That expression of envy and awe disappeared as only joy and happiness remained.

A moment later, she shook her head lightly, “I so wish that I could go take a look. Sadly, I cannot....”

HSSB 999: Broad Creed Mountain's Immortal Bridge Martial Saint

The central Jun Heaven Territory, a mountain peak of Kunlun Mountain.

A black-clothed youth was currently seated in the meditative position on a huge rock atop a cliff.

A middle-aged man appeared behind him.

"Yan Zhaoge slew the Heaven Emperor's head disciple, Qing Shuzi, and his seventh disciple, Daoist Leading Mist," The middle-aged man said in a heavy tone, "The Heaven Emperor will definitely not let things go easily when he learns of this."

"He is currently still in extradimensional space and unable to spare time to return. Still, as soon as he returns, he will definitely go to the southeast."

The black-clothed youth stood up from the huge rock, turning as he asked, "What do you want to do, senior apprentice-brother?"

The middle-aged man pondered for a moment before answering, "I desire to head to the southeast."

"However, now would not be a good time. An appropriate timing is necessary, or going there would be too impolite."

The black-clothed youth said nothing as he awaited his upcoming words.

"Without having personally interacted or clashed before, there is no way to confirm it at the end of the day," The middle-aged man continued, "There are things from Master's words that do not flow well...I do not doubt Master's decision, but the other party's identity must surely be made certain."

After saying so, the middle-aged man gazed into the horizon up above, "I have already sent word to Master once more, just that I

do not know when a reply might come.”

The black-clothed youth’s gaze flickered as he too gazed into the horizon, “The reply has arrived.”

“It was so quick this time?” The middle-aged man was startled slightly as he gazed into the sky.

A moment later, space itself broke apart as a streak of light descended from the skies, landing atop the mountain peak!

Seeing this, the two atop the mountain peak both fell silent.

“I will abide by Master’s instructions,” The black-clothed youth raised a hand and kept the streak of light, thus ceasing to speak.

That middle-aged man forced a smile after a while, “Having never even seen him, how can Master be so sure that this is the person he is looking for? The discrepancy in age here is just too great...”

The black-clothed youth said, “Since Master has given his instructions, I believe that he has already taken everything into consideration.”

“Since that is so, let us begin our preparations quickly,” The middle-aged man replied slowly.

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Northern Profound Heaven Territory, Extreme Northern Lands, atop a patch of frozen earth.

The entrance to a dimensional passageway was visible there.

This was no normal dimensional passageway. It led to a different world, and as one gazed within, all was jet-black in its interior, resembling a black hole.

Streaks of electricity vaguely flickered within.

A girl was currently standing at the entrance to the dimensional passageway.

That girl was garbed in white clothes and wielded a black sabre, her hair tied back simply in a bundle of cloth behind her head.

This was none other than Feng Yunsheng who was currently moving about on her own in the outside world.

In order to keep a low profile, she had done away with the black-bordered blue robe worn by core disciples of Broad Creed Mountain, only having retained the white-clothes that nominal disciples wore as it was not so easy to identify her.

Feng Yunsheng gazed towards the south, laughing softly, “With your show-offy personality, you surely must be appearing all cool and composed outwardly while being triumphant like crazy within?”

Yan Zhaoge’s fame had truly shaken the world this time.

News of him had even travelled to the Extreme Northern Lands far away on the opposite end of the World beyond Worlds.

“Bright moon above the sea, distant horizons sharing the moment...” Remembering these words Yan Zhaoge had once said, Feng Yunsheng muttered them aloud.

A short while later, she smiled, retrieving a spiritual orb.

This was an item which had previously been gifted to her by the granddaughter of the Northern Exalt, Guan Yuluo who was a disciple of Cloud Pavilion Mountain’s Profound Remnant Locale.

Feng Yunsheng tapped lightly on the spiritual orb as radiance surged, a small, intricate sparrow hawk flying out from within.

She wrote some words in mid-air that engraved themselves on the spiritual orb. Next, the spiritual orb transformed into a streak of light that was swallowed into the stomach of the sparrow hawk.

Next, she raised her hand, the sparrow hawk flying into the air, heading towards the distant south.

After watching the sparrow hawk fly away, Feng Yunsheng’s gaze

turned determined as she turned and entered that pitch black dimensional passageway.

After she had entered within, after an unspecified amount of time, the entrance to the dimensional passageway gradually vanished.

There were only cold winds which howled above the frozen icy plains as no one was visible there any longer.

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Southeastern Yang Heaven Territory, Royal Reed Sea.

Yan Zhaoge finally returned to Broad Creed Mountain after a long time.

Seeing Broad Creed Mountain before him, Yan Zhaoge chuckled, “Really, it’s good to be home.”

Ah Hu gave a simple and honest smile, “Young Master, your fame truly shook the world this time. It must surely feel great.”

Yan Zhaoge coughed dryly, “Really, things were startling but fortunately still not perilous this time.”

“Zhang Shuren and Peng He aside, in the battle of Circumference Mountain, that Qing Shuzi really was not to be underestimated. I never knew beforehand that he was actually versed in the Heaven Earth Within Sleeve.”

“If not for the Nine Bends Yellow River Formation having diminished his cultivation base, if he used this unexpectedly on me, there really might have been the risk of me being toppled by him instead.”

He turned to look at Ah Hu, Xia Guang and Pan-Pan, saying in a serious tone, “When battling others in the future, you must remember to keep a bit of caution at all times. The other side may produce an unexpected trump card or killing move.”

“If you are taken unawares and fall to this move, however many

methods and ultimate techniques you yourself possess, you would still be unable to use them as you can only perish with grievances.”

Xia Guang immediately turned solemn as he nodded seriously, “Understood.”

Pan-Pan blinked and yawned.

Ah Hu gave a simple and honest smile, sending via sound transmission, “He was ultimately still toppled by you, though, Young Master.”

“Of course,” Not revealing anything outwardly in front of Xia Guang, Yan Zhaoge arrogantly replied via sound transmission.

As they happily conversed, the group descended towards Broad Creed Mountain.

Yan Zhaoge’s heart suddenly jolted as gazing over, he saw a handsome man who appeared to be in his thirties or forties on the outside with specks of white on his brows currently standing at the top of Heaven Rising Peak, smiling at him.

It was precisely his father, Yan Di.

“You have left seclusion?” Gazing carefully over, Yan Zhaoge could vaguely feel that within Yan Di’s body, the numerous acupoints which had already been refined to see Divinity were pulsing slightly.

Towards him, Yan Di did not conceal anything. Thus, Yan Zhaoge could sense that this resembled the universe of stars within his body having formed a system of its own, circulating with a unique rhythm.

This was precisely the defining characteristic of an Immortal Bridge Martial Saint!

Having continually been in secluded cultivation ever since leaving the Minor No Hatred dao arena and returning to the World beyond Worlds, now that Yan Di had emerged from seclusion, he

had successfully broken through that previous bottleneck and ascended from the late Seeing Divinity stage to the early Immortal Bridge stage.

This entailed that Yan Di had attained the seventh level of the Martial Saint realm.

Broad Creed Mountain finally had an Immortal Bridge Martial Saint now...

Thinking of this, Yan Zhaoge knew not whether to laugh or to cry.

They father and son had risen to prominence alongside Broad Creed Mountain in the World beyond Worlds. It was only now, however, that one of them finally ascended the Immortal Bridge.

“This always felt rather like a mockery...” Yan Zhaoge stopped thinking about useless things, ultimately still feeling extremely happy.

His joy at his father ascending the Immortal Bridge was no lesser than if he had advanced his cultivation base.

He congratulated Yan Di who shook his head and smiled, “It seems that you stirred up a real disturbance in the south this time.”

Broad Creed Mountain had only just received news of this.

“There were several late Immortal Bridge Martial Saints in front of and behind me,” Yan Zhaoge chortled, “If I had not stirred up a big disturbance, how would I have been able to get back then?”

The two walked together to the main hall where Broad Creed Mountain’s other higher echelons were waiting.

Yan Zhaoge’s own narration was naturally much more detailed and accurate than the rumours. Everyone sighed in admiration after hearing it.

Afterwards, returning to their lodgings, only father and son

themselves remained.

Yan Zhaoge smiled, asking, “Father, did you encounter something after departing the Minor No Hatred dao arena that year?”

HSSB 1000: Fortune awaiting at home

Yan Zhaoge had known all along that his father was supremely talented.

After they had been separated at the Minor No Hatred dao arena due to Mars Halberd, Yan Di had immediately entered secluded cultivation as soon as he had returned to the World beyond Worlds. Yan Zhaoge had felt this to be rather out of the ordinary.

Now, the fact that Yan Di had successfully emerged from secluded cultivation an Immortal Bridge Martial Saint seemed to corroborate this.

“I indeed gained some things,” Yan Di looked at Yan Zhaoge, “Earlier, you said that the legacy that you received at the Daoist temple was not of the Grand Clear lineage but the Prime Clear lineage?”

Yan Zhaoge nodded, “That’s right.”

As he spoke, black light suddenly flickered within his pupils.

Yan Zhaoge formed a sword seal as wisps of black sword-qi surged on his fingertips.

With Yan Di’s cultivation base, he could sense that intimidating killing intent and air of death within.

This was a concept which seemingly sought to slay all lifeforms, exterminating all sentient beings, yet appeared calm and natural amidst cruel icy coldness.

It seemed to be indicating a principle.

Death was the final destination of all living beings.

Whether it was the past or the future, no one could ever avoid this tribulation.

As long as something possessed life, it could be slain.

Yan Di felt this sword-qi exceptionally clearly as he cultivated in the Life Creation Heavenly Scripture.

This supreme martial art of the Jade Clear direct lineage and the sword dao that Yan Zhaoge was currently executing seemed like two sides of the same coin, life and death facing each other. Yet, they were connected to each other in a seamless manner.

Their principles conflicted with yet also birthed each other.

Still, Yan Di did not have to experience actual combat to be able to basically tell that this sword dao just happened to counter the Life Creation Heavenly Scripture to some extent.

To be precise, it was not just the Life Creation Heavenly Scripture.

Other supreme martial arts that delved into life force could be countered by it too.

This included the Phoenix True Form Scripture of the lineage of the southern Blazing Heaven Territory's Phoenix Ritual Mountain's Wutong Slope and the eastern Vast Heaven Territory's Remote Cloud Mountain's Clear Light Locale's Longevity Scripture.

Of course, this sword dao that was brutal to the extreme as it was filled with a decisive killing intent was similarly a terrifying harbinger of death for martial practitioners cultivating in other martial arts.

While devilish martial arts had seldom been seen in the Eight Extremities Worlds, they had once flourished for a time in the Vast Ocean World.

There was actually a small amount of devilish martial arts circulating in the World beyond Worlds too.

Ignoring the innate personalities of martial practitioners, those who cultivated in devilish martial arts were generally rather more bloodthirsty, causing more slaughters.

Still, if one were to search for a martial art that possessed the greatest killing intent in this world, no devilish martial art would be a match for this sword dao that Yan Zhaoge was currently manifesting.

Also, this sword did not give off a restless, evil aura.

This was simply because it already implied the end of life in itself.

“A sword dao of the Prime Clear direct lineage...could it be the legendary Immortal Slaughtering Sword of the Numinous Treasure Four Swords?” Yan Di quickly came to a realisation.

While he had never seen anyone utilising the Immortal Slaughtering Sword before, he had heard of its characteristics, this sword being much too famous at the end of the day.

“Exterminating Immortal sharp, Slaughtering Immortal death, Trapping Immortal doth red light arise,” Yan Zhaoge slowly nodded, “The martial art of the Prime Clear direct lineage that I obtained at the Daoist temple was precisely the Immortal Slaughtering Sword.”

If one said that the Immortal Trapping Sword extinguished space and time and the Immortal Ending Sword slew all things, the Immortal Slaughtering Sword was a sword which slaughtered all lifeforms.

Yan Zhaoge said, “Ignoring Circumference Mountain, in the battle of Vast Spirit Mountain, it was not for no good reason that Zhang Shuren and Yuan Xiancheng were beaten by me. The self-created Slaying Azure Dragon which I newly produced actually benefited greatly from the Immortal Slaughtering Sword in terms of the principles that it contains.”

“I remember you having once said that when you attempt to ascend the Immortal Bridge, besides one of the Jade Clear direct lineage’s Primordial Heavenly Scriptures, you will also require

supreme martial arts of the Grand Clear and Prime Clear lineages respectively.”

Yan Di said, “In heading to the Daoist temple this time, you originally did so as you believed that it was a cave manor of a descendant of the Grand Clear direct lineage, having hoped that you would benefit off the remnant legacies of some senior of the Grand Clear lineage.”

“That’s right,” Yan Zhaoge spread his hands apart, “Who would have thought that it was instead of the Prime Clear direct lineage? That’s fine too, for I just happened to lack a supreme martial art of the Prime Clear direct lineage. It can be considered no real loss. It is just that I am still considering who to approach next to obtain a supreme martial art of the Grand Clear lineage.”

“Still, this trip to the Daoist temple was not a pointless waste at the end of the day.”

He chuckled, “Those of Three Foot Mountain and Wutong Slope will probably be sorely disappointed...”

Yan Zhaoge’s heart suddenly jolted slightly as he looked at his father.

Seeing this, Yan Di smiled mildly, “You guess rightly.”

Amidst his words, streams of qi suddenly surged out from the top of Yan Di’s head.

These streams of qi looked chaotic and dim, resembling a dim clump of clouds.

Fragmented specks of radiance flickered amidst the clump of clouds as it was neither bright nor dazzling.

Yet, it was incomparably profound as it was difficult to appraise and difficult to describe.

As the cloud qi expanded, it blossomed like lotuses.

It was blurry around the petals of the flower as it was not clearly

distinct from the surrounding space at the edges.

Yet, the surrounding space and the world seemed to be centred around that lotus which resembled a cloud of stars, concaving inwards.

“Peerless Infinity Primordial Chaos Fortuitous Clouds?!” Yan Zhaoge nearly blurted out as even his mouth was open, though he stopped himself from doing so at the last moment.

He composed himself and gazed carefully at it for a time before finally sighing deeply to himself.

These were not the Peerless Infinity Primordial Chaos Fortuitous Clouds manifested by the Lord of Primordial Beginning of the Jade Clear lineage, a miraculous ability gained upon major completion in the Peerless Heavenly Scripture that was the first of his Primordial Heavenly Scriptures.

While this also bore the concept of the limitless universe from before the heavens and earth had been formed, it was still different from the Peerless Infinity Primordial Chaos Fortuitous Clouds.

If not for this, Yan Zhaoge might really have to suspect that he cultivated in a false Peerless Heavenly Scripture.

The peerless infinity of primordial times was one of a kind as only one person in existence was able to cultivate it in at any single time.

Before the Lord of Primordial Beginning had Transcended, the place that he had occupied had made it such that no other person could cultivate in it.

Therefore, on seeing that cloud of stars, Yan Zhaoge had truly been puzzled.

Still, he had gained an understanding of it now.

These were not Peerless Infinity Primordial Chaos Fortuitous Clouds of the Jade Clear lineage.

Instead, they represented Taiyi, Grand Simplicity, the head of the Grand Cosmos Five Manifestations of the Grand Clear lineage!

Yan Zhaoge was now overcome by an urge to whoop for joy.

He had gone searching for it, only to find it right before him!

While this was not the Taiyi Fist in itself, with this clump of clouds and his foundation of the Peerless Heavenly Scripture, with his simultaneous cultivation in the Three Purities, the Taiyi Fist was already beckoning towards him!

While searching for a supreme martial art of the Grand Clear lineage, he had found one of the Prime Clear lineage instead.

Who knew that upon arriving home, there would actually be a supreme martial art of the Grand Clear lineage waiting for him!

Such a feeling was miraculous indeed.

In spite of his joy, however, Yan Zhaoge did not lose his cool.

There were still some discrepancies between the scenes before him and the Grand Simplicity that he was familiar with.

Grand Simplicity, the head of the Grand Cosmos Five Manifestations, signifying the initial state of the primordial universe as it was without light and without shape, silent and formless.

The existence which resembled lotuses whilst also a cloud of stars above Yan Di's head seemed like it was not simply Grand Simplicity.

"Father, this concept seems rather like Grand Simplicity, but seems to have changed in some way. Despite that, it is not Grand Simplicity that has become Grand Commencement as it seems to have leapt from the Earlier Heaven Grand Cosmos Five Manifestations to a Later Heaven martial art all at once."

Hearing Yan Zhaoge's doubts, Yan Di said, "Since you cultivate in the Taiji Yin Yang Fist of the Grand Ultimate Manifestation, you

will naturally have a unique understanding of this. This is indeed the manifestation of Grand Simplicity, but has also undergone some Later Heaven changes. I have dubbed it the Grand Simplicity Splendour Cloud or Grand Simplicity Splendour Lotus.”

“Oh?” Yan Zhaoge seemed to detect something unusual from his words, “How did you obtain this Grand Simplicity Splendour Cloud?”

Yan Di’s expression turned strange, this being something that was very rare for him.

“What would you think if I said that it was not I who found this Grand Simplicity Splendour Cloud but it who found me?”

Table of Contents

[History's Strongest Senior Brother](#)

[Synopsis](#)

[Copyright](#)

[HSSB 901: One halberd breaking the world](#)

[HSSB 902: Immeasurable Heavenly Lord](#)

[HSSB 903: Immortal Court of Daoism, Blessed lands of Buddhism](#)

[HSSB 904: Sincerely devoted to the dao, the Heavenly Lord's blessings cometh](#)

[HSSB 905: The orthodox way, the devilish path and the external dao](#)

[HSSB 906: What role does the World beyond Worlds play?](#)

[HSSB 907: The Xue Chuqing who goes about things a different way](#)

[HSSB 908: Based on mood](#)

[HSSB 909: My mother, you really know how to run](#)

[HSSB 910: What do I know? I know that your death draws near](#)

[HSSB 911: Is this guy even human?!](#)

[HSSB 912: A figure rarely seen in ten thousand years](#)

[HSSB 913: Cohabiting with the heavens](#)

[HSSB 914: Vicious](#)

[HSSB 915: Little Sword God](#)

[HSSB 916: Slaying an Exalt](#)

[HSSB 917: The end of the line for the Vast Yang Exalt](#)

[HSSB 918: The most powerful family](#)

[HSSB 919: Number one figure in the dao of the sword in post-Great Calamity times](#)

[HSSB 920: Senior Brother married Junior Sister, Junior Brother married Senior Sister](#)

[HSSB 921: Sixth level of the Martial Saint realm, late Seeing Divinity stage](#)

[HSSB 922: The upcoming battle between Emperors](#)

[HSSB 923: A shocking genius](#)

[HSSB 924: Earth Exalt](#)

[HSSB 925: Feng Yunsheng's friend](#)

[HSSB 926: Red Lotus Heavenly Vessel](#)

[HSSB 927: Nongli Mountain, West Peak of Daoism](#)

[HSSB 928: Losing before even seeing him](#)

[HSSB 929: The arrogant, overbearing Yan Zhaoge](#)

[HSSB 930: Nongli Mountain loses all face](#)

[HSSB 931: Seeing him in a different light](#)

- [HSSB 932: Before the battle commences](#)
- [HSSB 933: Leakless True Immortal](#)
- [HSSB 934: The Brocade Emperor](#)
- [HSSB 935: The learned see the skills, the ignorant watch the show](#)
- [HSSB 936: Heaven Opening Scripture](#)
- [HSSB 937: A gathering of Exalts](#)
- [HSSB 938: The end of the battle](#)
- [HSSB 939: This life eternally belongs to the Yan Family](#)
- [HSSB 940: Path to the Immortal Bridge](#)
- [HSSB 941: The other half of the whisk](#)
- [HSSB 942: A disaster of extermination](#)
- [HSSB 943: A golden crow amidst the sea](#)
- [HSSB 944: In the depths of the white clouds](#)
- [HSSB 945: Those who arrive first may not succeed, the able takes all](#)
- [HSSB 946: Golden Crow Remnant Soul](#)
- [HSSB 947: Slaughtering Golden Crow!](#)
- [HSSB 948: Who really represents the magnificence of the sun?](#)
- [HSSB 949: A big mistake](#)
- [HSSB 950: An ancient legacy](#)
- [HSSB 951: Major gift from the onset](#)
- [HSSB 952: The Phoenix Prince is angered to death](#)
- [HSSB 953: A fight breaking out at once](#)
- [HSSB 954: The ambition of Yan Zhaoge](#)
- [HSSB 955: Yan Zhaoge's question](#)
- [HSSB 956: Breaking the phoenix](#)
- [HSSB 957: Entering the southern Blazing Heaven Territory](#)
- [HSSB 958: Thunderbolt Blood](#)
- [HSSB 959: Giving early condolences](#)
- [HSSB 960: Great Sun Glorious Heavenly Thunder](#)
- [HSSB 961: One-eyed dragon](#)
- [HSSB 962: Already slaughtered by me](#)
- [HSSB 963: Upper Exalt](#)
- [HSSB 964: Two centuries ago Little Sword God, one century ago Heavenly Young Master](#)
- [HSSB 965: Here's lesson number one](#)
- [HSSB 966: Yan Zhaoge's lesson number two](#)
- [HSSB 967: Rampaging all the way back!](#)
- [HSSB 968: Great Ape King](#)
- [HSSB 969: The Yan Zhaoge who goes against the usual flow](#)

HSSB 970: Audacity rivalling the heavens

HSSB 971: Let this Yan see how many heroic figures there are here!

HSSB 972: Voice quaking Vast Spirit Mountain!

HSSB 973: Alliance

HSSB 974: The outcome of playing petty tricks

HSSB 975: A hundred thousand troops shall not hinder my path!

HSSB 976: What difference does it make if you all attack together?

HSSB 977: Slaying Azure Dragon

HSSB 978: Claiming his old life

HSSB 979: No one at all who can fight

HSSB 980: Fearsome and domineering

HSSB 981: It's useless whoever comes

HSSB 982: Simply killing him

HSSB 983: Great axe chopping Wutong!

HSSB 984: Peerless genius

HSSB 985: Scaring away the numerous heroes

HSSB 986: If I said I'd rampage all the way back, I'll rampage all the way back

HSSB 987: Circumference Mountain is a good place

HSSB 988: Destined to become a legend

HSSB 989: Since I have come here, this place is my territory

HSSB 990: Yellow river floods troops

HSSB 991: You could only enter because I let you

HSSB 992: Stronger, more domineering!

HSSB 993: Kill! Kill!

HSSB 994: Spent their whole lives living as dogs

HSSB 995: All dead, every single one of them

HSSB 996: Yan Zhaoge, the fallen deity

HSSB 997: Fame shaking the world

HSSB 998: From Solar Luminary Young Master to Fallen Deity

HSSB 999: Broad Creed Mountain's Immortal Bridge Martial Saint

HSSB 1000: Fortune awaiting at home